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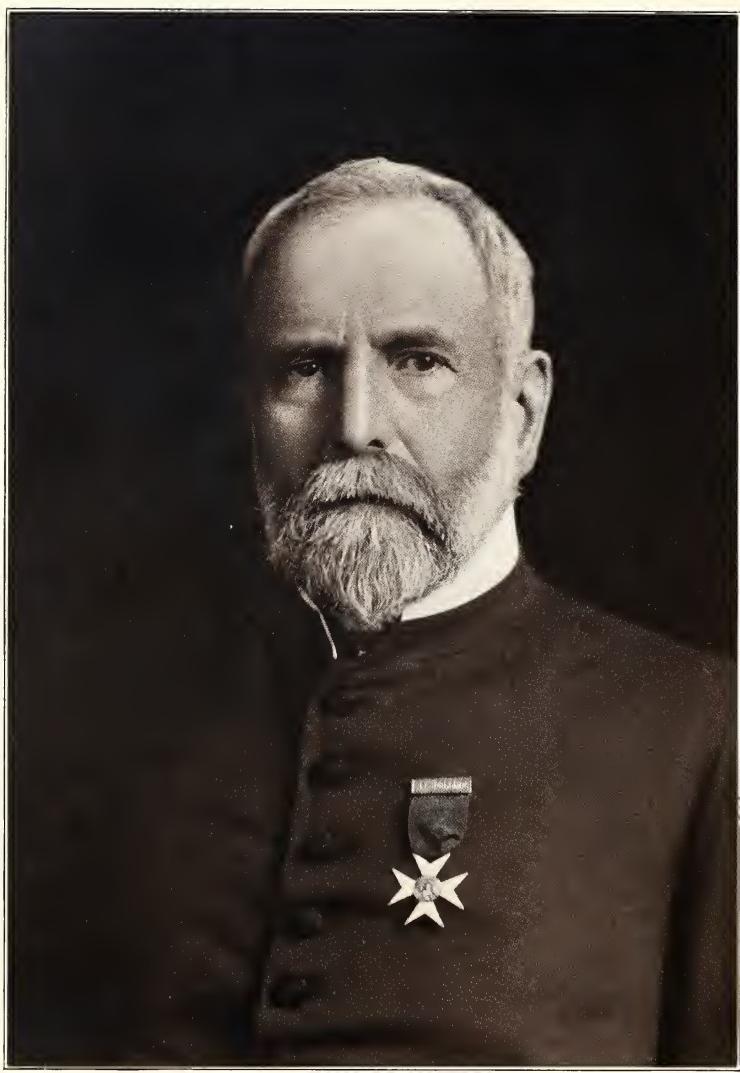
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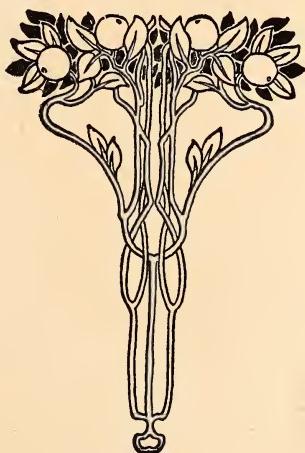
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND

REMINISCENCES

OF

THEOPHILUS NOEL



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Boorface
If you don't
like my Bacon don't
come to my Smoke-
house again
Yours truly

Philipps Noel

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**None but the brave dare step
From custom's iron rule;
The common mind must follow it,
Or be esteemed a fool.**

Had any considerable part of my life been spent in trying to do as others have done or were doing—in other words, aping, copying after or imitating—the world never would have been benefited by my being born.

This volume is so different from any other you ever read, as all else I have done has been, and is different from the ordinary.

To follow in the path and well beaten road, as others love to do, never had any charms for me.

The ways of others have never been my ways; and that mine was popular is attested by the great number of thieves and imitators, counterfeiters and apes, who have sought to make—because I do—by following on my trail, as the hyena follows the trail of the lion, or the coyote that of the trapper and guide.

It is to and from the criticism of the *smart set*, the educated apes and baboons, that I owe the greater part of my success in life, in all the many and varied paths and ways of my own blazing in new and unexplored lands and enterprises that have resulted in public benefaction.

Egotism came to me with old age and from looking backward and seeing the thousands of favored and educated ones I had deemed as being my superiors, left far in the rear in the race of life.

Oftentimes I have thought, had I received even one-half

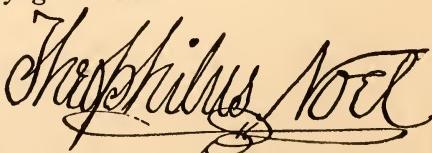
of a common school education, the world would have been the better; then I look around at the others who received all to be had in that line, and methinks, and will die in the thought, that it was well as it was.

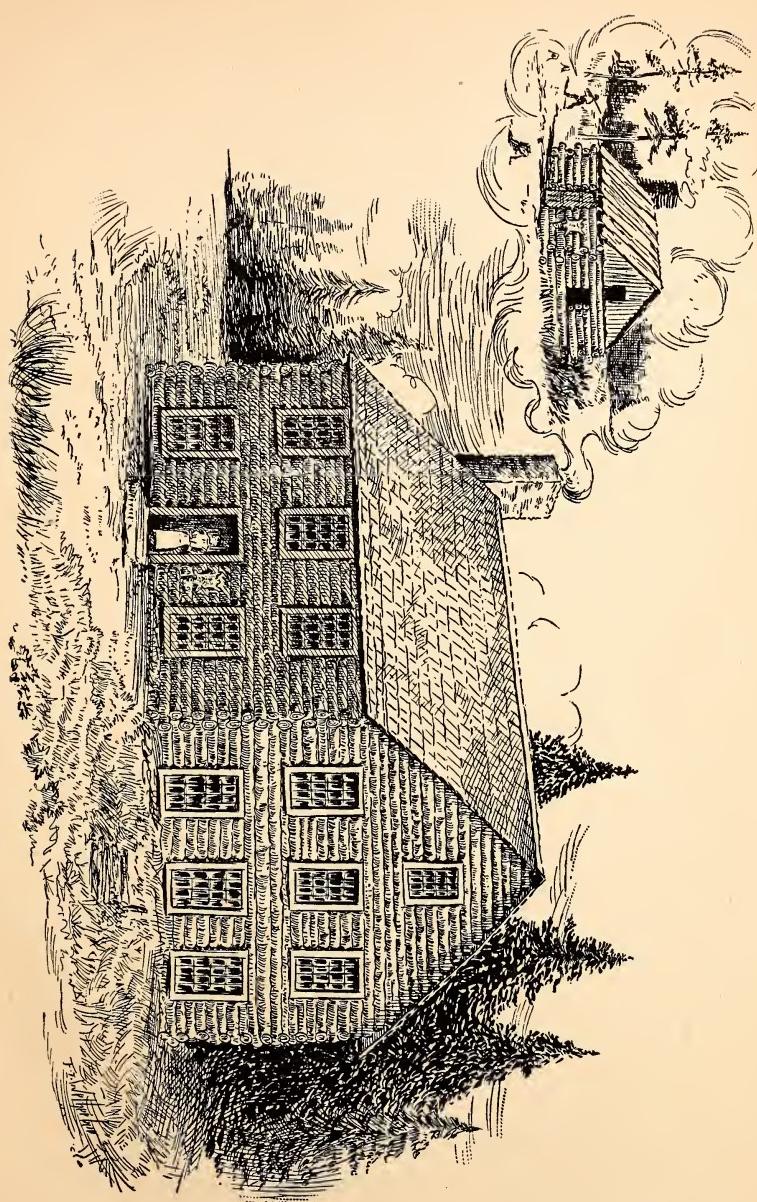
I have written this book while traveling across and up and down the continent, from shore to shore, and all but from pole to pole, and while crossing the ocean and traveling on the continent, while others, and the very highest class, were playing cards, reading trashy novels or engaged in other brain-debasing amusements.

This work has all been talked over to my stenographer while we were on the go; for my life is yet and ever will be a busy one, wherever my field of labor, whether it be in the office, on the farm, or where else; and when all around is still and others are enjoying themselves, my time is business.

The great American jurist—and soldier as well—Judge Gen. Wallace, in rendering a decision in a case of great importance to others than myself, said: "We who have known Mr. Noel for years know that he talks out in plain language and as he thinks, and talks to all as he does to wife, child, dear friend or most desperate foe." And this I have done in this book; and I have no apologies to make, I fear no criticism.

I have scorn and contempt only for the low-lived ones who assail me on any point; for well I know that no honorable one, who has done his best to leave the world better than he found it, by making two blades grow where one formerly grew, as I have, will find herein other than the truth told in my own way. While I know more than one will find thoughts and suggestions presented herein that will be a benefit, I also know there are thousands who fail to see anything of great merit in any great book.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Hayphilius Noel". The signature is fluid and expressive, with a large, stylized initial 'H' and 'N'. It is signed twice, once above the main text and once below it.



BOYHOOD DAYS.

It was in the middle of the year when the campaign cry was hard cider and log cabins that I was born, and for why I oftentimes think I love apples and all other sorts of fruits that will make as many good things as they do. I was born in a log cabin on a puncheon floor, and was rocked in a sap trough. That cabin has long since passed away, but not my remembrance of it and of its environments, the tall trees of the southwestern part of the Wolverine State.

Why I should state any more than the above may never be satisfactorily answered, though in doing what I am and will continue to do ere this is put in cold type, I am doing that which I have been requested to do by many who, from having known me to have been engaged in many business enterprises in many countries as well as my own, and that I had served in the armies of more than one government, and more often on the side that did not win out than on the one that did.

My early boyhood was spent on a stumpy, rooty farm in the wilderness, as it was then, in the far West. Did I have a gift to tell of things that occurred as they might be told by a gifted writer, I could tell of things that occurred to me when I was a boy that would be unbelievable by the boy of this day. Few boys of my acquaintance had more varied experiences than I.

There were hunters in those days, and about the first commercial transactions that I remember having been the promoter of was the melting of my grandmother's A. B. C. pewter plates and running them in elder joints that my older brothers had used as popguns, and selling the bars for lead. I was possibly the first *smelter* in all Michigan.

The plates were not missed until I had to make a confession of what I had done by reason of my having more than a quart cup of pins and half a cup of needles of all sizes and sorts, which I had received in exchange for my bars at prices of my own making. I had converted quite a large stock of my goods into Barlow knives, and these goods were converted into all sort of junk the boys and my father's employees would bring me, and never at their prices, but my own.

I need not tell what occurred, or the punishment I received, when it was found out that a stack of eight-inch A. B. C. pewter plates, fully ten inches high, had all been blown away by forty-cent powder at squirrels, coons and deer, and was not to be collected again. The punishment I received was a lesson I never forgot. And I never afterwards took anything from any one without due compensation, for I have found that it is cheaper to pay a good round cash price for anything than to just take it.

My stock of pins and needles was confiscated, and in those days, when the postage on a letter from Virginia was twenty-five cents, and when a man only got twenty-five cents for splitting one hundred and twelve rails, pins were pins and needles were needles. Our mothers and sisters spun their own thread.

The confiscators did not secure my stock of cutlery, which I was soon busy converting into two-inch in diameter two-cent copper pieces of United States coinage. From sales made and donations received, when the first county fair in Berrien County was held, I was a capitalist, having forty-eight cents, which was about forty cents more than any other boy living in the "bend of the river" had.

This county fair was a great affair to me, and possibly no other affair of my life was more deeply engraved on my heart of steel. Before this occurrence the biggest crowd of people I had ever seen was at a log-rolling or house-raising,

where I, a boy, was kept busy providing water for the neighbors that had congregated doing the work, and when evening came and the men were resting and telling old army stories, and the young men were having a good time with young lady acquaintances, I was still kept busy drawing water from the bottom of that fifty-foot well with which the women were to wash the dishes. After which the candy-stretching or apple-paring commenced. For be it understood in those days, in the parts where I was born, between Hard-shell Baptists; Methodists, Presbyterians and Quakers, there was no dancing; nay, not even the sound of a fiddle. These were the biggest crowds of people I had ever seen until the county fair came off, and I shall never forget, though I should be as old as Methuselah, how I wondered what all these people did to make a living, and what an *awful* dish-washing night this night of our Lord would be.

I may later on tell what my father was, for he was many things, and among other things quite a farmer, horticulturist and stock raiser, and the exhibit that was made from our place in all these lines was well along up in the front ranks for premiums.

Here I saw my first buffalo, my first beaver and my first really sure enough Indian chief, my first threshing machine and fanning mill, and the first pretty girl I ever saw in all my life up to that time. I never saw her again.

I had been saving up my money for this occasion to make an investment that would bring me larger dividends than had my last, and something that might not be confiscated. I tried to buy a pair of guinea fowls, the like of which I had never seen before; but, there being a corner on guinea fowls, the price was too high. I had to buy something of use to any one besides myself and other boys of my own age. These were happy days to me when I had but one garment, and it had but one pocket in it, and that large enough to contain a

first-class stock of everything, including, of course, a "hunk" of maple sugar, marbles and what else might be given to me, for I had been broken of taking anything.

The old store yet stands by the side of the road on the bank of the old St. Joe River in Berrien Springs, where I first made my greatest cash financial transaction. Forty-two cents counted down in two-cent pieces, one by one, paid for a two-blade buckhorn-handled knife, the big blade of which I was able to open with the assistance of a four-penny nail I found in my pocket. Not one of the boys knew of my purchase. On going home about sundown I poled myself to the front ranks, and after much effort opened my knife, which I exhibited much as the great financier exhibited his holdings in bonds and stocks at a great banquet he gave in New York a few years ago. All of the boys wanted to handle it, but that was what I had not yet done, so, bending over a pawpaw bush, manlike I undertook to cut it, when with a sound peculiar to knives made in those days the rivet broke and the blade flew in the crowd to come down a short distance off. As the howl went up my feathers went down. I had but four cents left. The gunsmith in town charged me five cents for fixing in the rivet again and kept the knife more than a month before I was able to raise the other cent. That man died in the poorhouse, and I helped him there by transferring all my trade and influence to the gunsmith who aided me in telling what a mean man "O—— C" was to treat a good honest boy as he did me. I never treated boy, man, nigger or Indian that way, which accounts for the large number of I O U's there are out over the country in my favor, and always will be.

Though I have traveled the world over, so to say, and been engaged in many enterprises and handled large sums of money, some of it my own, I never was a gambler and not a speculator in the sense the word implies nowadays. I have never found one man so smart but that there was another a



little smarter than he, and it seems to me that few others than this class have ever tried to make deals with me.

There is but one thing that I have lived to perpetually regret, and that is that I did not turn bad boy at twelve years of age and run away from home, as I had resolved upon doing, instead of staying there and being taken to Texas when I was thirteen. Had I done so, I would have learned the blacksmith's trade, and for my not having done so the world has lost one of the best iron workers, smiths and machinists that ever honored it, for from infancy I was a Tubal Cain man. If this is beyond you I am sorry for it, for if you knew what it meant it is possible that you could understand better what I may hereafter in my own way relate.

My early religion on the one side, my good mother's, was of the Methodist persuasion; on the other side, O. S. P. Mother's religion was all right, and so was the other in its way, but it either weighed nothing in my estimation or was altogether too weighty to come within the sphere of my comprehension, and this reminds me of a truth I might as well narrate here as elsewhere.

I never went to school a day in my life, Sundays not counted. I started in on a Cobb's Speller and Pike's Arithmetic, and but for the kindly act of an older half-brother, who brought me a Webster's Elementary Spelling Book, to which I took with a boy's interest, from its not only having pictures but also some good stories which he read to me, my education might have been completely neglected. The old man—he was a doctor, he was—said that I learned more of the lessons than the children did who went to school from hearing them early in the morning and late at night; wherefore he kept me from my earliest remembrance mixing and rolling out Cook's pills, *i. e.*, calomel, ipecac, jalap and rhubarb, equal portions, warranted to do all sorts of devilment.

Well, I took to Webster's Elementary Spelling Book like

I heard a neighbor say their sick cat took to a hot brick, and I learned every letter, syllable, word, sentence, etc., etc. I believe this book to have been the greatest educator of the American people, and this from page to page. I learned and comprehended all of its trite sayings as copy plates, such as: "A man can gain nothing in the company of the vicious;" "Birds of a feather flock together," etc., etc. I could at this time repeat the fables and draw the pictures illustrating them in that book, from the boy in the apple tree to the honest farmer, and the judge to the milkmaid, and particularly the two travelers and the bear. When I turned the last page of this book I felt that my education was about completed, and I was boastful, honestly conscious of the fact that I knew more than any other boy of my acquaintance who had been going to school and studying—Pike. I felt that I was prepared for commencement day, but when on the last page of this ever-dear-to-me volume I came across the two longest words of seven and eight syllables then used in the English vocabulary, methought, and I thought again, and I have been thinking about it ever since, for I have run across them about every day of my life. They were, they are: incompatibility and incomprehensibility.

In my day and time I have seen many strange things never spent much time or money unraveling the mystery, strangeness. Others who pay their own board and work without wages or reward do it for me. While I have been a great experimenter, it has been along lines somewhat as Holmes' books were, "Patent medicine almanacs that cost nothing," and yet I have sown seed that fell on stony places and I have cast my bread on waters that may have gone to the other shore, but surely came not back to mine.

All men born into this world who seek to enjoy any of its beauties and pleasures, first question themselves as to what they were placed here for, and are like the girl who wanted a

lover and went out at eventide to the woods near by and prayed to God for one, when a hoot owl perched on a high tree cried, "Whoo! Whoo!" and the maiden said, "Oh, anybody, good God, so it is a man."

Many thousand people have I met, o'er taken and passed by in my journey through life, who imagined they were "called" or put here for a great purpose, but who never made two blades grow where one formerly grew, or in leaving the world caused mourning for their departure.

I am now an old man, but I have never eaten idle bread or lost time running after strange gods, yet if seriously asked why and for what purpose I was placed on this earth I would have to declare it is for those who come after me to tell, for I cannot, and they failing, the world will never know that I was here. I believe in names; I believe also in signs and omens; in fact, I believe in about everything that men I have met on earth—and women, too—believe in, but in names more particularly and most emphatically. That my mother thought well of me when I was born there can be no question from the name that she gave me. And there was no kicking on my part when long years afterwards I found that it meant "Loved of the Lord," and I read in holy writ that "He whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," or words to that effect. If to it had only been the Lord that used the chastening rod upon me, my griefs from losses, my pains from bruises, my aches from pounds and licks and kicks would not have been so great by many, many counts.

I sometimes think that there is not living mortal who has gone through so many trials, disappointments, soul-felt and heart-felt bereavements, deceptions and confidence games that hurt, as I have—gone through, and yet I am still in the ring, ready at any time for another turn.

We are told to "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone." This accounts for my loneliness

and oftentimes cast-downwardness, and yet I have had sugar in my tea and cream in my coffee, and I have heard of people who have said a good word about me and what I have done, but they were so seldom, so far apart and ones so little known that they never made a fool of me.

EARLY INFLUENCES AND ENVIRONMENTS.

Those early boyhood experiences of mine on the farm in Michigan were not so unlike those of other boys of that period as to be worthy of any particular notice, as I now consider it, though the boy of that day, his surroundings and his environments, were so different from those of today that it would only give my reader another clue to question my statements and doubt my entire efforts at enlightenment, were I to fairly, honestly, correctly and uncoloredly give the same.

The family who left the eastern Alleghanies to cross over into the valley of what might be termed Death were it in Central America or Africa, who penetrated the wilds of the woody and woolly western wilderness of Ohio and Indiana and came as far west as where I was born, were people who were worthy of making noble empires; worthy descendants of noble sires; the founders of this great and most noble of countries.

The boy born under the circumstances which at best existed at that time, in a wilderness of woods, as I was, had many sports of his own, but of a character that would be considered droll and 'way back in these days.

It was from having been put to bed early by an industrious mother, in order that she might do her work up before she laid her tired body down to rest, and that I was induced to sleep as long as possible until after I had acquired a certain age, that gave me strength to do something for her. Upon reaching this age I was awakened to tunes more loud than charming, and sometimes both sounding and blistering. Early habits are hard to get rid of, as I have found through life, and "As the twig is bent, so shall the tree incline." I have

always found myself in bed early at night, and there were but few of the fowls that had come off of their perches when I was around looking after things.

My father was not much of a farmer. He did all this sort of work by proxy while he "doctored" the people, giving them good old allopathic powders, and talked religion and politics and—well—once in a while sold a horse and bought something or took somebody's note for something they thought more valuable than that which they gave. Really and in fact, he knew about as much about farming as I ever did about running an ocean greyhound or a naval fighting machine. He did it all through a hired man and mother and me, who from my earliest recollection had to do with cows and with pigs and with chickens and with horses.

My lot was a hard one, for the old man came from that old F. F. V. stock who believed in raising boys on the strap route, and who, whether the boy needed it or not, would administer a good thrashing on the proposition that he would need it sooner or later and when he did the gad might not be handy or the old man might not be around. When he commenced one of these operations, the louder the boy, that is myself, cried and hollered, the better it pleased him. He got mad if you didn't holler, so you were sure to catch refined cruelty, jump as you might. Like the old Virginia nigger who set a trap to catch a coon or possum, squirrel or rat, and turning round to look at it after leaving it said: "Dar den, I'se done and sot it to cotch him comin' or goin'," old dad's trap was set for one of the boys all the while just that way.

There were many things that I learned on the farm, as well as many things I learned about old dad, that I never forgot. Much about plowing was taught me by a yoke of old oxen, who when the dinner horn blew started for the house, mattering not what part of the field they were in, taking me

and the plow along, unless, after having given me a very short space of time in which to unhitch, I had done so. Old Broad, that was the nigh ox, used to kick me with as much impunity as old dad used to thrash me, only he was not mean about it, for he always looked around and seemed to sympathize with me and say as much as "Do not come too near next time."

Mentioning dinner horns reminds me that the same old dinner horn which was left on the place when we moved away did service in blowing the wolves, bears, panthers and wild cats away from the sheepfold which was very close to the cabin, and when well sounded came near resembling a Mississippi calliope or an ocean foghorn as can be imagined.

Lanterns were used in those days to keep away the wild animals, and the boy who could not make a pawpaw whistle that would sound long and loud would never be able to take an ax and an auger and draw-knife and go out in the woods and cut down a tree and make a plow stock or an ox yoke, which I have done more than once before I was twelve years old. The boys in those days esteemed themselves valuable in proportion to what they could do, and the ones who could only look pretty and giggle and go with the girls, who always petted them while they admired the other fellow, were the ones who left no mark behind them in passing away; while we—that is, I and my compeers—went out and conquered the world, and by our brave, heroic, noble and enduring unselfishness and faithful acts can look back—from 1904—and see what no ten thousand generations of men who have lived, or may have lived since the birth of Adam, have lived to see in the way of advancement of all that is noble and grand and enduring in science and art, inventions and improvements and all that brings man nearer his Creator, in the image of whom he was created. We boys of the seventies and eighties of winter-marks can point back and say, "There is our record," and with no small pride say, "If you would know more of us,

look around you." And if in bidding farewell to the world you would be able to say that you left it better than you found it, go ye and do likewise, and, like us, plant without pay or the prospect of profit if you but know that in planting others are to come after you and enjoy the fruits of your labor.

It is my belief that there never lived a race of people, or any section of any race of people, that ever had such cause to be thankful to their Creator and prouder of themselves, than we, the first and second descendants of the founders of this great government of liberty, have reason to be; and also cometh our ever present adoration and gratitude, love and remembrance of those who made it possible for us to do what we have done, by and from the foundation of a government for the people and by the people, of human liberty and rights that all might enjoy alike, and of a protection which said to the man who had brains in that line, Go thou and invent, and thou shalt have the reward of thy inventions; and to the planter, Go thou and plant, and thou shalt have the reward of thy reaping; and to the builder, Go thou and build, and thy house shalt be thy castle; and to the preacher, Go thou forth and preach, and according as thou teachest so be it unto thee for weal or for woe. This Government of ours has rewarded every man in proportion to his ability and honest integrity, and it is only the ungrateful and the dullard and the laggard who has not participated in its great benefits, blessings and endowments.

My early religious training has been referred to before. This training was of a dual character. Dad was an O. S. P., who believed in infant damnation and the elect, aye, long before birth, and, of course, of which he was one, and therefore as king, prophet and priest to all under his power. Of course the king, the prophet and the priest could do no harm or wrong, and therefore was immune from all such as measles, whooping cough, smallpox and yellow fever and anything in

the way of the devil's temptations and trials. On the other hand, my mother was a good old W. M., who with their doctrine and belief made it possible for any one to get there, and put me as a boy to thinking, "Well, how will you get on and how will you get off?"

One seemed to say:

"You'll be damned if you do and you'll be damned if you don't,
You'll be damned if you will and you'll be damned if you won't,
You'll be damned if you can and you'll be damned if you can't,
You'll be damned if you shall and you'll be damned if you shan't;"

While the other seemed to say to me:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from an Emanuel's veins; * * *
The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

If a boy raised under these conditions failed to have any religious convictions, it was not because the foundation was not there for him to start on.

I might as well tell it now as to let it crop out against me hereafter, that from my earliest infancy I was considered the black sheep of the flock and so treated, especially by the old man, who found in me one who wanted to know the why and the wherefore and the "thisly of the thusly" in all matters and questions that either related to my future or with the interference of my present peaceful, restful attitude.

I never believed in doing anything until it was necessary to be done, and never starting at the job until after having thoroughly considered all the points bearing on its conclusion at the least possible expense of manual labor, and especially at the expense of money already in the bank. From my earliest recollection I saw fools fooling away their time, doing some-

thing, spending strength and energy, that could not possibly bring them any returns. I have seen men in my day come forth with their millions of money, "which they had aired," of course, and throw it away, just as I have seen Jack Wilson make an ox of himself by handling logs, clearing up ground that would not sprout black-eyed peas or raise buckwheat after he had cleared it off.

I well remember hearing the old Hard-shell Baptist minister tear off his sermons at the Reynold's schoolhouse, where he orated once every moon and Brother McGill orated the other moon, Methodist fashion. And then how the Dunkards held forth, when no man orated, only as the spirit moved. And how from hearing these different people out in the country talk in the schoolhouse, as well as from hearing the O. S. P. "Doctor" talk from the high pulpit to the high-backed pews, ever less than one-half filled, that I became very much confused in my early theological professions, the more and more that I, as a boy, thought of the different propositions, the more and more I became convinced of hypocrisy, and the more I became convinced of the true light, that the truth was more powerful than the king, man, wine or woman, and that he who would ask for more light, and be governed by its shedding and would live by the truth that that light gave forth, would stand nearer that great Architect and Giver of all good than would any caterwauling, hypocritical sycophant, who, like a pauper and a beggar, was ever asking, forever begging and praying for more and never giving thanks for anything; while he who thanked or was truly thankful for the little favors received, larger favors and blessings were showered upon him as the years roll around.

It has been my firm religious belief that the great God who ruleth all and made all has no rewards for the praying mendicant, no more than I have for the lazy beggar and pauper who comes to my door time and again; but that

that great Creator has reward here on earth for him who returns thanks and asks himself Where shall I spread it that I may show yet my greater thankfulness? These are the people who have made the world what it is in the last fifty years. These are the ones who have never stopped to question as to what the harvest would be, but they sowed and toiled and reaped to be rewarded greatly.

I shall never forget, though my name be used in the Good Book instead of Methuselah's because of my great age, my first show, or rather P. T. Barnum's first exhibition in western Michigan with Tom Thumb. Why the old man got so good as to allow me to go to that show I never knew, and he never knew one-half of what I found out, or of the thoughts it gave me to think of when I was out in the field hoeing corn, feeding the hogs or digging the potatoes.

This show was an inspiration to me. It was a whole schoolhouse, academy and college combined, and told me more than any person on earth ever learned from reading Rollins' Ancient History, Plutarch's Lives or the nine big volumes of Scott's Commentaries on the Holy Bible and New Testament, and was a greater aid than mother's Watt's Hymn Book of good old W. M. meters in giving me the true light and telling me the truth. For there at this show I saw things as they were and as I have seen heaven on earth many times, and not as somebody described them to me.

I went there a capitalist. I had twenty-five cents of my own good money and a good brother-in-law gave me twenty-five cents extra, not thinking that dad's stingy old heart had been opened to the amount, and who thought that I had only been allowed to go to town that day with no spending privileges. Well, I took in two or three of the ten-cent side shows which were being "barked" by loud-mouthinged individuals, who, like many others whom I have seen in this world, painted the pictures bigger and better than my boyish im-

agation admitted of being painted. However I was satisfied in each and every case. When the big drum commenced to beat and the big show gate began to open and the lions commenced roaring and the tiger commenced howling and other big noises sounded from within, in the rush I forgot the ticket wagon and I think that this was the first time that I ever got something for nothing, and P. T. Barnum did not get my quarter.

The elephants and the zebras were near the door as I went into the mammoth tent, which seemed to me to be as big as our northwest cornfield in which I had been hoeing the day before in the hot sun. However, I made the circuit of the tent and took in everything. Nothing escaped my eye. I ran up against the clown and he funnied so funny that I just laid down on the ground and laughed and felt good all over and was glad that I was a boy and was there. And then I took in Tom Thumb playing the part of Napoleon, and the man who had no arms and played the fiddle and opened big jackknives and threw them out to the farmer boys and who cracked walnuts and did many other things with his toes that others could not do with their hands.

And then I ran up against the lemonade man, and if I had ever heard of lemonade or the name I had forgotten it, and to hear that man—his voice still rings in my ears—“Oh, ye farmer boys! Bring up your best gal, here, for a glass of this ice-cold lemonade. Made a thousand feet under ground, where it is lighted by diamonds, drawn up in golden buckets hung on silver chains, and here I give it to you in golden cups at only three cents a cup!” Well, as might be expected of a capitalist like myself, of course I had to try the lemonade. But I espied a young man who had recently come to our neighborhood, named Hank Harris, who had in tow Miss Liza Reynolds and her little sister Frances, who soon thereafter and forever towed him. Hank yanked his gal up

and asked for a glass of the beverage, with which went a small-sized cake, a little larger than my two-cent copper piece. Hank took a sup and Lize took a sup and Frances took a sup and still there was some left, which Hank finished and, smacking his lips, said: "It is a perfect imposition! It is one-half water!"

This set me to questioning that investment, for early in life I abhorred "watered stock" or dilutions or substitutions of any sort.

The pleasures of my boyhood days were few, but they were great and lasting. The first that came was the sugar-making season. Each tree was tapped by chopping a deep notch slantwise in it and a spike was inserted which conveyed the sap to a trough made by splitting a basswood log a foot or more in diameter and scooping it out with an adz as a canoe would be made. This trough—the sort which was my cradle—was put under the spile and we boys and the young men had to collect the sap night and day, while the men and women attended to the boiling of the kettles, which were set on the range, all of which was hard work. But the fun came in when the boiling off season commenced. This was when the molasses or syrup was boiled down to sugar and when the young folks collected and made molasses candy, as it would be termed in these days, the stretching or pulling of which was fun which had no equal in all the country round.

This job over, the next would be when it came to making cider, apple butter and having apple-paring bees. Then it was that the young folks came together again and the sound of merriment and joy and pleasure was heard in all the land. Then came the corn husking, and finally, as a wind-up to the season's joys, harvesting, reaping and threshing and the hog-killing time, and with it soon after the joyous Christmas times, for then, not as now, Thanksgiving Day was not much observed.

Between hard work and sound sleep the boys of those days had but little time to go together, except on Sundays, when we met at the local schoolhouse to hear some "sky pilot" expatiate on the beauties of a land and its inhabitants that we know not more of than about the man and his wife in the moon, and to tell us of that which no one could dispute. Those who believed were unable to dispute anything.

The boys who went to school had a good time, but my old dad thought he had wisdom, knowledge and schooling enough for the whole family, who in his estimation needed only to know the three R's. He thought the same way about religion, but I thought different on both subjects, and for why I got another black mark. And because he thought as he did and taught as he did I took the contrary side on the question, and for why I am what I am and where I am.

I never in all my life had time enough to attend to other people's business. As a general proposition I had enough to do to attend to my own and I had so much to attend to that I had to rely upon the aid and assistance of others who have often betrayed me, who were often incompetent and who were often absolutely unworthy of any sort of trust, else I might have had some wealth today and not be compelled to travel about this country in a common Pullman sleeping car, excepting on extraordinary occasions a drawing-room. Yet, notwithstanding, nevertheless, I have been able to get there when I wanted to go, and it never was from the advice, free counsel, aid or assistance of any one else that I was able to do so.

Good counsel and good advice is a great, grand, good thing to take, but unless you have very good brains and your compass box is right and can never be made to point wrong, you will not be able to know which the *good* advice is. I have often been given as much good advice as the common run of bad boys, and I have listened to it as little as any good, sensible boy would. I have found that these are the people who

are always carrying coals to their own bins, and who listens to them sooner or later finds himself in the condition of the boy who was going to school and who met an old man with a scythe blade who stopped him and told him that he was "a good-looking boy, he was, and a nice boy, he was," and after asking him his name told him that he remembered him and that he had heard so many nice things about him and otherwise cajoled the boy into turning a grindstone while he ground his scythe blade at the boy's muscular expense and great labor—(did you ever turn a grindstone?)—then turned upon the boy and said: "Now, you little truant, you, run with all your might to school or I will see that your teacher gives you a trouncing for being late."

I never had but one such as this played on me and I have never forgotten the Quaker's saying that "If a man fool thee once it is his fault; if twice it is thy fault."

Whenever I have undertaken to attend to other people's business I soon found myself in more business of an unpleasant nature than I could conveniently cast off. I once found myself in the condition of the honest Dutchman, having agreed, like him, to be the arbitrator between two neighbors having a dispute, both threatening law. I was then a much younger man than I am now and had more confidence in myself than I have now. The neighborhood all congregated and I took my seat as judge, umpire and arbitrator. After hearing one side I was ready to give judgment; but when I heard both sides, like the Dutchman I was prepared to say, "Now who gives shugment, I vants to know?"

Other people's perplexities have always been greater than my own, because by thought and deep meditation, coupled with a desire to do right in all cases and even meet more than on the half-way point, I could solve and settle my own differences and troubles, but not those of others, for I have found

man a most unreasonable creature, imbued with such selfishness as to becloud his seeing the rights of others.

The first book I ever remember having read was "Weems' Life of Washington." It filled my very young soul with patriotic impulses, as it never failed to do to and with all others. After having read it through, little snatches at a time, I was asked by one of my neighbors which part of it I liked best and I quickly told him, "That part where Washington was offered a crown and refused it."

This came from my natural inborn hatred to all kinds of monarchs, despots and tyrants, and for why to this day I love the honest, outspoken, free and noble American citizen.

My father was an old man when I was born; my mother not a young woman. He had practically raised and set off a family of older children before I came into the world to make trouble. The former he had given a good education and such advantages as the schools of the day were able to give. In 1853 he became very much incensed at the tax laws and what else I need not mention, and resolved upon going to Texas. Having about the best property there was in that section of the country, he was not long in disposing of it to a man who four years before had been his chief wood chopper and rail splitter, named Calvin Blake. Blake and his three grown up boys came to my father's house in '48, I well remember the time and place, and told him that they were going to California.

At losing such a good servant the old man became very much incensed, but it did not interfere with Blake's going. In September, 1853, a few days after the old man had advertised his holdings, my mother and I saw Blake and his three boys coming down the lane to the house, and she called my father out. I remember hearing the old man say, "They've come back again and after a job and I won't let them have

it. They were not governed by my advice and I won't give them a job. They'll have to hunt somewhere else."

The old man received them blindly, as he was capable of doing, for he had that divine power that St. Paul speaks of: "Be ye able to be unto all men all things at all times."

After the Blakes had been seated he commenced pumping them about their trip to California and back, at which he made slow progress, for the Blakes were like clams on all subjects they know anything about or should have known anything about and never thought of anything they cared nothing for. After the old man had about exhausted his patience and time in trying to find out something, Blake said: "Doctor, I see that you have advertised your place for sale and I would like to know what your price is."

Whereupon the old man replied: "It would be of little interest to you."

"Well," said Blake, "some men came back with me who want to buy a place like yours." (He referred to his sons.)

Dad said, "Well, well, whoever buys my place must buy my other property and take all of my holdings in the State of Michigan and pay spot cash down," and gave the figures.

"How much money do you want as earnest money to close the bargain?"

"Five thousand dollars," old man Noel replied.

Whereupon he was told to draw up a receipt for that amount, and in less time than it takes to tell it five thousand dollars of new, pure, lately coined California gold was stacked up and he was told that the balance would be at the bank in the town as soon as he could make the deeds out.

"To whom shall the deeds be made?"

"To Calvin Blake!"

Old dad waked up to the realization of a changed condition, for from being a wood chopper and rail splitter Calvin Blake was the richest man in all southwest Michigan. Oft-

times I have thought of this deal and the man who made it, and oftentimes I have thought of how Calvin Blake was not going to get a job and of how the other man got done out of a home.

The price named was about one-third more than the old man really would have sold for. I never believed that up to that time he ever intended to sell, though I, a boy, like all other boys, was keen to travel and wanted him to sell. Blake got the place and with it all the stock and everything else that the old man owned, including notes, mortgages, etc., and what was always the most interesting part to me, he got ninety acres of wheat which I had planted and drilled in myself. With the place went the three years' crop of wheat in the bins and two years' crop of oats and corn shelled and stored away.

We left Michigan for Texas on the twenty-third day of November, 1853. Early in 1854 the Crimean War was declared. The wheat in the bins was sold for \$1.75 per bushel, and wheat which we had planted and which Blake harvested was sold for \$2.25 per bushel, corn, oats and hay at a proportionately large advancement, which realized enough to pay for the entire place and all that belonged thereto, since there were four thousand bushels of wheat which Blake got on a basis of forty-one cents per bushel.

When Blake closed the contract with the old man, then his mouth opened and his tongue loosened up and he could outtalk a New England maid. This was a great lesson to me through life, and I never had a piece of property, house or anything else to sell but that I wondered if Russia was going to get into another difficulty.

If you have read this far in my book I can promise in advance that you will read further. From now on my life commences, and I propose to tell of its first lessons and achievements and failures as well, and to tell of it in such a way as to be more instructive, possibly, than interesting, for I want

my reader to understand that I am not writing this book and going to the great expense of having it published for any self-glorification or laudation, but with a view to benefiting those who may read it, and especially the young man whom it may cause to think. I cannot write of my own acts and deeds as I could of another's, and I feel myself unable to do the subject justice without putting in a considerable amount of egotism, do the best I may to prevent it.

I am not going to give you any blood-and-thunder, Indian painted, scalping, romance lies, but I am going to narrate to you things as they were and as I saw them, both as relates to matters of business, war, science and all questions on internal improvement as well as infernal rascalities. I feel that in one sense I am competent to do justice on this score, for there lives not a man on earth today—or woman either—to whom I owe one cent of a debt that I cannot pay a million for; that there has never lived on earth a man—or woman either—to whom I owe or ever owed one iota of gratitude for any acts of kindness of any sort of nature whatsoever but that I have paid, not with compound interest, but with double principal. And there lives not a soul on earth today for whom I have other than kind feelings; and yet I have had in my days some notable enemies, and some more than common, men of the common sort who, like chaff, always went with the winning side or the way the wind blew.

THE SOUTH IN THE EARLY FIFTIES.

In going to Texas in November, 1853, we arrived in Chicago at four o'clock in the morning, coming in on a long trestle-work through Lake Michigan to reach the foot of Randolph street, which is now all settled and has been for many years. Where that trestle stood now stands great sky-scraping business buildings. We took breakfast at the Sherman House, which is still doing business at the old stand—my first in a first-class hotel where meals were served in courses. I shall never forget how I thought, "Well, is this all we are going to get?"

We left Chicago at seven-thirty in the morning on the Rock Island Railroad, whose terminus was at La Salle, Ill. One train down and one train back per day, freight, passenger, baggage and mail, all pulled by one engine, which today has no counterpart in existence, which today would compare with the Mogul pulling this train that I am now traveling on as this is being dictated, as a monkey might be compared to a big mule both as to size and in strength. It took two firemen to fire that engine, an oiler and an engineer, and Mr. Czar of Russia could not put on more airs than that engineer did, while the conductor of the train was bejeweled and bedabbled with all sorts of pewter, brass and copper plates. We children thought that they were immense.

Chicago was then but a small town of which I saw but little, for we children were all anxious to see the great "Illinois Prairie and Mount Joliet in the Distance," which was the title of a picture in our newly acquired school geography and atlas, from which we expected to see something similar to the mountains mother had described to us as having crossed

in coming from where our big oysters now come. Mount Joliet proved to be about forty feet high, two or three hundred feet wide and a quarter of a mile long and of sand and small pebbles. No man traveling over the same ground today can see a vestige of a sign of Mount Joliet.

The Illinois Penitentiary is not far from there and Joliet is a great, thriving city, noted for its barbed wire fence factories. I have lately and very often since traveled over this same Rock Island Railroad. Now, instead of one train each way, there are upward of one hundred freight and passenger trains. Instead of one track there are two all the way and four part of the way. Instead of only two engines this system now has, I am told, three thousand four hundred and twenty-six. Instead of ninety miles of track this system now counts more than nine thousand miles. And when I look back and see that it is I and my compeers and associates who have brought about this great change—incomprehensible to but few, and they only who travel and see things grow and change, and grow and change with what they see—why should I not be proud of the company which I have been keeping for the more than half a century?

My boys and their associates and compeers will have to look up in the air as they are already looking down in the ground by means of the tunnels and excavations they are making under the great cities. Methinks what a pleasure it will be to live in this world fifty years hence if its improvements continue apace and keep abreast with those of the last fifty years.

I am riding in an elaborately equipped Pullman palace car, pulled by an engine capable of making seventy miles an hour, on a train composed of fourteen other parlor mansions on wheels such as this one is, and I am crossing a desert in southern Arizona at the rate of sixty miles an hour that I crossed forty years ago on a jaded horse at the rate of two and one-

half miles an hour. Oh, what a change and what a pleasure it is to me to realize it in this substantial way! Then it would have taken me three long months to have heard from my folks. This morning at six-thirty I started a message and in less than one hour I heard from the loved ones at home.

Forty years ago I first drank the waters of the Rio Bravo Grande del Norte, which the first Spanish explorers of this country reported to their king as the greatest river flowing from the mountains of the North to the great Gulf of the South, and I remember having seen an ancient map illustrating it as being much larger than the Mississippi. At that time my lips, parched from thirst, were quenched at where afterward Fort Quitman was placed and one hundred miles south of what is now known as El Paso. This river was then three-fourths of a mile wide at that place and continued that wide with but little variation to Santa Fe and above. It furnished water for the irrigation of millions of acres of land. Tomorrow I will cross it at El Paso where it is confined to the limits of a sluice box or drain that would not relieve an ordinary Louisiana swamp of its overflow.

The water has been taken out by the people on the upper streams and tributaries of the river in Colorado and even above until there is none left to make glad the thirsty valleys where once grew the largest grapes, the largest pears, the largest crops of wheat and the largest onions that were ever grown on earth. Like the race that produced them—the Mexicans—it has passed away. They are passing away, leaving behind them little that the Anglo-Saxon and the true American shall ever have occasion to honor or remember.

We left La Salle on the Illinois River, a stern-wheel steamer, for St. Louis. The *we* consisted of dad, mother, an older brother, a younger one, two younger sisters and myself, all of whom had a burden to bear, for in that day the bank bills of one State would not pass in another—these were

good old democratic days of State rights—and we each had to carry our portion of old man Blake's California gold, which, did I state the weight of it, some would question and others doubt, and thus my honesty be brought into question early in my history.

The Illinois River was then what it is now, since the Chicago Drainage canal pours into it. Lake Michigan waters at the rate of little less than one million gallons per hour, but not like it, has been since 1853, when the water was so low as to give good ordinary sized catfish trouble in navigating it. I get it from a State Fish Commissioner that in 1872 the German carp were planted in the Illinois River at Peoria, and for eight or ten years nothing was heard from them, but that for the last four years they have been a source of profit aggregating two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars per year to the fishermen. Like eating grapes, eating carp to like them is an acquired taste, and I would advise my friends not to try to acquire the taste, but to eat mud suckers and turtles instead.

We were four days and nights in getting to St. Louis on our stern-wheel steamer, which had stops to make at every bend in the river to take on and put off freight and people. And such people and such freight as I never before saw, but of which I have seen millions since! St. Louis of those days was not the St. Louis of today. Then there was eighteen miles of river front, both sides, against which there were tied steam-boats and floating craft, often three deep, the outside one unloading over the other two. These boats plowed the waters of all the streams, rivers, rivulets and tributaries that flow into and make the mighty, muddy Missouri, and it, aided by such tributaries as the Ohio, making the mighty Mississippi which flows on to the Gulf.

So for thirteen hundred miles we steamed down from St. Louis to New Orleans, taking thirteen days to make it on a United States fast dispatch boat, that, of course, had to stop at

every postoffice and take on and take off live and dead freight of all imaginary sorts, including cattle, hogs, horses, mules, chickens, ducks, geese, etc., while the boat would stop for anything. There were no postal cards in those days, or I suppose the boats would have stopped for them.

The Mississippi River of those days was not the Mississippi River of today. The commerce that in those days floated on its broad bosom finds other ways to the markets and to the seas than by being floated down by steamers or by rafts mostly. And now comes my time to tell what a raft was and how it was made—this not for the benefit of the few old men like myself who know, but for the boys. However, a little looking backward will do no harm.

In order to describe this properly we will locate ourselves somewhere on a little stream emptying into the Wabash River in Indiana. We will say that there are fifty of us farmers who have corn and wheat and oats and hogs and chickens and turkeys and apples, dried and green, and hoop-poles and pumpkins. We all get together and cut down great big oak trees that will square three by three feet, and we hew them out forty or fifty feet long and plug them and pin them together on the low ground in the summertime and fall of the year, and when all around is dry. We put ten or fifteen of these side by side and then we put four or five or six upon the side of the same sort and dimensions, and then we fill up the ends. Then we commence to collect our effects—like old father Noah, only we do not take them in by pairs—and then we get together and elect a captain, and we pick out the proper young men to go with him, and when our flatboat is well filled up and the rains commence coming down and the creeks commence coming up, away we float and down we go on the old Ohio and at Cairo we strike the Mississippi, Oh! and down and down we go with a little light in front and one in the rear. Jim at the oar four hours in turn, and at the spring flowing season

we are so thick on the river that steamboats have a bad time pulling around us or pushing through us, going up stream.

It is a long fleet but a jolly one, and the refrains of the songs sung by the float from away up the Ohio, or those from the head waters of the Missouri or from the Illinois or from the Cumberland and the thousand other smaller tributaries, is soon picked up by our Wabash Indian crew, and loudly ring the songs both day and night, which here commingle as does the waters of the mighty rivers that make the mighty stream. There is constant badinage day and night, such as: "Hello, Brownie!" by reason of their boats being painted brown with their native clay. "Where from?"

"Yellow Forks of Roaring River up Rogue's Hollow," or, "Paradise Valley in the land of plenty," or similar names of the localities from which they came, never giving the correct ones.

"What loaded with?"

"Fruit and lumber."

"What sort?"

"Hoop-poles and pumpkins."

"Got any apple jack?"

"Naw, but if you have we will trade you some pure 'Oh be joyful' for that or 'Old Flat,'" meaning tobacco which has been pressed out in plugs as we see it nowadays, a trading trick that the Indian Hoosier was the first to get on to.

Now, understand you that there is not one ounce of weight on all of this boat or in it or of the boat itself but that is of great value, and which is going to sell for a big price down in New Orleans.

When we went down in November of 1853 we were never out of sight of these rifts, and we were told that they were much thicker in the springtime flow when the waters were high in the up creeks from the melted snow. The float would be met at from fifty to one hundred miles from New Orleans by buyers. The competition was so great that good prices

were always realized, and there was an honor among the traders of the day which begat confidence, and everything was bargained for and sold before New Orleans was seen and a certain colored flag was put up on the southeast corner of the flat that the tugboat belonging to the owner, the man who had bought it, might come out and bring it to the landing, where the Indiana boys were met by the cashier, who paid them in gold and silver for their cargo. It was often the case that the boat itself was worth more than the entire cargo, for then as now there was great demand for oak lumber of all sorts and building lumber of any sort.

New Orleans was very different from the New Orleans of today. It required twenty-seven miles of river front for its wharfage and at many places the boats were three and four deep. There was more business done then in the City of New Orleans in one day than there is now being done in one month, or perhaps three of them, in the way of its being done by the people. I have seen steamers unloading three or four thousand bales of cotton, which all had to be drayed to the compress and from there again down to the ocean steamers which took it abroad. I have seen more doing in one day on the principal levee in New Orleans than is now done in the most active part in a week.

Modern New Orleans is in no sense what the New Orleans of fifty years ago was. Outside of the old French Quarters and the French Markets the changes have been wonderful. Where once one thousand or more steamers and ten times the number of flatboats could be seen, now you may count them on your hands. For I and my compeers have been working in this direction, as well as in others, and we have made it possible by improvements and inventions and the building of railroads and tramways for one man to do what ten or thirty would do then. And what has become of the nine or

twenty-nine we have been too busy to stop to ask. They may be found along in the hovels cursing their fate.

For two hundred miles above New Orleans on both sides of the Mississippi River there were sugar plantations after sugar plantations which produced from eight hundred and seventy-five to fourteen hundred dollars per hand, the hands being valued at from nine to twelve hundred dollars, though a good negro would bring as high as fifteen hundred dollars. From the top of our boats we could see over the levees, and the sugar mills in the distance, and never were we out of sight of orange, lemon and banana trees.

New Orleans was a bower of blooming beauties, and orange trees and fig trees and such like tropical fruits. Today they, as well as the sugar plantations and the commerce of the mighty Mississippi, have all passed away. The climatic changes have been wonderful, but the political changes have been as great. New Orleans was the most metropolitan or cosmopolitan city on the globe at this time. On its streets might be met more people of more different parts of the globe, with different callings, trades, professions, avocations and labors, than in any other commercial city, we are told, on earth. It was here, on the Mississippi River, that the commercial gambler and the high roller lived, prospered and died, for he is not there now.

It has been said that the highest stakes at cards that have ever been played were played here in New Orleans and on the Mississippi steamers. The average planter and his son were natural born gamblers as well as thoroughly educated, refined, polished, cultured gentlemen, who would ingratiate themselves in any good society.

When I was a young man, soon after my first seeing New Orleans, I had formed the acquaintance, in the up-country in Texas, of a gentleman calling himself Col. Young, whom I took to be a New Orleans merchant or a Louisiana sugar

planter, by the manner in which he threw himself around, loose-like. He invited me very cordially when I came to New Orleans to call and see him, and gave me his card, that he might be of some assistance to me. About the first thing I did was to hunt him up. I found his number. I saw several gentlemen going in, none coming out, so I followed through a spring trap-like door, entering an entry, and looking before me on the wall I saw in large six-inch letters:

“THE HOOKING COOKING SOCIETY.”

“Eat, Drink and Pay Nothing,
Walk out and Say Nothing.”

I went through another trap door and entered a great dining-room and a negro came up to me and said:

“Massa, what’ll you have to eat? We have baked opossum and we have turkey.”

And he named all the costly foods of the day. I took my piece of turkey in order to be in keeping with others whom I was taking as guides, and after drinking a cup of coffee Sambo came up and said:

“Now, Massa, will you join the gentlemen in de room?”

The room in which I “joined the gentlemen” was fully sixty feet square if not larger. There were as many faro tables in there as could be placed, each seating about nine or eleven people. It was not exactly my first appearance in a gambling-room, so I sauntered around awhile but made no inquiries for Col. Young, who I now found was a gambler’s drummer who traveled around as any other solicitor might, hunting for suckers.

I found one stack of fifty-dollar gold pieces and it had in it five thousand dollars, and there were ten stacks of them on that table. There were twenty-two stacks of double eagles, twenty-dollar gold pieces, and there were forty stacks of ten-

dollar pieces. I saw no stacks of any less amount in gold and there were but two tables in the house that had any silver at all on them. I was told that it would infrequently be the case that fifty thousand dollars were stacked up on the turn of a card. I saw more grey-bearded men there than I did young men. There is no such sight as this to be seen in that city now; yet that there is any amount of gambling going on there now there can be no question.

Many years ago, about 1851 or '52, if I have been correctly informed, by voting all the boatmen and the lumbermen and raftmen and other sort of men that could be carried to the polls in the city of New Orleans, it was voted to widen Canal Street and to place in what was then about the center of it a monument of Henry Clay. The French population, like all of their race, and the Spaniards, in America as well as in their own country, were bitterly opposed to all improvement, and especially to the widening of the street and the building of a monument to the great American statesman.

I was told that the erection of a monument to Andrew Jackson years before the above occurrence cost many lives in a riot raised by the French Creole people. I have been pointed out Frenchmen who have always lived on the French side of Canal Street, who have never crossed it and who would have disowned their children had they gone across it. And such is the case today. I think it is a good thing for the other part of the city that there is something to keep them from disgracing it by their presence. And so will all say who have visited the French Quarters of New Orleans, which are identical with those of the same class in Quebec, Canada. They live in poverty, squalor and want in houses made of brick mostly, filled and covered with filth, such as can be found in no other American city, not even Chinatown of San Francisco.

You must not use the word "*cagin*," implying thereby that there is any nigger blood in the party to whom you are talk-

ing, any more than you must not speak in any way disrespectfully of the Roman Catholic Church, unless you want to fill an unmarked grave by the stiletto route. Nor must you undertake to explore that part of either of these cities, no more than you would the pagan Chinese quarters of San Francisco without a licensed guide.

Over in this section there were three long streets given up to the social evil, and on which are many of the finest residences in the city. Who visits that section of the city takes his life in his own hands, and mind you, it is not a painted saint who is telling you this, but an up-to-date all-around one, who has in his day seen all that there was in this world to see and feared nothing because he depended upon no one but himself, and who "always went heeled" and who kept his eyes and his ears opened and never poisoned his senses by liquors or other intoxicants. Do you know, my friend, that there are worse intoxicants than liquor in this world? And that there is not a grog-seller on earth but that could if he would drug you without giving you liquor?

In those days the average Southern society man was a great clown, a buffoon and a sycophant, very much as he is today. He was a plaything for the Southern lady, who was above her brother in every sense of the word, in beauty, in character, in good sense, sound judgment, honesty and true nobleness. The "*lost cause*" would not have been so reported to the world around had it been for the women of the South instead of the men. In these days of which I write it was the proper thing for the Northern man to be good looking, have good manners and a strong character, coupled with a natural bravery and brains, and to take up a school at so much per head per month. And he could just have his pick out of the flock of lambs around him. The most amiable ones were also the most wealthy planters' daughters. He soon became a planter in good shape, and no matter what his former ideas on the subject of

slavery might have been, he also became a pro-slavery man and an uncompromising secessionist and "hooped it up" on that line extensively, but never went to the war except in the band wagon, quartermaster's department or in some branch of the service which had no fears of the battle-field. We will come along over these questions of battle-fields later on.

From New Orleans we went to Galveston, which was then a city of no small importance, but which never will be more than what she was when it was said that the great pirate buccaneer La Fitte made it his headquarters. But for its storms, tornadoes and the plague visitations it might become a greater city than only that of a switching station and a transfer depot for the Southern Pacific Railroad. It surely is a delightful city to visit in the winter season. It has the finest beach, next to Atlantic City, on the face of the globe. It is a first-class place to keep away from unless you have lots of money, and if you have that and have not first-class sense you will not be able to get away from there with it although you had it when you came. In fact, coming right down to the plain, honest, old-fashioned, unequivocal truth, this applies to all of the big State of Texas, where in the last fifty years more good people have gone with their money to afterward go back to their wife's folks in poverty or still live there in want.

Fifty years ago and previous to that time and date, back possibly several hundred years, Texas was a great country. And it may be a great country again, but it has not been in my estimation in my day, and I know many great and noble people who have the same opinion of the country and climate.

We settled at Seguin, which was, fifty years ago, a beautiful place surrounded by a beautiful country. It would be a foolish waste of time and money to put in cold type and print incidents connected with our family and my own history at

this place, so we will cut across lots and get out of the woods as quickly as possible.

The year 1854 was a very fruitful one. In 1855 the drought commenced, and for thirteen months we had no dews or *pentecostal* showers. The earth dried up and the grass dried up. The prairies were cracked in many places a foot wide and thirty or forty feet down. Stock died by the millions between the Colorado and the Rio Grande and the people moved out, and they who went never came back. There was more wealth in the Guadalupe country fifty years ago twice over than there is now or ever may be again, counting negroes at New Orleans' slave pen prices. It is not in my power to so tell it as to be interesting to any great number of people, but I know that, should I tell the truth, those living in that section who may read these lines would become angry, for it has been my observation, which also conforms to the observation of many wise men who have gone before me, that the more poor the country the more loyal are its people.

Take a city in the prosperous State of Iowa or Kansas, where the per capita bank account of each individual citizen is twice over greater than that of any other country on the face of the globe, and he takes no exception to what you might say against his country, while the citizen of Texas or Georgia, who never had a bank account and who never possibly had a dollar ahead, will bristle up for a fight the moment he hears you say anything against the country in which he lives. I find this to be the same with the poor, ignorant, down-trodden Mexicans and Cubans; the latter, however, has a country which has no equal on the face of the globe in point of productiveness, while the former has nothing that man respects or values.

The changes which have come over southwestern Texas in the last fifty years is another one of these "incomprehensibilities" to even the native, must less the man who has lived in the country for that length of time and has seen more wonder-

ful changes in its climate, productions and people. To illustrate: In 1855 in two days' ride southwest from San Antonio I saw in droves of forty and fifty each, possibly as many as one hundred thousand, mustang ponies and as many more deer and fully as many long-horned Texas steers. Who has seen anything of this sort since? I saw from the range of mountains first west of the Rio Grande River, across a valley ranging from seventy-five to two hundred miles wide and three hundred miles long, in the middle of which now runs the Mexican Central Railroad, more deer and antelope and cattle at one sight than it would be prudent for me to number, but I believe greater in number than all of the cattle in all the middle Western States. Today this valley is a barren desert, excepting in little spots hither and yon, like oases in a desert, around and on which may be seen a few cattle, but no game of any sort here or in the mountains.

In 1853 and '54 the ore from all the mines of North Mexico was hauled to San Antonio, much of it on Mexican wooden-wheeled carts, where it was taken by American Texas teamsters to Port Lavaca and thence to England for refinement. None comes that way now, and when I drive through the streets of this old city and think of what has occurred in the way of changes in my own recollection and time I can but wonder if the future has as great possibilities in it in the way of changes for good as the past has for bad. If it has, this will be a veritable paradise.

The springs from whence flows the San Antonio River, a few miles north of the city, have all but dried up, and the flowing artesian wells furnish this element, which in turn may cease to flow. The old Missions at this place have no history of such droughts having ever occurred as have since 1854, and it may be, and it is to be hoped that such will be, that the old, old time conditions of nature will reappear—I mean in the way of flowing springs, rivers, rivulets and brooks—and, if it

does, then this will be a delightful country again as it was before. The possibility of this being the condition is too great for me to advise any one to go there and wait for its coming, and in the meantime take what is there and has been for the past many years.

There is a disappointment in store for my readers if he expects that I am going to tell of the different graveyards that I have started in Texas in my day, or that I even started one, or of the different Indian fights that I have been in and the number of Indians that I have killed. It was as much as I could do to keep from having one started by being planted myself, and when I was in the Indian country it kept me very busy keeping out of sight of any living Indians. They would be doing the killing act, and I would be in the other end of the game. I will illustrate my condition by giving a statement which I know to be true:

A Col. W—— and a Gen. G——, who were high rollers in their way concluded to run for Congress in their district. They both had started graveyards in their day, and it was well known by all the people. There was also a noted individual, known all over Texas as "Three-Legged Willie," who had had a foot shot off and a wooden stick put on at the knee, and thus acquired the sobriquet. His proper name was Judge Williamson. He was a great jurist and was eminently successful as a criminal lawyer, a wag and a joker, and when filled up with sufficient barley-corn to get up steam on or with he was a holy terror, but not dangerous unless some one made him believe that he was in a dangerous condition. "Three-Legged Willie" was what Sheridan Knowles would term "in peace a lamb, in war a lamb-er."

Willie concluded to run for Congress against the Colonel and the General, and it was decided upon that there should be given a great barbecue, where the goat, and likewise the calf, the lambs, the pig, the roasting ear and corn pome should

be brought together, and all the good people of the district, including mothers and daughters and sons and small children and the maid-servant and the man-servant, should congregate and after eating all of these good barbecued meats, roasting ears and corn pomes, and drinking just as much good whisky as every man pleased, then at the sound of a horn they would congregate and listen to the candidates orate.

The Colonel referred to the number of men the General had killed, never once intimating that he was a bad man therefore. When the General's time came to speak he referred in a very touching way as to the number of men the Colonel had killed. And thus the people were re-enlightened, and some of the widows, no doubt, had an opportunity to do the mourning act over again. It was getting late and along toward evening, for it seemed to have been understood between the Colonel and the General that they should talk "Three-Legged Willie" out of time or leave him no time in which to tell of what he might have to say. Finally he gained the platform and said in substance—for neither Colonel, General or living mortal could sling such words to convey an idea or give a decision as Judge Williamson could:

"Gentlemen and Ladies: You have heard these two gentlemen tell you about the graveyards that they have started in their day. Now I want you to remember and understand that I have as many to my credit and a few over!"

And he sat down. The people commenced yelling, and it is said that there was only one vote recorded against Judge Williamson in the district. This story may not have a point or moral to many of my readers, but it will be plain to all who understand me aright.

Speaking of droughts in Texas reminds me of an occurrence of which I know well. In the country of the Wacos the drought had been long and continued and the ground around was parched and dry. The Brazos River was dry and there

was a pool of water in the Tewa Kana Hills north of Waco and another at Robinsonville, a few miles south. It was decided that all of the people, regardless of creed, should congregate at the Robinsonville pool and there petition Divine power for rain, in a proper and befitting manner. They came from long distances and in great numbers and it was said that no one was left at home because there was nothing left at home living that required attention. On the meeting ground there was no dissension; all was humiliation and contrition, even unto sackcloth and ashes. Prayers were started by first one and then another, and they were long and zealous and fervent and had been presented for many days, and yet the hot sun poured down on a famishing people its scorching rays and no relief seemed to develop in the way of clouds.

It seemed that one or two parties had taken control of matters and wrote the names of the prayer-makers on the bulletin board early in the morning. There was among the congregation an old-school Hard-shell Baptist preacher; a man well along in years and of powerful physique and a voice that might have been equaled but surely not surpassed. He was a man of indomitable will power. He was a man of considerable wealth, owned several negroes on a fine plantation, and was the father of a very large family at home. Brother C—— was out of whack with the people for and by reason of what Brick Pomeroy termed "clerical indiscretions." He had not been called upon to pray and could no longer stand the strain. He procured a chunk of chalk—he was a good writer—rubbed out what was on the blackboard and wrote on it:

"This is Brother C——'s day to pray."

At which all of the camp took a squint, and tongues began to wag and some were against going under the arbor, but finally better judgment prevailed and soon after the old horn sounded the seats were filled and the ground was all covered Brother C—— commenced.

(I have always wished that I could tell such as this and use the party's actual words, but I cannot and I do not believe a man ever lived who could have used Brother C——'s words at this time. I propose to only give a synopsis.)

"Almighty God, Thou knowest the wants of us, Thy men-servants and Thy maid-servants, and we need not be telling you. We have come on this ground to show Thee our penitence and how badly whipped we feel and how willing we are to thank Thee for past blessings and prepare ourselves to thank Thee for the blessings Thou art going to give us in the future. Now, Almighty God, Thou knowest how we are suffering down here, and we want you to come to our relief. We want you to come with no little sprinkle or Pentecostal shower, but, Oh God in heaven, send down upon us an old-time, old-fashioned gully-washer and root-soaker, and be quick about it. Amen."

And so said all the people who arose and beheld in the northwest a black cloud which rose higher and higher and in a few hours the rain that was falling was something terrible to behold and in a very short time not only the cracks of the earth were filled, the ravines and the gullies were washed out and the Brazos came rushing down overflowing its banks and there was water in all the land. There was great rejoicing and the rain continued and continued, and it was suggested that Brother C—— be importuned to have another "heart-to-heart talk" with Deity lest a second flood come.

SECESSION AND ITS VICTIMS.

My friends who are really responsible for this book, who drove me to writing it, should bear with me in its many imperfections, but as I know very well from past experiences they will not, I am preparing to take it all on my own shoulders, and, like the man who once thought he could insult me—he was drunk, and a drunken man cannot insult me—and who was making considerable noise in a berth opposite me in a sleeper and keeping me awake, upon my remonstrating said:

“If you don’t like my bacon you need not come to my smokehouse any more.”

At the age of about fourteen I concluded to go into business for myself and in another section of the State, for which the old man seemed to be glad, for I had been a sore spot to him for many years because of my general independence and the peculiar way I had of cropping to myself. I know that he was delighted, because he gave me five dollars and a very fair riding animal to go on. An older brother, who was about twenty-two, went with me, and he got no more than I did. We landed up with a contract to cut railroad ties down on Green’s Bayou on the coast of southeastern Texas. We could cut and hew ties, but when it came to doing it for six and one-fourth cents apiece and then giving three cents to have them landed where we could get our pay, and when the thermometer would stand at about one hundred and twenty in the woods, or rather in the swamps, and when it came to fighting mosquitoes both day and night, we resolved to jump the job. It was like the man who joined the Methodist Church on six months’ probation and declared that he had done so —— well that they let him out in less than one week.

We sold our axes and camp outfit for less than one-half we had paid for them a few days before and headed our horses to a higher land in quest of a job that would pay better and be more lasting. We ran up against it in the Brazos River town where there was a man who had a contract to furnish a large number of bricks to a builder, who in turn had a contract with a rich planter to have the building completed against a certain time, and we struck a job burning brick, and then we struck a still better one putting them into a chimney, and when we were paid off we were small-sized capitalists.

We elected to buy a bookstore and newsstands which one ran while the other went out selling to the people and drumming up customers. The climate was too much for him, and my brother sickened and died, and was buried before I could get back from where I was. In fact he was buried before I heard of his sickness. This brought on me, or brought to me a great change, for I had placed great confidence in his judgment and his ability. We had never been separated and no ordinary tie bound us together. I launched out into other enterprises, leaving a boy to attend to the store while I went after bigger game. I quit the business when the railroad quit the town, and became, so to say, a "floater." I had made money and had acquired a reputation.

About this time the question of secession became so rife that every county in the State of Texas had a Committee of Public Safety, and in my town that Committee was composed of the twelve meanest men I had ever had any contact with in my life until they contacted with me. And now for an account of my where-with-in.

I took one hundred and twenty-five copies of Harper's Magazine every month. This Committee of Public Safety took every copy of the magazine for the month of September, 1860, which contained a letter on "Squatter Sovereignty" by the "Little Giant," Senator Stephen Douglas of Illinois, and

burned them before my store door, attracting a great crowd, a howling rabble. A few days thereafter I received twenty-four copies of Dabney's Southern Botany, which had been ordered by the professor of the academy in that place for a botany class he was starting. They took those costly volumes and burned them up in front of my door and then came in a body into my store and informed me in language more emphatic, impressive and profane than eloquent and genteel, that if I got any more of those *abolition* books and magazines they would fix me as Fike had been fixed. (Fike was a murderer who had been hung that spring.) And they showed me a piece of rope which they said had been cut for my benefit.

I tried to plead my case by stating the truth, but they said that the New York Day Book, which was taken by everybody in the South and sworn to by all, was all that was necessary. But, of course, it was a Yankee Democratic secessionist sheet which was out-Heroding Herod. I sold out my store at about twenty-five per cent. below cost and I left that part of the Lone Star State, and had I left the State entirely both I and the world would have been better off, but family ties kept me there.

It was this same Committee of Public Safety who arrested two men, who were delivering Monk's Map of North America to subscribers I had procured in the adjoining country, named Hughes and Parker. They had two fine, large mules and a good ambulance which had cost them eight hundred dollars in Houston only a few days previous. They had near four hundred dollars in cash. There was nothing which could be found against the men. One was from Missouri and the other from Illinois. The mules and the ambulance were confiscated for the benefit of the public—the thieving Committee in particular—and Parker and Hughes were taken to Galveston and put on a small brig which happened to be sailing from there to Baltimore. When they arrived North the papers were full of it, and many live today who remember the circumstances.

Had I been in the town at the time I have no doubt but that I would have been hung, and possibly all three of us. The whole town got drunk on the ready cash.

It was thirty years after this that I went through that town. There was not a member of this Committee but who died a disgraceful death. Not one of them was ever in the Confederate army. They were all, without exception, brutal, barbarous, sneaking cowards. The world knows who Stephen A. Douglas was, but not a soul who lives can say the Harper's Magazine containing his article should have been burned by any class of people. Dabney, the author of the Southern Botany, was at that time Professor of the largest educational institution in Alabama. He was born of royal blue blood, F. F. V. stock, and he was the Chief of Staff of the world-renowned and Confederate worshiped General Stonewall Jackson. He was the author of the *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, a book of which no man ever read but to have been made the better thereby and therefrom. He died in Victoria, Texas, a few years ago, not only honored and loved, but respected and revered by every man, woman and child who had ever come in contact with him.

From having done unto all as I would all should do to me I thought I had friends in this city of Richmond, Texas, but when the Committee of Public Safety talked as they did to me I thought it was time to quit, and never since have I ever calculated upon having any friends anywhere excepting the material out of which they are made—from bulk—and were duly run through the United States mint. And if I had one impression which I could burn on the tablet of the heart of every young man on earth today it would be this:

“Have compassion. Depend only upon what you have to carry you through, and not on the promises of anybody. Keep your money, and it will keep you from all harm. It will make you brave and it will make you honest and it will make you a

good citizen, and in old age you will be happy from being able to take care of yourself, ever bearing in mind that as long as you have the bone the dog will follow you. Drop it, and your bone and dog are both gone. 'Weep and you weep alone,' but laugh with a full pocket and a good stiff bank account, and the world will laugh with you and keep it up all night while you are sound asleep and your interest is growing."

My trunk was packed for a long sea voyage and my passage was spoken for, but my heart failed me, for I commenced reasoning with myself, and whenever a man commences this he may set it down in advance that the devil is going to get the best of him, just as he did with me when from reasoning I changed my mind and became a soldier in a cause which was lost solely because its underlying foundation, corner rock, side structure and the key of the ark were all of an ilk and sort that composed the Committee of Public Safety in Fort Bend County, Texas.

I have found it true in life, and not as respects myself personally but also all intimate friends who have made life a success, that first impressions are the ones that should ever govern in all matters of business, and particularly and especially in affairs of the heart. Who stands by them will have less of grief in after life and more of joy to light his way than will he who reasons with the devil, who may always change his mind and lands the poor wretch on a desert or an iceberg.

I often think of the fable of the man, the boy and the ass which they were driving, or rather leading. They met a man who said:

"You old fool, why don't you ride that animal?"

Whereupon the man got upon the mule. Then they met another man who said:

"You are a funny man, riding there and letting this boy

walk behind. That ass is plenty strong enough to carry you both."

And then up went the boy, and it was not long before down went the poor ass, and that is what they got for listening to other people.

We are told, if not in the Divine Book then in some other good book, or perhaps it has been orally handed down to me, that "the road to hell is paved with good intentions," and I surely have found it so.

When a boy, twelve years old, I had a good coon dog. It was not infrequent that I went out in the woods at night and I and Ring (Ring was my dog) would come in with a couple of big coons whose pelts were worth one dollar and fifty cents each. It was my coon and pelt, but when it was sold it was dad's money. I acquired the reputation of being the best coon hunter there was in the country, which was challenged by a boy living some distance off, and in a way and a place where I could not resent it, being at a Sunday meeting. He was bragging on his dog more than on the coons he had killed. I blubbered out:

"You show your coon skins; let that tell what sort of a dog you've got!"

I have made it a rule through life to take no one's advice in any matter who had no coon skins to show. The poor but well meaning mendicant who knocks at your door is as full of good advice as an egg is of meat.

I went into the Confederacy because the devil persuaded me to believe that the proper thing for me to do was to go with my people, right or wrong, to always go with the crowd. The devil fooled me that time. An old Quaker proverb says: "If a man fools thee once it is his fault, but if he deceives thee twice it is thy fault."

The reason that the people of the South are so poor today is the reason of the devil. They still kiss the hand that smote

them, the rod that struck them, the power that ruined them, and they hug that old monster villain as all people are apt to hug a delusion, snare and fraud.

It was the old Democratic party and its leaders who not only robbed me of four years of the hardest service that a man ever put in, but robbed me and my neighbors and my friends of all that they had on earth in the way of property; and still the people of the South kiss the hand that smote them. The man down there who questions another's Democracy is in danger of human wrath, and this reminds me of a speech I once heard before a jury where a man was being tried for having robbed a widow and her orphan of her dowry and its patrimony. He stood in a dazed condition before the jury for a moment, and then, springing forward, he said:

"I have been in hell, where they were holding an election for Chief. The pirate of the high seas offered himself and told of his crimes. The robber of the land offered himself and told of his crimes, as did the red-handed murderer, whereupon this defendant before you rose up and said: 'Make me Chief of Hell, for I have robbed the widow and the orphan of their heritage.' And he was elected."

And this stands in my estimation as good old-fashioned, honest secession Democracy, which still lives in the South, ready at any and all times to rear its hydro head to down any cause that would benefit the South, crying "Negro equality," as though they were not the devils that brought it on the South.

The same men who led the cause which was lost continued to lead the party, and make it impossible for the better element, the old staunch Whig party, conservative, faithful, who never betrayed a trust, to come to the front and in a measure at least help the people out of their difficulties. I have recently read a book entitled "The Leopard's Spots"—and my volume has been read by a great number of my friends—which treats of

the days of reconstruction in the South, and in such a masterly way and truthful manner as to challenge the admiration of every man who lives to remember that period, and who should read this book before he dies. The reading of this book served to remind me that the worst radical scalawags, villains and thieves the South had in the days of reconstruction were the very devils who were the loudest-mouthed secession shouters, who, like my Committee of Public Safety in Texas, evaded all service and especially that where danger offered.

My first service was from Galveston in the McCloud expedition which went to the mouth of the Rio Grande River, Brownsville, to receive the surrender of the United States troops which had lined our frontier on the Rio Grande and had protected our State from invasion and the settlers on the frontier from Indians, and who had been commanded to surrender without the firing of a gun by the General commanding the District of Texas, namely, Twiggs. That is enough, for even the old copperhead secessionist sympathizer, James Buchanan, issued a proclamation branding General Twiggs as a coward and a traitor and dismissing him from the army of the United States with all the possible disgrace in the power of the President of the United States.

It was in the month of April, 1861, that I stood in line on dress parade in the Fort Brown drill-ground, together with eight hundred other raw Texas troops that had been landed a few days previous on the same spot where Taylor's army landed, and who marched over the battlefields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, where patriots' blood had been shed. Standing in this dress parade on the banks of the Rio Grande River we viewed another parade on the other side of the river, which was that of the Mexican army. Four steamboats came puffing around the bend in sight of and for six miles in sound of us, all loaded down with United States dismounted dragoons, dehorsed cavalry, artillerymen without cannon, and

infantrymen without guns. It was along about four o'clock in the evening; the scene, the event, shall never become effaced from my memory.

It was our band, by command of the great, big, brass-buttoned, hifalutin, pompous, big-I-little-you get-out-of-my-way-dog-private, General McCloud, who sought to insult the retiring representative of the United States Government by playing "Dixie." The band on the other side of the river took up the refrain and sent their most insulting song, to Texans as well as to the United States army, to the tune of "The Maid of Monterey." While the officers and soldiers were quietly passing between our two parades, some wag on board of the middle boat commenced singing:

" 'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary:
Hard times, hard times, come again no more,
Many days you have lingered, around my cabin door;
Oh! Hard times, hard times, come again no more."

In an instant there was not a voice on board either of the three boats, from the coal heaver in the furnace-room below to the pilot above, but was singing this refrain without the help of the band. They were on their way home to a land of plenty and peace from long years of hard times, trials and service, and well might they sing the songs they did.

About this time a set of Southern renegades in California and Oregon raised the secession cry and sent assurance to the Confederacy—then in its swaddling clothes at Montgomery, Alabama—that if an army of Texans, three thousand strong, were sent to Tucson, Arizona, that they would have ten thousand men there with all sorts of provisions, and that we would switch off down in and take Sonora, Chihuahua, Durango and Tamaulipas in Mexico and add them to the Confederacy. Whereupon Mr. Jefferson Davis commissioned one H. H. Sibley—he of the Sibley tent fame, an old United

States dragoon officer, who for many years had served in North Texas, Arizona and New Mexico—as a Brigadier General, and to raise three full regiments of cavalry in West Texas and proceed with all possible dispatch to meet these conditions and events as well as Californians, and to proceed forthwith without the loss of time or failure to swipe the whole thing.

Now I had had some previous Indian experience and on the frontier, and it was a snap to get into the Sibley Brigade California deal, and being a desirable catch I had no difficulty in getting in "Gotch" Hardiman's Company A of the First Regiment, which was formed by Colonel Riley, a grand and noble man, and who fell at the head of his column at Irish Bend, near Franklin, Louisiana. Of this I refer to later.

It was not long before we and our squadron company took up the line of march to grow with the great Northwest, of which there were four thousand who followed our trail before the last of the brigade left San Antonio. I believe that I state the truth with no fear of contradiction when I say that three thousand five hundred of these men were the best that ever threw leg over a horse or that had ever sworn allegiance to any cause. All-around men, natural-born soldiers, they were under twenty-five, with a liberal sprinkling of older ones who had seen more or less service on the frontier.

I was never sworn into the Confederate service. I enrolled as a scout and as one of special privileges, being a correspondent of the *Richmond Examiner*, *New Orleans Picayune* and *Galveston News*. There was little going on or liable to go on at headquarters, or, as for that matter, anywhere else close around, but that I knew more or less of and about, and there was no time but that I knew a great deal more than any one man in the command for a moment thought that I did, and, what is more, I knew that the less I knew when it came to talking to the common herd or with any of the upper crust,

the better off I would be in the general round-up when all cattle had to be branded.

The first difficulty that I got into was with two blow-hard secession cowards, who, knowing somewhat of my position, but of no rank, interviewed me much as did the Committee of Public Safety, to learn of my views as to the possibility of our being able to reach New Mexico before the war ended, and did I think that the Yankees were really going to fight, and didn't I believe that any good Southern man could whip four or five Yankees any time, anywhere? I answered them very briefly, and time proved that I told them the truth only in a measure, for I thought that there was more real backbone in the South than I found to be the case, and I calculated upon the war lasting at least eight years. One of these men said:

"If I thought as you do, I would cross the Rio Grande River tonight and go to Mexico."

I only said, "No doubt you would." This worthy will be referred to again when I get to telling of the Federal retreat from Alexandria, Louisiana.

The next difficulty that I got into was the telling the officer in command that I had interpreted a Concho Indian sign, which means a sign which could be read and interpreted by the four great Southwest tribes of Indians, the Comanche, the Apache, the Gila and the Pawnee, and which sign read: "A joint enemy approaches."

I knew that every Indian warrior within a radius of twelve hundred miles knew that that night eight hundred armed Texas Rangers would camp on the Rio Grande River at Fort Quitman. I never in my life had been turned down by any person as that commander turned me down, and in language used by his sort, and which I largely afterwards acquired from dealing with his sort and driving mules. He told me to attend to my own business and to go back to my tent and not be volunteering information to him. I found out that night

before going to bed that he was drunk on Kummel, a Dutch drink that is guaranteed to convert a Christian into a pagan in short order.

I asked permission from him the next morning to go to General Sibley's headquarters, which were well back in the rear, as was so often the case in our army when they should have been along in the front ranks, but I was turned down again. Unbeknown to the quick-made-big man, for he was only a nigger driver at home, I wrote and put in a stick a dispatch to General Sibley, telling him of the signs I had seen flashed from the mountain tops first on the Mexican side of the river, then on ours, and lastly far off in the northeast mountains. Sibley came closer up to the advance column and sent for me.

I selected two men as my companions in the execution of his request. In forty-eight hours' time I informed him of the meeting of the Indians of New Mexico and Arizona, and gave it as my opinion that it was a peace meeting and foreboded us no harm, but that signals would have to be burned on the mountains lying back of El Paso signifying that their previous signals had been interpreted and as meaning peace. This resulted in our army not being massacred in detail, for Sibley's friendship with the Indians was very great, while that of his brother-in-law, Canby, commander of the Federal forces at Fort Craig, was nil.

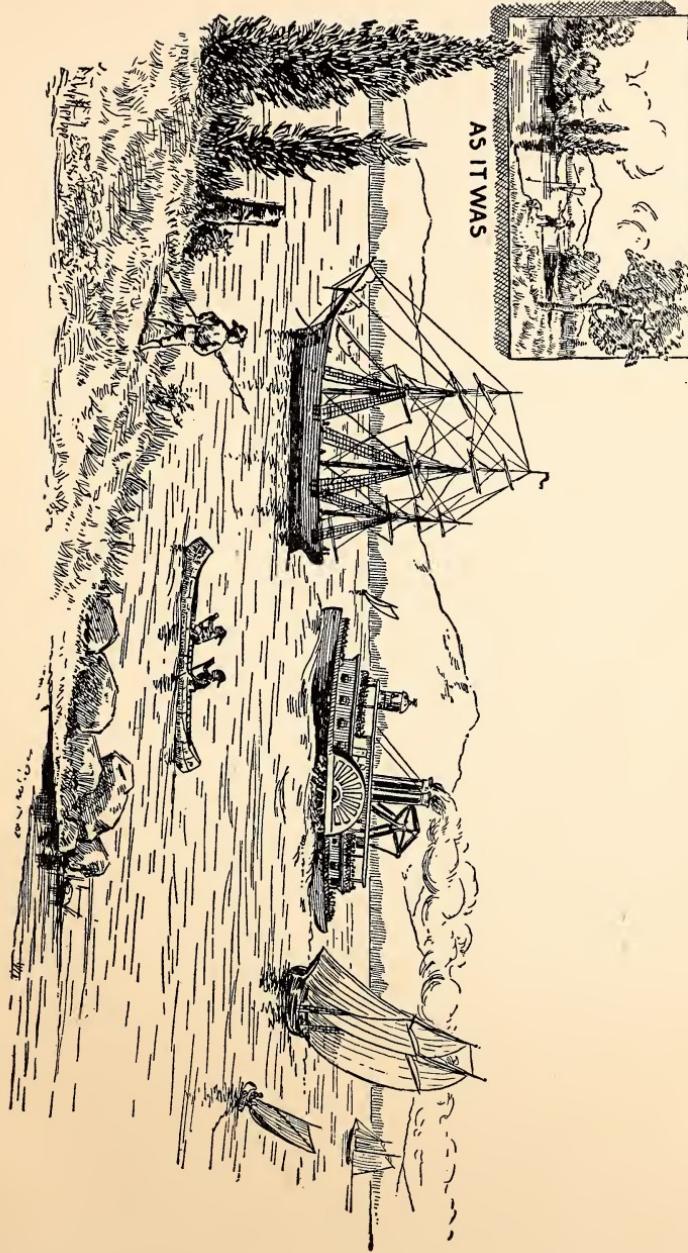
But for Sibley's treaty with the Indians the battle of Val Verde would never have been fought, and I doubt very much whether one in the whole brigade would have ever returned home, for with the Indians or with Canby, Kit Carson and General Slough, coupled with the natural hatred that existed with all the Mexicans living in Mexico and Arizona, and, as for that matter, all of their relatives in the Republic of Mexico, we would have fared much worse than 'did' the McCloud Santa Fe expedition in 1840 of twelve hundred picked Texans under

this same General McCloud to whom I have referred, all of whom were lost excepting the General and twenty-five or thirty others in the rear-guard who escaped home down through the "No Man's Land." They had reached the Rio Grande River somewhere near Albuquerque. Those who were not murdered were marched from there to the City of Mexico, sixteen hundred miles. There was scarcely a day of the march which did not mark the final departure of one from the torments of the march.

General Sibley detailed my Colonel, Riley, to go and see the Governor of Sonora on the subject of secession and annexation combination and co-operation. Riley took some money with him, came back without it and with a flea in his ear, and we got no wheat, and but for the dried buffalo and antelope meat that the Indians brought us later on, we would have starved to death. The compact that those Indians made with Sibley endured until the last. Canby could control them in no way against their compact. Had they done what Canby, Kit Carson and others offered all sorts of rewards to do, we would never have reached the State of Texas again after the battle of Glorieta Canyon, twenty-six miles northwest of Santa Fe and near Fort Union, where Sibley's Brigade met its Waterloo and commenced its rapid retreat. Every man for himself, nothing on the order of things. The retreat of Napoleon from Moscow would be about the only parallel in history.

We were now sixteen hundred miles, as the road meandered, from our base of supplies, San Antonio, Texas, with naught but a desert and land of desolation lying between us, with an enemy in front at Fort Craig, another pressing us in the rear, while on both flanks hovered the most bloodthirsty and warlike tribe of American Indians. Of this retreat my next chapter will relate, and though I know that my power to convey to the average reader a faint idea of our sufferings will fall far short, yet I will make the attempt.

(See Page 10.)



SIBLEY'S RETREAT FROM SANTA FE.

That man when first born is the most helpless of all creatures of God's make, all know; but that he is the toughest animal after he has been sized up and given a few tough lessons, and can stand more than any animal on earth, except it may be the patient brute which bore our Savior out of Jerusalem, none can deny.

There may have been an order issued by the General in command for our retreat. One thing sure, it was never read out on dress parade. After the battle of Val Verde, on the twenty-first day of February, 1861, the army of invasion marched north, leaving General Canby in Fort Craig with from four to six thousand troops in our rear and between us and our supplies and reserves, reaching Albuquerque two days afterwards, where there had been stored since the war with Mexico, it has been estimated, more than six million dollars' worth of commissary, quartermaster and medical supplies. Why it should have been done I never knew, nor did anyone else, unless it was because our men were getting drunk on the whisky and our commander had never been sober, but the torch was applied to this immense storehouse of provisions and supplies, and no man can describe the fury of that flame on that dark night of the twenty-sixth of February.

Burning bacon, brandy and whisky and quartermaster's supplies, with the bursting of bombs and the terrific explosion of powder when the magazine was reached. The condition of our army of independent Texans, the majority of whom loved "red rye," can better be imagined than I can undertake to describe and explain. And perhaps it is as well that the veil of obscurity be drawn over it forever and a day.

From this place we went to Santa Fe, where the same burning act was repeated, and where in less than five days we were suffering the agonies of starvation from our own acts of vandalism. There was no excuse for burning these supplies. It was the act of a maddened brain or brains. It was a case of those whom the gods would destroy they first made mad.

We were advised that there was but a small Federal force, one company of regulars, at Fort Union, thirty-five or forty miles northeast of Santa Fe and at the head of Glorietta Canyon. I have often thanked my Creator that I was not in good repute with my commanding General as a scout at this time, and therefore none of the murders could be laid at my door, for it was no better than murder, the sending of eight hundred men up Glorietta Canyon to attack Fort Union, where General Slough and sixty-five hundred picked Northwest plainsmen were waiting at the mouth of the trap for our coming, and had been for many days.

The three hundred and eighty who had answered their last roll call the day before, whose bodies and bones were left near the mouth of this canyon, were just so many victims who fell in front of General John Barleycorn. They were soldiers who knew only how to obey, to do and to die. The commanding General of our forces was an old army officer, whose love for liquor exceeded that for home, country or God.

Along about this time I acquired considerable light, and it seemed to me as though all my comrades and friends were acquiring more and more of darkness. I shaped my course accordingly, and without deserting the friends that I had started in with, I drew into the background and, as the saying is, "pulled the hole in after me," to come to the front again at another time, when I know of my own knowledge that but for the giving of a signal and those which followed, every man of the brigade who sought to reach home over the route

from Eagle Canyon, Eagle Springs, Van Horn's Wells and the Dead Man's Water Holes by Fort Davis and Wild Rose Pass down Olympia Canyon, would have been massacred.

The retreat of the Army of New Mexico, as we were called, from Santa Fe down the Rio Grande to Socorro was like that of the skedaddling of a crowd of urchins who had been caught in a melon patch.

At Socorro we met Canby, who moved up from Fort Craig. That night the torch was applied to every burnable article that we had, and without guide or compass, track or trail, much less a road, we started up over that tall mountain westward towards Cook's Peaks, making a detour of two hundred miles over that desert, striking the Rio Grande River again near old Fort Thorn. It was here that I rejoined my companions, and with them the mail from the loved ones in Texas and sixty pack mules well loaded with dried buffalo meat, but for which every one of the fourteen hundred men would have perished in the next twenty-four hours. Should I tell how this was procured and from whom and by whom and how paid for, I would scarcely be believed, but it was by no act of Divine Providence nor was it a miracle, as so many of my old comrades seemed to think. The only thing I ever regretted about it was that the drunken individual who was the cause of all our misfortune was also kept from starving, but since we are told in Divine Scripture that it rains on the unjust as well as the just, we will let it go at that.

From this point to El Paso, about three hundred and seventy-five miles, we walked and staggered along like the reeling, hungry, thirsty wretches that we were, with no head, nobody to direct or command, with the bloodthirsty Dog Canyon Apache Indian following in our wake and scalping the poor unfortunate boys whose blistered feet and enfeebled frame made it impossible for them to march farther. The memory of those days and the next eight hundred miles' march before

us could never be effaced. No army or body of men on the American continent ever suffered as did the men on this retreat, and which has never been told in song or story, because of the reflections it might bring on the men who were at the head of the lay-out. Such loyalty *I* never swore to and never will.

It was on the twenty-sixth day of April, 1862, that the first men took up the line of march from El Paso to San Antonio, Texas, seven hundred and forty miles over the hot desert country, with seven and one-half pounds of unbolted flour and nothing else. They had thrown away their guns. A few carried their six-shooters. All hung on to their iron ramrods. There were six or eight horses and a wagon with four mules to the first party of six hundred men. It matters little the part I played in this retreat from now on. I was with them afoot where but a short time ago in a fine carriage I drove over the *old camp ground* from whence we started. I call back forty-one years ago, when, after a long and weary march of nearly one hundred miles in the valleys of the Rio Grande River to Fort Quitman, we ascended to the plateau country up Eagle Canyon, twenty miles to the old *overland* stage route station, which was in ruins, and stands there today, as I am told, at Eagle Springs, where there was a well like Jacob's well, forty feet deep, sixty feet in diameter, with circling steps around.

A live subterranean stream of pure water flowed through a cavernous rock. Canby had employed the Indians to fill this well full of sheep. Where they came from I never have been able to find out, or whether it was the La Pan band of Comanche Indians or the Dog Canyon Apaches no one has ever been able to tell, except General Canby's chief scout, Kit Carson, the then terror of the plains.

We had no water kegs. We poled on twenty-two miles to Van Horn's Wells, which was a similar well to that at Eagle

Springs and which was also filled with sheep. How and by whom this was done has been one of the mysteries of the war that I have not been able to solve. From here it was thirty-six miles to the Dead Man's Water Holes, sixteen miles northwest of Fort Davis, making a distance of eighty-five miles that we had to tramp afoot over this desert road under a hot burning sun facing *sirocco winds* which blew from the southwest over the parched plains with heat that, once felt, can never be forgotten, but which cannot be described.

Twenty or a less number of Apache Indians could have massacred the entire body of men. As I dictate this my pictures before me portray suffering, famishing, perishing men, strung out for twenty miles on a level, flat desert road, crazed with their condition, reeling like mad or drunk. The best walkers were the first to reach the water, about midnight, and pass the word back to the next and he to the next. By daylight all were supposed to be present, though be it understood that there was no roll call, no fife or drum sounded, no guard mounting or any sort of official appearances.

As each famishing individual quenched his thirst he would go back and lie down across the road, the only place to lie, for it was all cactus, cat-claw and sage brush on each side. My two companions and I were among the first to reach the water and were the first to lie down and take a nap. At sunrise I started to the rear, where the wagon had been left and the mules turned loose. In the wagon there was a pick, a spade and a shovel, and the corpse of a young friend who had perished on the road, which I had lifted into the wagon without aid.

I could have killed every man with that pickax as they lay there, so sound asleep were they. And a more ghastly sight I never beheld than those men lying on their backs, the sun shining in their faces. For forty-eight hours we had had nothing to eat. We had walked eighty-five miles without a

drop of water. We had had no salt in anything we had eaten for nearly twenty days. Men whose ordinary weight was one hundred and eighty-five pounds weighed less than one hundred and fifteen, as was proven on the scales at Fort Davis the day after the time of which I speak of our arriving at the Dead Man's Water Holes.

At Fort Davis we found wood with which to build fires to bake our unbolted flour, that we kneaded into a dough which we wound around our iron ramrods and held over the fire. We rested at Fort Davis that day and night. At three o'clock in the morning myself and two others, with whom I had had much experience on the scout, started out to pick our way to Wild Rose Pass to see if we could spy out anything in the enemy's country in front of us.

We saw a smoke on Olympia Mountains in the northeast, which on being interpreted said: "Pursue the enemy no farther."

Ellam, Burrows and myself were the three happiest mortals on earth when we saw this smoke sign, and as it has always proved to be the case that "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," we never told the boys of what we saw.

These were the last Indian signs that I ever saw, and this was the last act of my life as an Indian scout in an Indian country. A premonition seemed to tell me at the time that it would be, and it is very possible that there never lived a mortal on this great earth that felt so thankful as I did to feel that it was the last.

In after years I came across old "Rip" Ford and Jack Baylor and McNulty and a host of others whom I might name, who had from the earliest days of the Texas republic up to that time been engaged in Indian warfare, and from whom I learned my early lessons, and particularly in Indian signs, and I might say Indian astrology, for be it understood that all the

Indian chiefs and medicine men had an astrology that was something fearful to behold when unfolded to a novice.

I might fill pages of solid printed matter recounting my experiences on the frontier, and I might do as a great number of others have done in recounting their experiences—tell a pack of lies and give accounts of blood-curdling, Indian-killing, single-combat fights. I believe that I can say truthfully that my experience in this Indian warfare business was about second or third only to others who went before me, but it was far superior to any one who came after me, for when I quit the trail there was none left on it except old Geronimo in New Mexico.

I have frequently listened to stories of men whom I knew and who had even been with me in Indian hunts, that were so unreal and foreign to the truth that I never afterwards thought strange of God's having repented that *He* made man.

I have been in my day many things and in many places and many conditions, under many circumstances, and when cornered right down, as I have been on more than one occasion, in order to save my life or that of my friends and the cause I was serving, the greatest liar on earth could not have excelled me in talking out of a bad scrape, as scout and secret service man for the cause that was lost. I don't say government, because I have too much respect for my high opinion of government to allow anyone to intimate to me that the Confederacy was governed by a government, administered by men who were made of that material my ancestors were, whose blood marked other spots than those of Valley Forge.

I have been in a good many battles and a great number of skirmishes where the random guns were fired, but it was always my province and divine gift to smell danger afar, and if ever I prayed to be "delivered from temptation" I never failed to put in at the same time "and from all danger."

I may have been wounded often, and certainly once was

left on the battlefield to be scalped by the accursed Comanche, but I never was half as badly hurt as I was scared, and I know that the man who says that he went into battle or a skirmish with as much *sang froid* as he would go into a banquet room or take a seat in the midst of a Methodist camp meeting—he is a liar and the truth is not in him.

I have been in battles where, after the first flash of fire and graveyard sounds had passed over me, like others around I became so badly scared—what else to call it I do not know—that I became perfectly indifferent to the falling of dead companions around me. I could cite an instance of a battle into which I was unluckily inveigled. My horoscope had got a little out of whack and my compass pointed the wrong way, or I am very sure I would not have been in there. After the first onslaught I became so palsied that I became reckless, and what I did I never would have remembered, though I was given credit for the most strategic and heroic act of the season in battles that were then about culminating, and for which I received great honor.

It just came that way and I had nothing to do with it, for had I added the word "Yankee" to my yell in crying out "Clear the road for the cavalry!" the effect would have been very different. This cry was taken up by all of the boys, and the woods were made to ring with the sound. The Yankees were pressing us to the wall—they were nine thousand strong—and, thinking that we meant the Texas Cavalry, they commenced forming solid squares and we commenced a real old-fashioned Ranger rush to the rear and got away.

This was at the battle of Irish Bend, near Franklin, Louisiana, where the Federal General Grover went to the rear of Taylor's army and came within an ace of cutting off our retreat from Bissland, and which would have been done but for the cry we raised, after having been badly whipped and had fallen back half a mile, of "Clear the road for the cavalry!"

General Grover had no cavalry and he thought that he was running up against the Texas Cavalry Division, and when they heard this yell they thought their day had come. We thought the same way about that time.

It was here that my *beau ideal* of a gentleman and officer, Colonel James Riley, was killed. He was the very counterpart both in looks and actions of General Robert E. Lee. He was a great friend of mine; I had been of his. I felt his loss keenly, not so much for myself as for my comrades. His wife was on the battlefield with him and drove the ambulance carrying his body to the rear. She was a woman who was adored by every soldier of the old brigade.

I visited this battle-ground forty years afterwards, but nothing was there to mark the spot, and no one there who had been a participant in that fight that saved Dick Taylor's army of Louisiana. The retreat of which I have been giving an account was performed in two months' time. Much less than one-half the number of men who had left San Antonio for the gold fields of California or the rich mines of Mexico ever returned, and the larger half of those who did live a life of suffering because of their extreme hardships in this campaign.

I was officer of the guard one night at an outpost station on the Del Murty Mountains, south of Fort Craig, a few days before the battle of Val Verde. The twelve o'clock relief came in and one of the boys crawled under my blankets with me to sleep on the frozen ground, when he said, calling me by my army nickname, which I will give to no man:

"We're going—to have—a fight—in the—mornin'!"

Thinking that he had seen something that should be reported to headquarters, I said:

"Why so, Frank?"

"Well, I heard—them—Yankees—down there—cocking their—cannons."

Frank had never seen a cannon. He had heard the stories

of loading them by oxen pulling the balls in and being driven out at the touch-hole, and he imagined that they were cocked as he cocked his double-barrel squirrel gun, which made a great sound, and that of course the cocking of a cannon would make a correspondingly loud sound. Frank was a great favorite in the camp and had but little to say to any one, and that only on rare occasions. He was once asked to come into the tent and have something good to eat. He said: "It's—been so—long—since I—had anything—to eat—I think—I had—better have—some filling—stuff first," supposing that he was going to get pie and cake and that only.

Frank got drunk on Louisiana rum hot from the still, and on being questioned afterwards how he felt, said: "At first —felt—awful bad—and then—I felt—as though—I was—going to die—and then—I felt—as though—I couldn't die."

Frank had a girl back home, but he could not write to her, and had he been able to have written she could not have read it. I did Frank's corresponding, as I did that of no few, to say the least. I got my copy of love letters from a letter writer's book, and I could turn them off with great rapidity, but when seconds commenced coming in, then I had to rub my brain for originality along on this line, and I soon became an expert, a proficient. I practiced on phrases and expressions that would just make the girls come down off of their perches whether or no. Half of the young ladies could not read them, so they had to look to some one who would interpret the same, and there's where all was lost, for love epistles second and third hand become cold affairs. Anyway, when the girls got to comparing and found out that there was one-man power behind these gushing expressions, for I wrote a very marked hand, trouble commenced with the boys for having let some one else find out their secret. I practiced along on this line so much that when I got to doing the job for myself, I was afterwards told, and many years afterwards, that it was done perfectly.

I have listened to men recounting deeds of heroism, valor and endurance in other branches of the service and in other sections of the country, but I am confident that there was no army in the Confederacy whose suffering, privations, hardships, much less deeds of valor, would come up to, or that could in any way compare with, that of the army of New Mexico.

By night and by day we were beset with an enemy from all sides and all around, and we knew no rest day or night. We were constantly on duty and on guard. Our rations were scant and our clothing was yet more so. Consider the condition, the clime from whence we came and the country in which we were wintering, and an idea may be formed of our great suffering from cold.

When it came to the actions and the deeds on the battle-field, we met an enemy with all the improvements in warfare, as well as with the bow and arrow and the spear, and hand-to-hand conflicts were more frequent than in any other battles of the Confederacy. The Eastern armies had their graphic correspondents, grafted and gifted liars, who magnified mole-hills into mountains and often made a ten-man skirmish a great and bloody battle, where no one had been touched.

We went to our homes, those of us who had them, to recuperate, remount and to rendezvous at different points in different parts of the State. The Confederate Congress had passed the Conscription Act, which took all from the cradle to the grave, sixteen to sixty, unless he owned twenty negroes or five hundred head of stock, and if he owned these and had been fool enough to guarantee, he could get a discharge from the army and go home and play gentleman. Many a fond mother but more dear fathers deeded their sons the required number of negroes or five hundred head of cattle that they might be kept out of the army or be gotten out of it if they were in. This was the first blow the cause received. It made it a rich man's war and a poor man's fight and came very near

being the cause of the disbanding of the army through mutiny. Large bounties were offered for free enlistment, but the money was as near worthless as cracked marbles would be to a schoolboy.

I saw at the battle of Bissland in Louisiana fifteen hundred conscripts who had been armed with newly imported—via Mexico—English Enfield rifles, throw their rifles over the entrenchment and then jump over themselves. It boots nothing to say that they were Louisiana Creoles, for it was only in other directions that thousands and tens of thousands of full-blooded natives to the soil did practically the same thing and for why the cause was lost without one single stipulation, consideration or honor given to the bearers of its banners except as that voluntarily given by General Grant at Appomattox Court House, which was in my opinion the most noble, generous, greatest, grandest, bravest and chivalrous act ever done by one conqueror to the defeated and vanquished. And when methinks of how humiliating it must have been to that great, good and noble Robert E. Lee and those who stood beside him on the memorable day, my heart all but weeps.

The greatest officers and statesmen of the Confederacy were those whose voices and counsels were never heard or heeded. They were the ones who were retired to the rear or put off in obscure places of command, and others like Lovell and Duncan and Pemberton were put in their places, that brought the people of the South its greatest disgrace.

One of the greatest difficulties of the people of the South was that they were too much disposed to be man worshipers, and from listening to the blatant demagogues they were led in the wrong direction from start to finsh. They were taught by these worthies to place confidence and trust in men who, had they as much patriotism as they had selfishness, might have accomplished something worthy of the people over whom they forced themselves in command.

The reason that about this time I received special preference and advancement and particular notice came from the fact that there were but few young men who had the ability to cover ground as fast or who had the brains to provide against difficulties, and for why I was put on the Secret Service. I was neither a spy nor a detective, but a bearer of dispatches, and it often amused me to see how little my immediate officers and associates knew what I was doing.

After the fall of Vicksburg, at Port Hudson, I made many trips between Richmond, Virginia, and the Trans-Mississippi Department, bearing dispatches, more often committed to memory before I started and rewritten by me in the presence of the commanding General, than I ever delivered written out by the Secretary of War. I crossed the Mississippi River a great number of times and seldom but that it was done by taking my life in my own hands. Once I came to Rodney, Mississippi, when I was the bearer of one of the most important dispatches that ever was sent from Richmond to the commanding General, which must be delivered—the sooner the better. My cottonwood log was sunk in Cole's Creek, near Rodney, Mississippi. I saw a negro in the road ahead of me. I hailed him. He reluctantly came to. I said to him:

"My good man, do you know whether there are any Confederates down here at Rodney or not?" trying to convey to him that I was one of the other fellows. He looked square at me and said:

"No, dars no Confederates down dar, but dar was a lot of Yankees dar yesterday and dey interested a man about like you and I believe dat if youse goes down dar dey will interest youse."

The old darkey could give me no further information, so I poled on.

I found the town clear of any Federals and no gunboats in sight. An old mulatto was sitting in a boat fishing, half asleep

and the other half no more awake. I always went well armed. I had two small two-inch derringers in my battery in those days. I sprang into the boat and the sound of the cocking of those pistols woke Sambo. I pointed to the other side of the river and held my batteries down on his head. Yale or no other college team ever turned out any men or set of men equal to this very frightened darky for rowing, and I am sure that I never crossed the Mississippi River so quickly before. I landed safely on the other side. That I might cover my tracks well I gave the nigger a silver dollar and a silver half dollar. His eyes shown like fresh casting plates and between thanking me and saying, "Massa, Massa, I kin do it agin if youse will." I made a fast friend there but for whose signaling I would have been captured by a party of Wort Adams' Mississippi Confederate Cavalry, who bore the same relation to the Confederate army that Quantrell of Missouri did, and who was both hawk and bussard taken dead or alive, and no more sure the Grey than the Blue.

These Mississippians were of the best families of the State, rich descendants of that class of people who were kinged over by the world-noted robber and murderer, John A. Murrill, who said that when he "robbed a man he killed him, because dead men tell no tales." There are a great number of great people in Mississippi, and there are good ones among them, but of all fighting machines that ever walked commend me to a Mississippian and a gun-armed Apache Indian.

If I were writing a book to make myself popular with all the people, regardless of the truth, instead of writing a book to tell the truth, I would hedge more than I have or ever would or ever will. A lion was looking at a great oil painting where an artist had painted a dead lion with a huntsman standing over him resting on his gun, and the lion was growling. When he was asked by the painter what he was growling at, and he said :

"If it had been the lion painting the picture it would have been the man who was dead."

If a Wort Adams Mississippi cavalryman was telling this instead of me, he would make it appear that he was a great and valorous, noble and generous Confederate cavalryman, instead of a "Bushwhacker" and worse than a highwayman.

POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE.

An O. S. P. divine, who had preached many years without any accessories to his church, met a Methodist preacher who had had many new converts every quarter, and said: "Brother, I want you to give me the secret of your success in preaching. You know that I have studied divinity for years before I went to preaching, while you did not know the A-B-C's. I write out my sermons and make them most perfect. I read them off to my congregation, which never increases. Now tell me how I may, as you have yours, increase my congregation?"

"I can tell you how it is," said the Methodist preacher. "You sit down and write out a good sermon, full of the true religion. The demon who sits on your right shoulder whispers in your ear, 'Now, don't you know if you read that out from your pulpit that Miss Wilson, John Doe, Richard Doe, Bob Jones and Bill Smith will never come to hear you preach again?' Whereupon you scratch it all out and you commence again and you write out another good sentence and then it is that the devil pops up on the other side and says, 'How foolish it would be in you to read that out from your pulpit; why, all the business men in town would quit you and pay no more pew rent, and, besides that, they would be getting a new minister,' whereupon you write off a long sentence of platitudinous religious propositions and possibilities that nobody understands or cares for, for it has nothing in it understandable; and then it is that the devil pats you on top of your head and says, 'That's the sort of stuff to feed them on. That's sense. You need have no fear about holding your job.' Now, my dear Christian brother, when I get up to preach, the devil himself does not know what I am going to say."

When I sit down to commence on a chapter I am like the Methodist preacher.

I might live to be a very old, old man and my senses may have all faded and passed away, yet among the few events of my life I believe I would never forget my arrival in San Antonio after the long march over the great Texas desert, Rio Grande River valley sands, and hill climbing, on that long and wearisome march of near eighteen hundred miles. More barefoot than shod, more naked than clothed, with blood dried up, muscles contracted and flesh shriveled, and there were none to meet me there, yet I in common with my comrades was made happy by and from receiving all the corn-meal, salt, half ration of rancid bacon and all the green beef we wanted. There was no clothing in the Quartermaster's Department and there was no store in all San Antonio that had anything in it but old remnants and they had three prices in specie of five to ten in such currency as we might have received for our services under a government which was run by a set of men who cared as much for the common soldiers as an ordinary huntsman would care for his hounds.

We had never received a cent of pay and there had been no provision made to pay us upon our return to San Antonio, where we were comforted with an order to proceed to our respective homes and remount ourselves with horses that would be acceptable to the service, re-arm ourselves and re-clothe ourselves and after sixty days from date rendezvous at different points given, with no such expression as "if you please."

Notwithstanding all this, we were called upon and expected to admire, cherish and love all, from the latest appointed lance corporal up to Jeff Davis himself. And a whole lot of them did, I do believe, and a lot of them who didn't lived to forget it and worship the rod and the handlers of the rod which smote them. It is a fact, and I challenge any living mortal to dispute it, contradict it or prove anything to the contrary, that

never on the face of God's green earth was a body of men called soldiers, fighting for a cause esteemed by large numbers of them as religiously just, who were treated as cruelly, as meanly, as ungratefully and as unchristianlike as were the Confederate soldiers, and this applies to the armies from the Potomac to the farthest West, that of New Mexico.

My reader may think that I am radical, but he would not if he had tasted and drank of the bitter dregs of that damnable and most bitter cup. *Had the Confederate army been properly officered and supported by a proper, generous and brave government, no army on earth could have conquered it.* The older I grow, as it surely is with you, my dear reader, the more of a fatalist I become, and when methinks of the four years' service I put in, the hardest that any man ever lived through, in a good old *democratic hard-time war*, I can but think that it was my fate and is made a decree of the powers that be beyond the powers of man that it should be as it turned out to be, and that the ruling spirits had been made mad unto destruction.

Ask me why I thus think? My reply will be, "Turn back fifty years and see what the South was and see what the negro was and see what the poor people of the South were, and see what the artisan and the merchant were, and forget not the tiller of the soil; and then go, travel over the South today, from east to west and from north to south, as I have been doing in the last few years and months, solely to see the people and how they are, and compare their condition with what it was, rich and poor, white and black alike, and then place yourself in my fix, having, from good luck possibly more than from good chance or management, acquired a competency of worldly wealth—not in the South however—and then, not once a day, nay, not five times a day for many days in succession, respond to the rap and call to your door of a feeble and tottering old, old man who tells you that he was a Confederate soldier—who

tells you that he had suffered for something to eat for many days, and whose appearance confirms what he says; and then, if you have a heart and only a crust and you could refuse, you have no soul that would fit you for anything better in your old age than the soldier of the "*Lost Cause*" received in his old age.

I have been in what they term Soldiers' Homes in other States than the one whose banners I first bore, whose inmates have begged of me to take them out of those worse than accursed prison pens. Reader, if you will listen to the accursed, lying hypocrite, sycophant, place-hunting, office-holding, crib-fed, fat, sleek politician, as did, as would my compeers in 1860 and thereabout, you may be made to believe that these old soldiers in these so-called Southern "Homes", have no wants but that are bountifully provided for; but go thou and see for thyself that you may ever afterward hate a lying politician, especially if he be of that tribe that only brought your country ruin, misery, desolation, destruction and all else but peace, comfort and happiness and all to the contrary of good government.

The condition of affairs in the South are such that no intelligent man—much less a fool who only gets his ideas from reading over some prejudiced writings—can properly comprehend until he shall have gone there and seen for himself, the negro who is in a much worse condition than he was in the days of slavery—now don't say that I am an old pro-slavery man who is prejudiced against the negro, for you would be telling yourself a lie—while the poor white man of today is so much worse off than he was fifty years ago that the difference cannot be comprehended in other words than it is "incomprehensible" to him or his visitor.

Compare any condition of affairs in the South today with those of fifty years ago, and it will be like comparing the fruitful vineyards and gardens that were and that now is a lava

bed from great volcanic eruptions. Then say to yourself, as I can, "Had the advice and the counsel of the South's great patriots and statesmen been heeded and listened to instead of that of the blackened demagogues, where might not the South today be, when we look at the wonderful, indescribable advancement of all human industries and interests of the Northern and Western States of the Union?" Great statesmen, like Alexander H. Stevens of Georgia, Sam Houston of Texas and Bell of Tennessee, were relegated to the rear by the howling, hissing, roaring, bellowing demagogues, whom the gods had first made mad for destruction.

It is my belief that the man has not yet been born who may suggest any possible solution of the negro question in the South, and unborn millions, even for centuries hence, may find the question as perplexing and insolvable as it is to the best thing, good desiring Christian patriots, statesmen and sages of today.

Were it possible to enthrone and crown cotton king again—which can never be—the negro question would only become more and more perplexing. One of the great difficulties in the South is that—do not say that this is a contradiction—the great majority of the people are a noble, generous, open-hearted, free and confiding people, who from being so are easily led, it would seem as though they actually prayed for a leader—a king, as it were—and the more blatant, big-mouthed, the sycophant, hypocrite, political demagogue who comes along, the more these people swear by him. It is their nature to be thus and, "as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end," as far as the better element in the South is concerned.

I must now tell, to illustrate this last proposition, of a slick, cunning advertising villain—I will not give his name or place of residence, but will come as near telling all the points as public policy will permit. It will, however, be recognized by tens

of thousands of my Southern readers, for I calculate that this volume will be read by more people of the South than any other book that has ever been written, not excepting the Bible and Testament and Webster's Elementary Spelling Book, and I also calculate that from its being read great good is going to come to the reader in all cases where the reader has sense enough to keep his hands from being used as a catspaw, as the monkey did the cat in the chestnut deal.

This cunning, slick, plausible, two-faced, stem-winding Yankee advertised in all of the Southern papers and papers that were circulated down South. It was only when he made a mistake that his advertisement was found in any paper published north of the Ohio River, except the paper that had circulated down South, as did the New York Day Book, the great secessionist Democratic paper before the war, Van Avery, Whorton & Co., every one of whom were cunning Yankees playing on the Southern people's prejudices for so much—one dollar and fifty cents per year.

His advertisement was short, pointed and sweet and in substance said that he was the inventor, discoverer, owner, and absolute possessor of a divining rod, a magnetized-electro-poised - ozone - fluted -pole-twisting-guaranteed-to-find-buried-silver and gold, jewels, etc., secreted by anybody, anywhere. Particulars furnished upon application.

Half of the white people of the South believed that their daddies or their mammies or their uncles or their aunts each buried more of the valuable coins of the realm and diamond diadems than a fat government mule could pack. Nine out of every ten negroes believed that their old massa had more than their price (\$1,000) hid away in more places than one on the old plantation. Shortly after this advertisement appeared there was an unheard of and unusual demand upon the postoffice in Washington for stamps, for just about nearly everybody down South wrote to this aforesaid stem-winding Yankee, in-

closing the required "ten cents for further information." The further information consisted of a lithographed letter, that of itself would deceive the devil that wasn't up to Yankee tricks in letter writing, which was published by the ton and that netted each one eight and three-fourths cents apiece.

It went on to state that the writer was advised that the planters in your section were very wealthy and had been in the habit of burying large sums of money long before the war commenced, and after the war buried all they had and could lay hands on, and that, knowing what he did, it would not be right for him to part with his valuable information without being assured and secured by a liberal security of say one-third of all that was discovered by reason of his rods, dips and needles, and that upon your signing the inclosed bond with two security names attached thereto and sending with it ten dollars, you would be sent a silver finding needle, conditioned upon receiving a reply to this within fifteen days' time, for, as you know, we do not want too many operating on the same ground. Don't buy postoffice orders or checks, but send remittances in registered letters, and above all things don't give yourself away to the postmaster or the local bankers.

The money came, and why should it not? And the little steel ring with the flap-doodle magnetized needle attachment was sent in a little box about the size that my old dad made me use in putting up one dozen of his old calomel, ipecac, rhubarb and jalap—equal portions—anti-bilious compound, double-acting, never-to-be-forgotten cathartic pills, guaranteed to work both ways.

Upon receiving this letter our Southern cracker friend immediately proceeded to crawl around in the dark night close up to his neighbors' lots, barns, houses and rose bushes, and not infrequently ran up against another man on the same mission, and possibly a nigger or two, and perhaps more niggers bit at this swindle than whites.

Ten days, two weeks or a month would elapse, and the receiver would receive a second epistle, which I will call stem-winder number two. It went on to say that "I took you to be an honest man; I received your bond in good faith; the money you sent me was nothing as compared with what my portion should have been. Perhaps you think you are depriving me of my just, legal and bonded rights, but unless I hear from you at an early date you will be a very much disappointed community or your part of it will be."

With fear and trembling the "gull" answered that the machine did not work, that he had spent five or ten or twenty nights 'midst storms and rains and had not been able to locate anything, and perhaps he put in that he knew that there were lots of it buried around in the very ground he had been over.

Soon the "gull" received stem-winder number three, which informed him that it was a silver finder that he had received, but that what he needed now was a combined gold and silver finder, the price of which was fifty dollars, and that he would take back the ten-dollar machine, making forty dollars for the new, and which, "now that I am thoroughly convinced that you are an honest man, I will divide into payments. Twenty dollars cash and twenty dollars in sixty days, by which time no doubt you will be in possession of wealth enough to ever afterward keep the wolf from the door and help me to keep the one from mine."

This scarcely ever failed to draw twenty dollars, in receipt for which the "gull" heard no more from this man from this place, but would soon afterward hear from him a long distance from that spot, up in Canada, telling him that a friend of his, "an old, true and trusted friend of yours, whom I will not name because of reasons that will present themselves to you, gave me your name as a proper, honest, discreet man to this address.

"Recently a pal of mine was nipped by the United States Government that would have given him half a million dollars

for the plates he had used in putting out fac-simile ten, twenty and fifty dollar bills, or which the United States Government had redeemed many million dollars' worth. I have those plates with me here in this 'way-off backwoods country, which you will see by reference to the proper map is fifty miles from any railroad," etc., etc., and a whole lot more of just such stuff.

"I will sell you in lots of one thousand for so much, but twenty thousand for only a quarter more, and fifty thousand for just double, and will send it to you, express paid, at the second express office from where you live"—very particular he.

It may be that seven out of ten who got the silver and then afterward the gold needle sent fifty dollars to this same individual under another name for green goods.

These were two—by one man—of the worst swindles that were ever perpetrated on the people of the South, and I was told by one man whom I have never found reason to doubt, that between the two schemes he cleared up more than eight million dollars inside of two years. Somewhat like the Los Angeles, California, oil scheme that cleared up eleven millions inside of twelve months, and the Beaumont, Texas, oil schemes that cleared up one-half as much, saying nothing of the clearances made by the biggest Hogg in Texas.

All sorts of get-rich-quick schemes and political knavery tricks seemed to take with the people of the South, as with no other people on the face of the globe. As an illustration of the great worth and character of the people of the South I will state that it is only necessary to travel around through the Northwest States and in all of the Northern cities, where you will find that the Southern boy, the Southern man has been given preference over all other boys and men in all and in every possible avocation and calling requiring skill as well as indefatigable energy and unimpeachable honesty, and never have I known of a Yankee who married down South and

brought his bride North but that he became a greater man than there had ever been any hopes of his becoming before, and she became respected of and by all.

But let a Yankee go down South and he is only a Yankee and never will be anything else as long as he lives, though his children may amount to something.

Did I hear you say, reader, that I am away off from my subject? Read the first paragraph of this chapter and get right yourself; box your compass again and don't know what to expect.

I went from San Antonio further east, and from having a good reputation before I went west, I was refitted with a good horse and saddle and accouterments on a *transfer of my pay account*, twenty-five per cent to be added if we were not paid off in six months.

I thought about a year after this, when down on Bayou Lafourche in Louisiana, how much easier I could have got a horse and an outfit had I belonged to the "craft," as they called themselves, and this was the way of it.

I with four or five others were picketing on our side of the bayou, no wider than an ordinary Arkansas road, when we espied a greater number of Yankees on the other side, just about dusk. When darkness came on a man in my party hollered out:

"From whence do you come?"

"From a camp of horse thieves on the Rio Grande."

"What came you here to do?"

"To learn how to improve myself in horse thieving."

"Then you are a horse thief, I presume?"

"I am so taken and accepted by all the 'craft' on the Rio Grande."

"Horse Thief, can you advance and give the proper sign and hailing words?"

"Can you respond?"

"Yes."

"Give you."

"Coffee!"

"Tobacco!"

After this response our man started out down the bayou, and the Yankee started out, and for two plugs of tobacco we got about five pounds of parched coffee, and such a coffee drinking time as we had! It was like our eating corn dodgers on the retreat.

It was after the close of the war that I was given to understand all this horse thieving dialogue. Since then I don't believe I would be found afoot in any country.

My great love, admiration and respect for the Southern people, while not contending for the old times and conditions of its "institutions," as slavery was considered, always caused me to hate its enemies, and it was they who lived within its confines and borders that I the most hated of all, and no man living has ever accused me of not being "true to Paul." Though offered great rewards, I never turned "scallawag" nor ever in any way went back on my report, while others who professed great Southern loyalty were all original secessionists, and who promised to do up anywhere from five to ten Yankees any morning before reveille was sounded, turned traitor, traitor to every principle of manhood, and for the sake of office or reward became the most loathsome and detestable of all politicians, in my estimation, *scallawags*.

It was the like of them who brought on the Confederacy its first misfortunes, and from thence on caused them to increase, and finally encompassed its downfall without any conditions or privileges, rents or remunerations excepting as were voluntarily given by General U. S. Grant at Appomattox.

Had statesmen and patriots been at the helm, even after some of our gravest and greatest disasters had befallen us, terms and conditions could have been negotiated and brought

about that would have left the people of the South a free people, not beggars, and would have placed the negro question at rest forever.

And the South today, instead of being solid Democratic, would have been in the solid line of advancement and improvement.

CAMPAINING IN LOUISIANA.

A young lawyer, fresh from college and with a new license to practice, was sent by his old partner, who had examined the jury and fixed it just right for an important criminal case, to make the opening speech, which he did with a great amount of flowery eloquence and the large use of legal expressions and big words in general. The old lawyer saw that his case was lost and beyond retrieve. After he had done his best in his second speech he told the young man that the case was lost because of his speech. "Instead of using common, plain, everyday, good, solid, sensible English that every man of that jury, *that I had picked*, could understand, you shot over their heads with your big words and expressions, which none but the judge himself understood."

He admonished the young man that the next time he undertook to make a speech he should use such language as the most ignorant man before him could understand, and never again use big words and technical expressions except as he addressed college graduates.

I don't believe that I ever lost a case for the want of good plain English, or from not being understood by the people whom I addressed. I am not writing for that class of people who want dictionary exercise—that is to say, who want words that they would continually have to refer to the dictionary for definitions. I believe in calling a spade a spade, and every other implement or subject which I handle or to which I refer by its proper and everyday common name. And I hope that my reader will not consider me as having lived a life of labor in trying to coin long sentences of long words, that may or

might mean more or less, just as the reader might choose to make it.

Had my early life been spent in educational institutions, I might be able to make a large volume and say less than this volume will say before I get through with it, and yet not make the volume so large as to be cumbersome.

After the reassembling of the brigade and its reorganization without the aid of a paymaster, and only a quartermaster, who issued vouchers to people in payment for mules and horses and wagons and such like, that with a file of soldiers he took from the possessor without as much as to say "Thank you," we were ordered to southern Louisiana in the early spring of 1863, where we met face to face with Banks' army below Franklin, going through a country that was three-fourths marsh and one-eighth lagoons, bayous, overflowing creeks and rivers. I can here truthfully say that no army ever marched through any country under more difficulties, with such trials, tribulations and sufferings as we did in going through south-eastern Texas and southwestern Louisiana.

We rendezvoused on Bayou Salle, Louisiana, near Franklin, and who that is living today that was there with me can think of our boggy, watery camp-ground but would in doing so bring on rheumatic pains and all else which a few weeks of such life is guaranteed to produce on any man before he arrives at the age of fifty, and from then on, all sorts of suffering.

Our horses were fed on half rations of corn and shucks and we were put on half rations of corn-meal and pickled steers, called pickled beef, which had been packed the previous winter in New Iberia, Louisiana, rock salt, which contained enough saltpeter, naturally or artificially I shall never be able to tell, to solidify this beef that after boiling it two or three days it became still more solidified. The saltpeter gave us all sore mouths and sore tongues and sorry souls, but a greater

love and a stronger hope of home and loved ones we had left behind to be sent down here in this land of alligators and other crawling reptiles and winged birds called mosquitoes. We had "water all around, but not a drop to drink," except that we had green Louisiana rum, made of sour molasses, warranted two doses to make a man fight his mother-in-law's remembrance.

The guns that we had were of all sorts, sizes and complexions, ages and conditions, and the ammunition we received was nearly all a misfit. Our officers from the captains up were quartered in the planters' mansions, while all the natives had been quartered in the barns and sugar-houses, while we, poor private soldier, trash from Texas, were sent out in the swamps.

After a stay here of days sufficient to have placed the great majority of us in a hospital, only that we had no hospital or hospital supplies, we received the welcome news that the Federal army under General Banks had crossed at where Morgan City now stands and that he was sending his gunboats and marching his army toward where we afterward found out a fort had been built on Bayou Boef, on Bissland's plantation, mounted with nine what was then and is yet known as "Long Toms" (a six-inch smooth-bore eighteen-foot long cast-iron cannon, cast when Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States, to be mounted at all ports of entry for home protection), that, when charged with forty pounds of powder and a six-inch cast-iron ball rammed home and was fired off, one could hear the wabbling of the ball in that bore, and death was the doom of the cannoneer who stood anywhere near that infernal machine, which was sure to jump out of its trunnions, especially if the piece was in the least depressed.

From the fort across the large plantation three-fourths of a mile a large embankment had been thrown up, behind which three or four thousand Louisiana natives had been placed.

They had been armed with the very best modern man-killing guns, English Enfield rifles, newly brought across the country from Mexico.

The Federal boats were armed with thirty-two-pound rifled steel-and-brass field pieces. They made a feint on the fort, which was no more than open breastworks. The fort was protected by the Texas cavalry, whose horses were a mile or two in the rear. Shot and shell from the gunboats went over the fort, exploding and kicking up a furious noise among our horse holders and our Texas mustang ponies, that had been somewhat used to electric storms and possibly thunderbolts, but kicked and otherwise raised thunder among themselves at having all this come in on them when the sun was shining.

Our "Long Toms" were fired and the Yankee gunboats retired. This gave us a chance to remount our pieces, take off the dead and look after our wounded, caused by the jumping of our guns out of their bearings.

While we were being held there by the Federals they sent nine thousand infantry, without cavalry or artillery, under General Grover, on transports around to our rear, eighteen or twenty miles off, four miles west and north of Franklin, where they landed in very good order, as I have been informed and verily believe, at Irish bend. They had only four miles to march to reach a point that would have completely cut off the Right Reverend General Dick Taylor's army and captured everything including our brigade and all the other Texans who were there.

Our scouts—if we had any, and if not our Generals must have dreamed it—became wise and onto this move in time to send the mounted men to meet and repulse it. This was done by an early morning battle with five pieces of artillery and three thousand dismounted cavalrymen on our side. The Federals, nine thousand strong, had driven us off the field and had captured our battery. We had retreated to the

opposite side of a wood, through which and next to the bayou a wide road meandered.

Colonel Riley, elsewhere referred to, who was in command, was killed early in the action, as were also four or five hundred other men who had come through the swamps from Texas. The Federals were marching on us through the woods at a rapid rate, while we were grouped together like so many badly scared boys, looking for a leader, who finally showed up in the person of Major Hamilton, and who was so busy trying to light his pipe while his horse was prancing round at a furious rate that he did not recognize that he was the commander of the situation. I always shall believe that he was as badly scared as I was.

I had been in prison in my day and calculated upon another term. Coming down the road a little way from the group of men I saw, by peeping around a clump of blackberry bushes, the Federals limbering up our field battery and bringing the horses into proper line, whereupon I screamed so loud that my voice was heard by every Yankee and every *Confederate* on the other side: "Clear the road for the cavalry!" which was re-shouted in an instant by the twelve or fifteen hundred men near, as only well-scared men can shout.

The Yankees knew that they had no cavalry and had been told that they were going to face the terrific and terrible New Mexico-Texan Sibley brigade of ferocious Rough Riders. I heard a few horns toot down on the Yankee side. I went a little farther and I never saw men running so in all my life, forming in solid squares out in the canefield. I was afterward told by the commander that he thought that there were ten thousand Texas cavalrymen coming down the road.

We retook our battery which the Yankees had so kindly limbered up and made ready for use, and started double-quick for our horses. It was four hours or more before the Federal

commander found that he had been bamboozled, fooled and likewise deceived, and commenced the forward march.

In the meantime General Taylor and our other long-headed and wise commanders (?) had retreated from the Bissland battle-field, Fort Bissland on the bayou referred to before, and we all crossed over the long bridge in safety and planted our field batteries on the opposite side, when General Grover came down with his boys in blue and General Franklin came rushing up with his flying artillery and mounted infantry from Bissland. Night came on and we pulled out of the scene to New Iberia, where three days afterward there might have been a battle but that our ammunition, if not wet, at least was a little moist, and we started for the rear; those under command toward Alexandria and those in desperate want of home comforts toward Niblit's Bluff, Texas; very few of whom ever afterward heard the sound of their own reveille toot-horns, much less Yankee cannon or musketry.

I made a mistake and took the right-hand road instead of the left one leading to Texas, and was a few days afterward made a prisoner of war in the town of Washington, where I had gone to a hospital unable longer to go farther.

It was told the Federal commander that I *was a man of no rank but possessed of wonderful information.* He sent for me, thinking to gain thereby. I was in a dying condition, so considered. General Banks ordered his chief surgeon to come to me, and I believe that my life was saved thereby. This doctor proved to be the father of the Rev. Mr. Rogers, the presiding minister of the O. S. P. Church at Seguin, Texas, to which my father belonged. He recognized my name, having visited my folks. To him and to General Banks I owe all, and no man can accuse me of ever being ungrateful. I met them both after the war, and better and nobler and more Christian men I never had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with. The commander learned nothing from me, for I abso-

lutely knew as little as General Dick Taylor did himself or any other of his officers.

Here at this time I quit the Confederate service for a good long season, to be confined in the Belleville Iron Works in Algiers, opposite New Orleans, with a mixed crowd of Louisiana natives and Texans. After being in this prison a month or more I was picked out as one of twenty of the most conspicuous, and of course good looking, Confederates who were to be sent to the Parish Prison in New Orleans and there held in solitary confinement as hostages for the safe return of Captain J. L. Dwight, who had been captured while acting as a spy within the Confederate lines near Oppolassas.

This affair was settled a few days thereafter, and as though we had not seen enough of the dark holes of that damp dungeon prison we were chained together two and two, my companion being the noted Louisiana fighting scout, Bailey Vincent, and I can show the marks of that handcuff on my left wrist. We were put on board of a steamer and sent to Ship Island, a verdureless sand dune near the mouth of the Mississippi River, where we were huddled into close quarters and unshackled and fed on as good as the Federals had, and were told that we were held as hostages for Major Montgomery of the First Texas Federal Cavalry, who had been captured somewhere down near Corpus Christi Bay, and who, we had been told, had been cruelly assassinated by the Texans capturing him. He had lived for many years in and, if I mistake not, was born in Texas. Many of his relatives, all of whom, like himself, were Union men, had been captured and hung in their efforts to leave the State of Texas, by Huff's regiment of Texas murderers, just as the Committee of Public Safety in Fort Bend County had threatened to do and would have done with me had they have gotten on a big drunk the night before I escaped, and of which I have told elsewhere.

The order came for our transfer back to Algiers, and I

never did know, and never will, whether Major Montgomery had been captured, killed or returned.

When we reached the prison in Algiers we were welcomed by our old comrades, who had been told that we had been deliberately shot. The Louisianans who were in prison with us were afraid to communicate with their friends and relatives in the city of New Orleans, and it was but natural they should be since of the tales that were told of the monstrous cruelties that were being perpetrated on the citizens of New Orleans of Confederate sympathies, and especially regarding the treatment the fair daughters of New Orleans and the most loved ones were receiving and had received at the hands of *Old Beast Butler*, known also as "Spoon Butler," a cock-eyed, bald-pated, beetle-browed, fox-faced, lizard-chinned monstrosity, as well as Northern Democrat, and who many years after this New Orleans affair was seriously discussed by the *Solid South* Democrats as the possible winning candidate at the time the Democrats nominated a yet worse old devil, of whom I will have a page or more, if not a full chapter, to tell hereafter—*Horace Greeley*.

How the mighty hath fallen, and how wonderfully they have changed, and how quick they have been about both! The idea of a Southern gentleman licking the foul hands and embracing the accursed carcass of such as "Beast Butler" and Horace Greeley, and call it Democracy!

That General Dick Taylor was the son of his father, *Old Rough-and-Ready* General Zachary Taylor, of glorious memory, was one reason why he was put in command of the Army of Louisiana, and the other was for the same reason that Lovell, Duncan and Pemberton superseded Southern generals and patriots. General Dick Taylor was a brother-in-law of the President of the Confederacy, who was mighty good to all of his relations, near, distant or remote. I do not remember of ever having heard of one who was not provided for with

some office at the expense of the Southern cause and Southern people.

Of my personal liking and experiences I shall refer in a future chapter, and if what I may say shall make any of the old Confederates wince and swear at the truth being told, as has been in the past pages, "so mote it be," for I am not in this game to advance and promote the interest of any knave or fool or the descendant thereof, who in any manner, shape or form is responsible for or aided the ruination and the disgrace of the people of the South by bringing about a war and handling it in such a way as to disgrace every man who had anything to do with its handling, except those who were retired by the Administration at Richmond, as they tried to do with General Robert E. Lee after the battle of Gettysburg, but stalwart patriotism and Southern chivalry of the grand and noble sort and style, boldly proclaimed in the City of Richmond, that if *Lee* was forced to resign the head of the Administration would roll as a football on Broad Street.

The feeling of the Confederate army which had done the fighting and who had suffered the losses, against the Administration was becoming so bitter at the close of the war as to all but invite revolt. On the ninth and tenth of July, 1864, the feeling was so intense in the City of Richmond against the Administration that General Winder's Provost Guard disbanded, and I with my own eyes saw, and with my own ears heard that which all of the friends of the Administration have assiduously sought to obliterate, kill and forever destroy.

I visited Castle Thunder and Libby Prison, and but for a speech which was made by the Maine anti-liquor-white-livered-Yankee-General Neal Dow, who had been convicted in Alabama for stealing piano keys, while on a raid through a portion of the State in which were no soldiers or home defenders, and had been sent to the penitentiary, and who had been released by the Governor of Alabama upon the request

of the Administration in Richmond because eighty-five Confederate officers of Johnson's Island had been put in solitary confinement and held as hostages there until Neal Dow was released, just as I had been put in solitary confinement in New Orleans for Captain Dwight and afterwards in Ship Island for Major Montgomery.

There was no guard around Castle Thunder or Libby Prison neither. A Federal officer, whose name I never could get, rose up and called for volunteers to follow him and to take up arms and to go to Libby Prison and from there proceed to the Capitol and capture the Confederacy. He had been out on the street as I had been and saw the situation—utter demoralization, no order, no government. He created a great enthusiasm, and I plainly saw right there the doom of the Confederacy and the last of the Administration which had brought on the doom, and I expected to see some hot times that day in Richmond.

At this juncture the aforesaid Neal Dow rose up and appealed to them not to do this but to wait, that possibly within a few hours the sound of Mead's army would be heard on the heights around Richmond. I was so incensed at the white-livered old coward's talk that I felt like pulling my six-shooter and killing him on the spot, for above all things on this earth I hate a coward as I hate a hypocrite, and he was both, and this, too, regardless as to which side he belonged.

My home was out at Camp Lee Prison parole ground, where for three days and nights we received no rations, and we poor Confederate devils, who were under parole to not lift up arms against the Federal Government until duly exchanged, were really at the mercy of both sides. I shall never forget the speech that General Roger A. Pryor made on a bridge which spanned the street between two of the principal hotels, and how the thousands who heard him applauded.

He pointed to a bulletin board on which was written a

dispatch from General R. E. Lee to J. Davis, Esq., President of, etc., etc., who had held back an army which if Lee had, and expected to have, and as had been ordered, might have saved the battle of Gettysburg for the Confederacy, and who had intimated that his resignation might be accepted. This dispatch read in substance about as follows:

"That if in the wisdom of the Government my resignation would be acceptable it shall be tendered forthwith, to take effect immediately, or as soon as my successor shall be able to take command in the field."

If Davis trembled when he was captured in his wife's gown, when he and his surrounders and all arounders heard the wild yell and the maddening hisses which all but split the throats of every Virginian and all who had been true to the cause; if he penned the dispatch himself which was sent within five minutes after General Pryor had promised that his head should play as a football on Broad Street and the original could be produced, I would gamble all my earthly wealth that it was written so tremblingly that he was glad when he got done with it.

Pryor called upon the Virginians to go back to their posts and take up their arms and protect the city, which was promptly done, and old General Winder, who, by the way, was not very distantly related to the family whose name I bear, who a few days before had been all of a tyrant that he could be, reassumed command like a little lost purring kitten or a tender unmarked lamb, and reminded me of old Jacob Townsend's patent medicine advertisement of two pictures, representing one man then and now, or before and after taking Bull's Sarsaparilla.

In order that my account shall properly chime in, I shall in the next chapter tell of what I left out, and which should have preceded this one but for reasons known to myself, and that may be guessed at by others why I do as I have.

WITH MAGRUDER AT GALVESTON.

The Brigade rendezvoused at Milican, Texas, in November after our return from the disgraceful, because it was not officered, and disastrous, because it was not properly provided for, campaign of New Mexico. We came together with new horses and quartermasters and commissary supplies as ordered, bringing with us fully one-half, in point of numbers, of Texas conscripts, boys just out of the cradle, old men just ready to step into the deep, dark beyond, filling our ranks to the original number and requirements.

There was corn if no wine and milk in Egypt, and there was more meat, both hog and beef, as well as corn on the Brazos, both sides up and down from where it empties into the Gulf 'way up Waco way. Our horses and mules did fatten amazingly, and we old boys and the conscripts did well, and by drilling between the rains and storms, which I always considered was done to show off the officers' new uniforms and authority vastly more than for any good it did the men or the service, we did enjoy ourselves the two months we were in camp at Milican and Hempstead, and, as it was, we got along fairly well.

What became of General Sibley along about this time no one ever knew, but it was generally supposed that he crawled into a jug hole and pulled the jug and hole in after him. Our Brigade orders came signed by Colonel Green, he of the Second Regiment, and who was the senior officer at this time, by reason of Colonel Riley's being called to Richmond to give an account of his having failed to swipe off, by bamboozling or otherwise, the four Northern Mexican States and to apologize for Sibley's failure, and no doubt to tell why Jack Hayes, an

old Texan, and Judge Terry, another—he who killed Senator Brodericks—and a lot of other similar Southern puffs in California, had not done as promised.

Colonel Riley was a man of deep patriotism and statesmanship. He had no equal in all the West. I was told by a man near the “Crown Head” that his explanation did not suit the Administration, but it had to go.

Colonel Green was a man who, when out of whisky, was a mild mannered gentleman, but when in good supply of old burst-head was all fight. He was like the fellow who was so keen for a fight that he set a buzz saw in motion. Green was killed at Blair’s Landing in Louisiana by a cannon shot from a gunboat which was out in the river nearly on a level with the levee, and which was ten feet higher than the field over which Green charged with a raw Texas regiment (Wood’s) that had never been in a fight before. Green placed himself at their head and with a yell told them that he was going to show them how to fight. Had they had as much Louisiana rum under their belts as Green had, my sympathies for the dead would not have been so great as they were.

Three hundred and more were killed in less time than it takes me to tell it, while riding into the mouths of these death-dealing, belching, grape-and-canister-loaded cannons from the gunboats out in the stream. Of all the fool acts of all the Confederate history this excelled them all. Yet there are people in Texas today who believe that when they die they will go to Tom Green on the other side of the River. I hope that my future Guide and Protector will not land me in that camp.

On the night of the twenty-seventh of December we received orders to leave our horses in charge of a detail and take the train at Hempstead and Milican and go to Houston; no man knew why, but it was believed that the Federals had landed on the mainland from off Galveston and were marching to Houston.

General J. Bankhead McGruder, who had done some drinking and fighting down in Virginia and who had said something which did not please the Administration, was sent out and placed in command of the District of Texas, etc. I believe that it was decided a draw as between McGruder and Sibley and about all other old army officers, as to which one could destroy the most whiskey, regardless of its brand, and mix it up with gin, brandy and rum and even sour lager beer.

McGruder had an adjutant general who was a gentleman and who never drank; that is, I never saw him, and who was always on guard. McGruder concluded to show the Federals, about twelve hundred strong in Galveston and with four gunboats and a revenue cutter, the Harriett Lane, a combination of a Virginian and Texas trick, and in furtherance of the same had filled up some big flatboats with cotton all around and a bow-and-aft chaser, six-pound brass piece, with Texas Rangers packed in between. Three steamers that had plied between Galveston and Houston for a generation or more were baled all around with cotton and mounted with cannons and aft chasers, with several nine-inch guns on each.

This flotilla, loaded with twelve or fifteen hundred men, was moored in at Lynchburg and our land forces were held back at Virginia Point on the mainland, calculating that when the signal was given to move, the land forces could make the center of the city simultaneously with the arrival of the flotilla, the latter attacking the gunboats, and the former the land forces behind the cotton compress walls.

Exactly at twelve o'clock on the first day of January, the very first minutes of the New Year's life, 1864, the signal for an advance was sounded, and away went "Colly and the wagon, Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart." At four o'clock the first shot was fired on the water. Then it was that the "*Rangers of the land greeted the Rangers of the sea*" and the fighting commenced, we double-quicking to our assigned posi-

tion of assault. The Federal gunboats had no idea of an attack from anything in the rear and they lined up to bombard the city beyond the compresses, which were on the wharves, and to otherwise discommode and make it unpleasant for "we-uns."

The gunboat Owassa lay at the foot of Tremont street, down which about one thousand of the Old Brigade (the others were on the flotilla or gunboats) was double-quicking for position. A twelve-inch shot was fired which went about ten feet over our heads and landed somewhere towards the middle of the Gulf of Mexico. I never heard such a cyclone of peculiar hospital feelings as that produced. The Federals were on to us, and the next shot which came out of that same gun just skimmed the face of the earth and, after rolling and bouncing over the mile and one-half of street to the Gulf, rechercched, and the last I saw of it it was on its way to Tampico, Mexico.

We were rushed in behind the Custom House, a brick building which had been erected only a short time before the commencement of hostilities, and were ordered to be still. By this time the balls and shot and shell from the Federal fleet was playing havoc with the brick and stone buildings that were then on the island, and mortar and dust and brickbats and pieces of shells were about as thick as anyone ever saw weasels in a barnyard, and there we were in a very dilapidated if not scared condition, for to be placed in a position where you cannot fight back is one of the dreadful things that a soldier has no liking for.

In my company we had a fiddler, a song bird and all-around jolly-maker, who did more to keep up the spirits of our marching sufferers on the retreat, with his old fiddle and bow, than all else. He weighed less than one hundred pounds, and though little, was, like the Irishman's pig, old, and was always giving us amusement and something to laugh at. He was in

the very middle of the twelve hundred soldiers, packed like sardines, behind the Custom House, when he whispered in a loud voice that all heard:

"Boys, be —— still, for if them —— Yankees hear us and find out where we are they will bring out that — gun they have got that shoots around the corners."

Such a laugh as went up was only what might be expected of men placed as we were. Soldiers on the eve of battle either want to pray, cry or laugh, and if they can just get to laughing you have got them ready for a fight. Treat is a sure winner.

We had scarcely become still again when bim—! sounded a ten or twelve-inch steel-pointed three-foot-long ball, fired from a rifled piece. It struck the slanting railroad bars that had been put in the structure as rafters, and it plowed the slate roof in a most fearful way and pointed its nose straight up, perpendicular, and it seemed to me—I saw it plainly—that it went somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty-five hundred feet in the air to get a sight of where we were and then it turned around and came down, right in our midst, and I am sure that it penetrated the earth one thousand feet or more. It did not burst and this made the Federals on the Owassa turn a broadside on us, and in a few minutes we were literally covered with brick and mortar and were in a condition of collapse when all of a sudden we heard a different sound.

Firing on us ceased and some men yelled out:

"Tom Green and his Rangers of the sea are in sight!"

No marine battle was ever fought from which a more beautiful sea engagement could have been painted. The boats on both sides closed in and it became a hand-to-hand fight. We captured the Harriett Lane after having jarred its larboard wheel with a solid shot; our men scaled the netting and the fight became pirate-like, hand-to-hand. Its gallant commander, Captain Lee, fell dead on the bridge. We buried him the next day with all the honors of war and by his side the

brave men whose blood painted the Harriett Lane's top, center and bottom cabins red.

Wainright, commanding the fleet, blew his flagship, the Westerfield, up. The engagement lasted perhaps an hour. The land forces quickly surrendered and Galveston was again attached to the Confederacy. Our loss in this engagement was not so great as might have been expected. We captured a large amount of Government supplies, which were much needed, for we had become tired of Texas beef and rancid bacon and corn dodger without coffee.

Before this time I had lost all hopes of the Confederacy and I was not making myself very active. Yet I was always to be found on duty and do not remember of ever having shown the white feather. What I thought I told no man, but it was in substance that if my record could be made clean I would go to the rear and keep on going until I struck a country where there was no danger of its being invaded. I might fill pages in telling of what occurred in Galveston and Houston in the next few months, for we had lively times.

News of our victory was conveyed to Nassau, N. P., with all possible dispatch, from Galveston via Wilmington, North Carolina, then and for a long time afterwards the center for blockade runners, and "*blockade-running*" ships that were loaded, intended for Wilmington, were sent to Galveston, where in the course of a few months nearly twenty were unloaded and reloaded with cotton, which paid for the ammunition and ordnance, principally Napoleon brass pieces, which were worked off on the Confederacy, and were as absolutely worthless as were our old cast-iron "Long Toms."

France, Austria, Germany and England had a snap working off on the Confederacy their old obsolete arms and ammunition, and of course our purchasing agents were not all fools and not one of them ever returned to the Confederacy, and why should they?

It had always been my opinion that the cotton which was shipped to England by and through the blockade runners and through Mexico, and the many thousands of bales which were taken down Red River and the Mississippi in broad daylight and right before the eyes of us Confederate boys, called French cotton, made up a balance of many and many millions of dollars to the credit of the so-called Confederate States, but which was *drawable by the same agents who deposited it, and thus the incident was closed.*

I was both on to and up to this job and would have been one of them myself had not the Federal blockading fleet of Galveston come in port and cut the blockade runner "Lucy Gwinne" from the wharf and taken it out to sea a prize. She had only about forty bales of cotton on her. Had they waited about ten or fifteen days longer they would have gotten a full cargo of compressed cotton and "me to," as Pratt said.

This cotton was ostensibly going out under the name of the Confederacy and to buy more old effete and worthless French cannon, but I knew better, and so did the men who put up the money to buy the cotton. They were middle-aged men and surely never had the sad and sorrowful experience that I have had with my fellow men and their foibles, frailties and all-around cussedness or they would not have trusted me as they did and were going to in this matter.

In those days the scramble was for a position that gave a man an opportunity to steal. I was not engaged in any stealing business and I know that if my life had been spared and I had landed in the port to which we were to sail, every dollar would have been accounted for and I would yet have had enough of my own to have lived in all sorts of comfort on the other side, and this all I knew as well as I knew that "the gal I left behind me" would have joined me on the Rhine.

But for the feeling which pervaded my breast, and, secret though it was, pervaded the breast of every other intelligent

man of the Confederacy, there might have been some show for asking, demanding and receiving terms and conditions. The man who declared that the Confederacy would win out was looked upon as a liar or a fool, and no remarks were made by any intelligent person on hearing a fool or knave so talk.

The Conscription Act in its way was no worse than the Tithing Act, which took from ten to fifty per cent of everything that was raised and produced, from chickens up. Who raised four bales of cotton had to give one to the Government, and for the privilege of taking his three to the market he was also required to take the other, which was to be turned over to the Government Agent, who was to see that it was shipped to some agent in England designated by the Government in Richmond. The part of the Government that did get over were in clover—Jeff did not make it, and those who did sent him none of the steal.

If you wanted to take six bales of cotton to Mexico to buy supplies, you had to transport two for the Government, and then you had to take one-fourth of your freight back to Government account. There were places in the Confederacy, like Jackson, Mississippi, which was the most notorious, where a private Confederate soldier was not allowed to walk on the sidewalk. This was in the days of Pemberton, whom the Government had sent first to Charleston, South Carolina, which they supposed was made impregnable by Beauregard, whom they removed when it was thought he might have gained a signal victory.

Beauregard was sent to Vicksburg and he was fixing up the line of defense in a thorough manner when the Government sent Pemberton from Charleston to take command at Vicksburg, and Beauregard was laid on the shelf. I never met this Pemberton, but I was told by many that he was a lover of John Barley-corn, was an autocrat and a great ladies' man, who,

instead of provisioning Vicksburg and attending to his duties, was attending balls and big ovations given him by the ladies of Mississippi, aided largely, I suppose, by Scott's and Wort Adams' Cavalry, to which I have made reference before.

The loss of eight thousand men at Big Black, when Grant started to invest Vicksburg, was, as I have always believed, the fruits of inattention to anything else but drinking whisky. With these eight thousand men properly officered and handled —for they were the best that were ever marshaled in any cause —Grant could not have invested Vicksburg as he did and without ten times the loss he sustained.

The Confederacy sustained its first heavy loss in my opinion in the death of General Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh. The fall of Fort Donelson was a foregone conclusion, as was the capture of Arkansas Post to all who knew of the situation and the lay of the country. There never was marshaled in battle array a braver soldiery than that of the Confederate army, and in no one instance of the war can it be shown where failure to hold their point or to gain ground was attributable to anything else than incompetency of their commanders, possibly excepting the fights around Richmond, where Lee had such a hold on his army that the Government could not displace him, and in whom his soldiers had the most wonderful confidence.

I look back at those days and am amazed at how the people and the soldiery were kept from revolting and demanding a new deal all around. We had many as great soldiers as Lee, and as Joseph E. Johnson and Stonewall Jackson, but they were handicapped and ordered back, as were the advancing army at the battle of Manassas, when it as good as had the city of Washington.

I am not saying but that the war ended as fate decreed it should from the start, but I am saying that the man who spent his time in the service, as I did, and who was willing at all

times to make any sort of sacrifice for his country, never has said that it ended according to his liking and that he was glad that it ended as it did.

I have heard men who professed to have been in more battles than I ever could have lived through say to Northern gatherings, Grand Army of the Republic reunions and in public places, that they were glad that it ended as it did. I thought then, do yet, and will die so thinking, that the man who believed that these men were telling the truth was too big a fool to be a citizen of this great republic, much less a soldier.

I made a declaration of this nature to a considerable number of men who were fighting Federals, and who without an exception agreed with me, and they also agreed with me that the Southern man who took such a position became the more loyal a citizen of the United States upon taking the oath of allegiance than did those sycophants who had two ways of talking. I have found that this class of men when in a crowd of Southern men were the ones who abused the Yankees the most and who were the loudest Democrats when they were anywhere down South, but who never failed to tell their Northern neighbors that they always voted the Republican ticket.

For declaring as I did I was called upon and billed to make a talk. Some people say that I have made some good speeches or can make a good speech, but I have never thought so, yet am conscious of the fact that I can make a good talk.

Before my time came to talk I had hired a man in the crowd to ask that I first tell how it was that I was here at this great dedicatory occasion. After being introduced by a toastmaster who pronounced a panegyric on me or over me, this question was asked from the assembly, which I proceeded to answer after having cautioned all old soldiers present not to be surprised at the answer that I was going to give and

telling all the ladies and young men and others who never had seen service in the tented or battlefield that it was not their "put" and that they must not express surprise at my explanation as to "why I was here to-night."

After thus talking to the audience until they had become anxious to receive the answer to the question, in substance I said:

"Up to the close of the war with the States no Yankee had been born who was able to make a powder that was quick enough, that had strength enough to send a chunk of lead fast enough to overtake me when I started for the rear, and that I was like Jehu's horse, always able to sniff a battle from afar."

In the excitement, hollering and hurrahing, I got from the platform and was never afterward seen in that place.

My contention has always been that had the people of the South been led by competent leaders, terms could have been secured that would have left the people, both white and black, in altogether different and better circumstances. Every nigger in the South could have been paid for and sent to Africa or some other country with far less money than was robbed from them in the days of reconstruction, to say nothing of the losses since.

In my day and time I have had many different opinions, but on this question I have never changed my mind and never will, and no man who will go through the South and see, as I have in the past few years, and who can remember of having seen it fifty years ago, will say that I am wrong. The intelligent man who knows the negro's character can never expect the condition of affairs in the South to improve, but must reasonably expect them to grow worse. No intelligent, honest man dare say that the negro is capable of self-government, and no education will ever make him capable.

The negro's make-up and character, as is the case of all

Southern races of off-color, has no more of the element of gratefulness than there is to be found in a cat, a tiger or a wolf. In this one particular point they differ so greatly from the Anglo-Saxon race that it cannot be appreciated by people who have not a thorough knowledge of the negro, from other than absolute personal contact and experience.

I have observed in the last few years that all the able-bodied negroes, men and women, are flocking to the cities and going farther North in every move they make, and the effect it is having in these cities. I recently passed through a neighborhood where a few years ago there were one hundred and sixty negro voters, that today has not a single voter in it, and only about forty old, decrepit niggers live in the district. In the large cities of the South, like Atlanta, Georgia, you can see them by the hundreds standing around on the streets. Their wives and daughters can get service in a kitchen in a private house and can earn from one to ten times as much as they could earn on the farm, and with their wages they can support a family of men folks in idleness.

The negro who once leaves a farm can never be induced to return, except it may be to cut cane or pick cotton, and when he has been paid for his day's labor there is no assurance that he will be found there at work the next day. They are rapidly acquiring the ability of living for days at a time without anything to eat, and it is surprising to know on what a small amount they can subsist. In the days of slavery a peck of meal, two ounces of salt and two pounds of bacon were a nigger's weekly rations. I believe that there are thousands of them today who are living on less than that. They rely upon filling up when they go to do a day's work spading in a garden.

It is a part of a nigger's natural make-up to be indolent, insolent and thievish. I am only one of the many who believe that these traits cannot be educated out of them in many generations of time. To the man who has traveled in Mexico and



(See Page 156.)

Cuba, as well as in Egypt, India and the Orient, and has understood the conditions of affairs with the people of these countries, it will be perfectly plain that the negro question in the United States is one that will not down and one that no legislation will benefit, change or alter.

That they are on the increase and have been since the war one need only to look to the census reports to become convinced, while on the other hand, taking out the emigration, the white population in the South is on the decrease, and the products of the country, excepting it be the spots where only vegetables and fruits can be raised for the Northern markets, are on the wane. Its tobacco and its once "King Cotton" are not what they were even a few years ago; the soil has become so exhausted in the greater area of the Southern States that we can only expect to see it become more and more depopulated.

The South is no country for the industrious young man to go to, unless he goes there in the employ of a railroad or some banking institution, and it is a good country for all men to keep away from, excepting men whom nature calls to a warmer climate in winter time and who have the wherewith to live on there without labor, coming from a dividend-paying source in the North.

PRISON AND PAROLE.

After I had been returned to the Iron Works at Algiers, Louisiana—which is opposite the City of New Orleans—I rejoined a great number of my old Texas and Louisiana comrades, who, like myself, had been captured along on the firing lines. I was astonished at first that the Louisianans were not making it known to the ladies of New Orleans or their friends there that they were in prison. Remembering the name of an old friend, I wrote to her through the courtesy of the Provost Marshal in command of the prison, who was both a gentleman, a Christian and a soldier, Colonel J. B. Robinson of the Twenty-Sixth Massachusetts Infantry, and who was still living in 1904.

That he was a brave man no one could dispute, for he treated his prisoners as only a brave man could. We were fed on as good as the Federal soldiers were, which was about one to five hundred per cent better than what we had been accustomed to having. Yet there were a great number who complained who had not, as I had from the first, realized what General Sherman said of war, that "it was hell."

I was sent in from the city baskets of good things to eat, and it was but a few days before I was allowed to meet a number of ladies in the Provost Marshal's office, who put no spy over us, but gave us every liberty and privilege a brave man could give a captive.

I told of the Louisianans who were in prison, and among them quite a number of old citizens and planters who were not soldiers and should not have been there and would not have been there but for the very reasons that about all of the sugar

houses and cotton plantations were destroyed by fire, of which I will tell hereafter.

These old men had charges hatched up against them and were made to suffer without cause. Orally it had reached New Orleans that at the battle of Irish Bend I had been the means of saving the army of Louisiana, and I was unbeknownly lionized to an extent that surprised me and which afterward brought me trouble in this way.

A cowardly Yankee cur was appointed Provisional Governor of the State of Louisiana and his name was Sharkey. He took it into his head that a man of such prominence as I must be an officer of high rank, and that I was lying when claiming to be only a private soldier. He sent a file of soldiers after me and I was brought into his august presence in the Custom House, where his office was, and he opened out in a bombastic, domineering manner by telling me that I was a lying rebel, and that he was going to put me in chains and send me to the dungeon for misrepresenting my position in the army. He would not allow me to put in any sort of a plea or statement, for he said from the start that he would not believe me on oath. Though hot-headed and quick of temper, I have always been fortunate enough to keep cool under trying circumstances, and this was not the first time, therefore I was in a measure prepared.

This coward was cavorting around, damning and cursing all rebels, and Texans in particular, when I espied General Franklin, whom I did not know as such but who had the marks of rank on his shoulders and collar, and I addressed him in about this wise, pointing my finger to him:

"Sir, I appeal to you for protection. My name is Theo. Noel. Will you carry a message to General Banks and Doctor Rodgers?"

He looked me square in the face and said: "I shall, sir."

Whereupon the cowardly slink, Sharkey, called Governor, flunked and said:

"I can send a message to him. Why didn't you tell me that you wanted to talk with the General in command?"

I said nothing in reply until after he had again commenced swearing that he would get even with all the — — — Texan Ranger rebels out of —.

The General, who recognized my signature, sent his aid-de-camp with all dispatch to General Banks, who sent his Acting Adjutant General with orders to release and send me to his headquarters. I was given a parole of the city for two days, and it was given out that Sharkey should not know but that I was a secret service man, and in order to give him all sorts of annoyance I would go into his office and room and sit down there and listen and watch things, and the cowardly cur knew better than to speak to me. * * *

He had a man before him one day on trial, when a news-boy came rushing by the window at which he was sitting, screaming out something about "Jeff Davis in Pennsylvania," "Era Extra, Lee and," etc. The room was full and Sharkey was as "drunk as a biled owl." He hollered to the boy, "What's that about Jeff Davis?"

The prompt reply came, "Played hell in Pennsylvania!"

Whereupon the whole crowd commenced laughing and giggling and howling, and Sharkey picked up his hat and walked out, and so did everybody else, including the prisoner and myself.

The ladies of New Orleans were then, and are yet, the noblest set of grand, brave, self-sacrificing women that could ever honor this earth. It was at the battle of Monsura that the women of Louisiana proved their valor, where more than one hundred were on the battle-field while the battle was going on, looking after the wounded and administering to the dying. Such was a not infrequent occurrence on other battle-

fields, for the women of the South were nearly all alike, excepting a large number if not a majority of the women in the State of Mississippi, where Wort Adams' and Scott's cavalry dominated over even the women, whom they made believe that they were good Confederate soldiers.

In company with about fourteen hundred others from the prison, we were sent on two transports to Port Hudson and were given a parole. This was a Yankee trick that no brave man could have sanctioned or have tolerated. The next day we were landed in Port Hudson, that was then being invested. General Auger with his division of twelve thousand negroes made a land assault from below, while forty-two Federal mortar-boats and six gunboats bombarded from yet below them and attacked the land batteries from in front, and only a few hours after we, paroled prisoners of war, were landed in the fort.

We, paroled boys, could do nothing, nor could we leave the fort, being informed that it was invested on the east and north sides as well as below. We had only to stand and take it, non-combatants that we were, not allowed to lift a gun in our own defense and expecting at any minute an assault that would put to death every man found behind the breastworks. Negroes fought only under the black flag. They expected no quarter if captured, therefore gave none. It was universally conceded and understood throughout the Confederate army that when the negro ever gained advantage in a battle he spared no one's life, but massacred everything as they did at Fort Donelson and at Melican Bend, and of which I shall tell hereafter.

I, in company with two comrades, went to the water battery, which we were told was charged to fire on gunboats that might attempt to pass the bluff. We perched ourselves on the ramparts at the side of a *Tredgar Iron Works* cast cannon, which was the largest piece that had ever been cast in the Con-

federacy or the United States at that time. It was charged and loaded with a fourteen-inch solid shot, and being depressed to an angle of about twenty degrees the gun was filled all but to the muzzle with Spanish moss to hold the ball in and keep it from rolling out.

It required twenty-eight men to man the gun. When it was fired it jumped back out of its trunnions, and twelve men at its breach were killed instantly. I was watching the effect of the shot. The ball landed near the opposite side of the river and did not come within one-fourth of a mile of hitting the gunboat. This was about one o'clock in the morning. We heard the musketry, first the random guns firing, next by companies, next by regiments and next by brigades, and next our little artillery land batteries commenced firing.

The assault was being made by General Auger's nigger division, which came on with rushing and yelling demoniac impetuosity, and who gained the outer trench before they commenced firing, when our artillery commenced to play on them with canister, grape and chain. But few of them got in the ditch, which was twenty feet deep, twenty feet wide at the top and fifteen feet wide at the boom, solid pancake clay. They were heaped up in winnows. It was estimated that four thousand eight hundred were killed. No retreat was sounded that I heard. I have believed that their officers, after starting them in, retired to the safe rear.

The mortar-boats stopped playing when the assault was started. They had been playing for about three hours, landing ten-inch shells inside of the fort every *one and one-half minutes during that time*. It was a dark night. They were below in a cove in a bend of the river. Whoever has witnessed a vivid electric storm on a dark night can imagine the flashing of those mortars, and then looking up in the air a mile or more you could see the fiery tails, the burning fuse of those bombs which fell with such force as to make holes in that clay ground

fifteen or eighteen feet, and when one bursted in the ground or in the air before it reached the ground it brought about a confusion among us paroled prisoners of war that can better be imagined than described.

This was one time in battle that I did not get badly scared, for I made up my mind from the start to take what came, and I expected nothing short of death, for I had full knowledge of the strength of the negro corps, and I had passed by the batteries and mortar fleets and I had seen the army go up on the opposite side of the river and had heard of their landing on the Hudson side twelve miles above Bayou Sara, and I knew that the Federal force numbered nearly seventy-five thousand, negroes not counted. They were provisioned and armed with the latest death-dealing implements. I also knew that General Gardner, who was in command at Port Hudson, had only three months to fortify and prepare for an attack and to provision the fort, and that he was short of ammunition, had no field artillery and his cannon was worse than nothing—dummies made of big logs would have been better—had no guns or small arms and had but twenty-two hundred men, rank and file, supers, business and all, with less than forty days' rations, and they of the very poorest sort—just such as no *Yankee army* would stand by for a dog.

That I was better advised as to the strength of the enemy and of the conditions than General Gardner was no one doubted, but I never violated my parole and trusted only in God that Gardner had a way out of it and that we, the non-combatants, might be able to follow him.

The next morning after this first assault on Port Hudson the Federal General was communicated with and requested to go and bury his dead, to which he replied that "the dead might bury the dead"; and thus it was that the likes of him uses the negro as the *Chinese* use a stink-pot.

The Federal forces withdrew from above and below and

there was no further effort made to assault Port Hudson for some weeks, and we, the Confederate paroled prisoners, were allowed to depart as we might, and but for the two days' rations that the Yankees had given us there would have been great suffering.

In those days I was what was termed a runner and there were but few in the army who could walk to keep up with me, and when it came to a long-distance run no quarter horse could out-travel me. I had a much better idea of the geography of the country than my compeers and comrades. I made a rapid trip to and was the first one that crossed the Mississippi westward, when I was retaken by a force of Federals, who denied my parole and took it away from me and sent me back down to New Orleans, where but for the influence I had at headquarters I might have been shot for a spy. The officer who arrested me was sent for, and the first question asked was whether I had any arms or not, and he replied "No."

He had destroyed my parole, but he was required to tell of and about it and identify a blank which was produced. I believe that I could have shortened his days on this earth had I had a chance, for I was calculating upon being with the girl I had left behind me and the first one that I had up to that time. This was a disappointment no one not similarly conditioned can appreciate. Love and war are not compatible.

This was my greatest disappointment and I was given the privilege of either taking the oath of allegiance or being sent to Fort Dry Tortugas. I elected the latter and was sent to this prison post and my solitary den was a rampart, or rather a casement, where I was placed alone to look through the port-hole on the bay and meditate on the past and plan on the future, if I had a future.

How to tell a good army story without putting in the necessary blanks to be filled up is more than I have ever been able

to do, and I prefer to tell it so that it may be understood, regardless of what some Miss Nancy may say.

I was given any amount of religious tracts to read and temperance sheets and songs and such like, which to a soldier of my condition of mind and temperament was all else but interesting and amusing.

I was sitting in the port-hole one morning when I heard a voice I recognized, an old scout and an all-around desperado, who years afterward died with his boots on. This was the song he was singing:

"I don't care a — for nobody,
If nobody don't care a — for me;
The day may come when I'll be out,
And on a scout;
And I'll bet my dollars one by one,
I'll make some — — Yankee run."

I knew that if I undertook to reply he would know my voice and get me in trouble, so I was mum. He was in the second or third casemate from me. A man in the next one asked: "Who are you?"

He replied that he was not telling who he was, and asked: "Who are you?"

"No more than you," came the reply.

I afterward learned that this was Senator Gwinne from California.

On the third day of July, which was my birthday, a ship, the steamer Catawba, bound for New York, landed at the fort. It had on board six hundred prisoners of war taken from New Orleans, and on which I was placed and taken through to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, and from there sent to City Point and delivered under parole. We met as we were going up the James River, Alexander Stephens, going to Washington with two other Confederates of the *Administration* type, to treat for peace. Stephens and his sort could not be trusted by Davis and his "rule-or-ruin" crew, who did both.

This was the seventh of July. We were told by the Federals who were guarding us that Lee had captured forty thousand of Meade's soldiers at Gettysburg and that President Lincoln had sued President Davis for peace, and that was Stephens' mission. Do not ask did we feel good at this news, for words cannot tell how overjoyed we were.

When we got to Petersburg the other news reached us from the Confederate side and told that Lee had lost the flower of his army and was retreating with but a small portion of it; that Vicksburg had fallen on the Fourth of July and that the Confederacy had collapsed.

We were taken to Camp Lee in Richmond, where we arrived about midnight, about twelve hundred in all, with nothing to eat and no water to drink and no one to give us any information. It was the next morning early that quite a number of us went down into the city, where and when we saw and heard that of which I have given an account in a previous chapter.

That the Confederacy was "busted" no one seemed to question, but all seemed anxious to know where we were going to get something to eat. The stores and all houses were closed and nothing but confusion and excitement and human wildness prevailed on every side. My thirst was as great nearly as it was when I reached the Dead Man's Water Holes on our retreat from New Mexico.

We were advised that the Commissary Department was open to us. I drew my rations without any questions, and it consisted of twelve (all that I could carry) big sea biscuits. They were about six inches in diameter and two inches thick, made without salt or soda, kneaded and baked perfectly dry and hard, each weighing about one-half pound or more. I lived on these and nothing else for two days and made up for two days for which I had had nothing to live on, and methought and thought of how my ancestors had suffered at Valley Forge.

After what might be called the reorganization of the Confederate army at Richmond, as related elsewhere, from having some friends and distant relatives in Richmond, to whom I made myself known and who were high in authority, I procured transportation to the Mississippi River, and while in the Quartermaster's Department at the capital getting this transportation I met a man whom I had known in Texas, Governor Frank Lubbock, who was the confidential and private secretary of President Jefferson Davis. Lubbock had made a good Governor in Texas and he was universally liked, for he was really and truly a good man and never did an act which disgraced his State.

He had a long talk with me and took me to his office. I told him of the campaign of New Mexico and he was greatly interested in what I told him. I told him of our campaign in Louisiana, of which he was greatly concerned. He made me acquainted with the Secretary of War, Sedden, and by him I was introduced to President Davis. I was offered a commission, the most responsible and trying that was to be given to any one. I told them I was under parole. I told them under what circumstances I had refused to take the oath of allegiance, that I could no more violate the one than the other, but that if they could arrange a cartel of exchange by which I could be liberated from this parole I would accept, but with the distinct understanding that I was to be given no commission as such.

I left the next day with the distinct understanding that a special commissioner or dispatch should be sent to me in Texas acquainting me of my exchange and ordering me to duty. This dispatch reached me many days too soon, for I was just in my glory and was fixing myself to take on new obligations and to change the name of one woman over to my own. The deal was deferred until a more auspicious condition offered. It came and the deal was consummated.

We agreed to not make the change, for I told her that the

war was not going to last much longer and that I saw ahead of me the chance of my life, which went under when the blockade runner Lucy Gwinne, to which I have referred before, was captured in Galveston by the Federal gunboats.

I went to McGruder's headquarters, where I made myself known, and I was sent up to Shreveport, Louisiana, to the commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, General E. Kirby Smith, than whom our great Creator may have made others as good, but none ever better as a soldier and a gentleman, and I believe as perfect a Christian as ever commanded troops.

I was sent from there to General Buckner, commanding the District of Louisiana, then at Alexandria, and was given orders to cross the Mississippi with dispatches to Richmond.

Travel in those days from Alexandria, Louisiana, would baffle description, for it was go and get there, horseback if you could, but go, footing it or swimming it, and lose no time. I had no guide and only had a general idea as to where I would strike the Mississippi and how I would cross it, and then how to get from there to Woodville, Mississippi, which was then the terminus of our railroad and the end of our telegraph lines, which had nine relays between there and Richmond.

I got my dispatches through by working with the operator all night and the next evening received reply to wait where I was twenty-four hours and not to come on farther east, but to prepare to go back to Alexandria.

Scott's cavalry were thick in that country and I did not feel myself safe, so I took to the woods, where I remained until the messages were received. A good Confederate, for two hundred and fifty dollars of Confederate money, one dollar in silver and a two-dollar greenback bill, brought me a good horse, bridle and saddle. I always believed that he was one of Scott's cavalry and that he had stolen the outfit, but I was not asking questions in those days when the question of trans-

portation came up, especially one in which I was so deeply interested as in this one.

That horse and I saw considerable service together, but I lost him through the influence of the aforesaid Scott's cavalry or some other thief, and, though I had money to buy, none was for sale, and I had to foot it and swim it and run it, but always managed to get there on time.

While I had much to do with the secret service of the Confederacy, I knew much more about it and about what was going on than I ever thought it safe to tell any one. I never allowed myself to be inveigled into acting the part of a spy, for I had learned to mistrust, doubt and suspect everybody.

I never would take a dispatch out of Richmond or receive it from the Secretary of War until I had studied it and could transcribe it verbatim, giving him to understand that his dispatch, which was always written on onion sheet paper, would be either burned or eaten up by me whenever I felt that I was getting into close quarters.

THE TAINT OF RASCALITY.

When one loses all faith and hope in a cause that he has been engaged in and it comes from his observing speculations, peculations, fraud, deception, betrayal of trusts and confidences, as well as from incompetency and drunken neglect, if that one is made of the material or clay that good people are created out of, he certainly becomes not only cold and indifferent, but all but vicious, and this was about truly my condition about this time, if not before.

The ignorant people of the South, at home as well as in the army—people who read nothing, who heard no one talk except it be one as ignorant as themselves, who had no knowledge of affairs, of the condition and situation of the Confederate cause—were the ones that the Administration depended upon vastly more than upon the ones who could not be lied to or deceived. I well knew that along toward the last there was an effort made to do away with me. Not that I had betrayed any trusts or confidences, but that I knew too much for the tottering dynasty, and, though I had not been making any show of my knowledge, I was called to account on more than one occasion by whippers-in of those who began to think that I might have my price, *as they had*, and sell out to good advantage to the secret service men of the United States, with whom they *themselves had had me have conferences*, and of a nature that, had a tenth part of the loyal fighting soldiers known, the army would have disbanded. The double *traitors* tried to weave a web of their woof around me, as I know they had around two other scouts, but I knew the villains and was on my guard.

The women of the South were uncompromising in their

loyalty to the Confederacy. They were never allowed to know the true condition of affairs. They were told and believed that there were ten Federals in the field to our one; that we never went into an engagement that there were not from two to twenty times more men on their side. They listened to the lying accounts given of skirmishes that were never known of on any battle map, which were multiplied into battles in which hundreds were killed, according to the liars' lies, and in repayment for these lies, told them more often by perambulating soldiers of the Wort Adams and Scott's Mississippi Cavalry sort than by their own brothers, they would give forth their charity, in the way of clothing and money, if they had it, as well as good victuals.

I remember one instance which I will relate: Weary and tired from long riding, coming from a point on the Mississippi River going to a point on the Rio Grande, to do that which it seemed that no other one could either be induced to do or had sense enough to do, I was traveling incog. I called at nightfall at a plantation house for accommodations. There were six ladies on the porch and three men. They were busy talking when I came up. I gave the negro a piece of flat tobacco to attend to my horse well before I left him at the gate, and it was done. I sat down on the porch, for I looked like a tough character and one incompetent and unable to entertain such a beautiful array of ladies.

I sat down on the porch—was not invited to a seat. I recognized the voices of the three men. I had met them in prison and knew them well. They were paroled at the same time I was and were still under parole. One of the men had formerly been an editor of a Texas paper, printed in Brenham, Texas. He was a cunning, slick liar. One day in prison I was arguing a question with the Federal officer and this sycophant came up and listened. The question we were talking about was as to the representation in Congress the

lower house had for the slaves, the Federal contending that every so many thousand gave us a Congressman. There were no unpleasant words used in the conversation because I was talking with a gentleman, who a few days afterward acknowledged that I was right.

This fellow, Ross (so he called himself, but I shall always believe that he stole the name, which was a noble one in Texas, to make people believe he was something), came to me advising me to "quit discussing this question with the Yankees," for, said he, "don't you know that the best way is to be goody-goody God and also say goody-goody devil when you are in the way of your enemy, be with him. That's the way I do. Make them pay you more for what they want than they will for what you may have, and when you cannot sing a song to suit them tell them a story to suit," and a whole lot more of this sort of two-faced, lying hypocrisy.

This man was the leader of the three in the talk with the ladies, and he was a good one. He was telling them how the Yankees fed us in prison and how they treated us. And the lies he told were quite enough to make any poor ignorant but good-hearted woman cry. They swallowed in his lies with a crazy avidity. He told them how it delighted the Yankees to go around at roll call and make us all stand up under our numbers against the wall and then make us face the wall and jab us with bayonets, and then how they would make us stand there for hours at a time until men fell down from actual prostration, and how they kept us from getting drinking water, which was as free as the air. He told how we were chained two and two together and marched between a file of soldiers when they wanted to move us from one quarter to another, and then told how the fine viands and provisions that had been sent in by the ladies of New Orleans for the benefit of our sick were eaten by the *Yankee officers*. It would take a page to tell half of the lies he told these good, noble women.

Giving my name, he told how I had been taken out two or three times and put in the Parish Prison and had been "thumbed up" (tied up by the thumbs), but upon proving that I was a relation of General Nathaniel P. Banks (a bigger lie was never told) I was given every possible consideration and attention, and by reason of this the ladies of New Orleans sent me all of these fine things for our sick, which the Yankees, right before our face and eyes, spread out and ate up. And there I sat on the porch, more like a poor, hungry, sore-footed tramp, hearing all this talk from an infamous, lying villain, who afterward at the close of the war turned "scallawag" and joined the Loyal League and was one of the partners of Major Smith when the town of Brenham was burned.

I held my mouth. After they had all taken their seats at the table one of the women condescended to come out and ask me if I would come in and have some supper. Fearing that I would be recognized I thanked her very much, and would she be so kind as to send me something out on a platter, which she did in abundance, and my appetite and thirst were both well satisfied, while I yet retained a position where I could hear all that was going on at the table.

I had my saddle-bags, saddle and blankets brought on the porch and I lay down to go to sleep, while they occupied the other end, listening to the lies about the cruelty of the Yankees. The three men were put in the room right opposite me on the porch and I heard Ross say to Lewis, "Didn't I do them up brown?" and ask if they hadn't better stay there a whole week.

This house belonged to, and two of the women belonged to the family of Professor J. B. Law, who was the originator and founder of the female seminary at Plantersville, Texas, whom to know was to honor and respect.

I traveled on the next morning and the next night or the night after I stopped with a old friend and distant relative, a

man of affairs and a Christian, whom everybody loved and whom everybody to this day who was living then remembers. I refer to Dr. Stone in Brenham. I told him of the incident which occurred at Professor Law's place and that I wished that he might bring it around in some way as to let Ross know that it was I who was sitting on the porch steps. Whether Dr. Stone did or not I do not know, but Ross found out all the same. For this and several other similar lying offenses, as well as joining the "Nigger Loyal League," he passed away forever and forever from all good people's memory.

This man, Major Smith, to whom I have referred, the "negro bureau agent" that burned Brenham, Texas, was sent to Gonzales and Seguin. Down on Peach Creek in Gonzales County some parties in perfect self-defense killed a negro. Smith fined them fifteen hundred dollars, which they paid. Other people who had been thrashing negroes were fined from five to one hundred dollars, all of which Smith fobbed.

He came up to Seguin and did the same way. A friend of mine, who had gone through with me in New Mexico, by the name of McLean, had a sawmill down on the San Marcus River not far from Gonzales. He gave a negro man, who had insulted his family a fairly good thrashing—ought to have killed him. The negro went to Gonzales and saw Smith, who promptly sent a file of soldiers after McLean. He was brought in and fined five hundred dollars and told that he would be kept in the guardhouse and not allowed to talk to any one except to send out word to his friends until his fine was paid. I was one of the first to whom he applied, though he was owing me at that time. I wrote a letter down to the banker in that place, a man by the name of Dillsworth, who I knew as an ultra out-and-out secessionist and Southern man to the core, one that to doubt, mistrust, or think could be a traitor would be to sin.

In this letter, besides asking that he raise the money for

me on certain security offered, I let loose and told him about what this Brenham house-burning-military-sap-trap-Smith (which were the very words I used) had been doing up in Seguin, just as he had been doing down there—fining people for killing and whipping negroes and putting all the money in his own pocket. This villain Dillsworth had a few nights before joined the Nigger Loyal League, and he turned my letter over to this same house-burning, robbing, thieving villain, who came back to Seguin the next day and I was sent for and my letter was produced and shown to me, and I was put under guard and given to understand that I was going to be sent to General Kidoo, then the commander at Houston, Texas.

I was plainly told that if I wished to give up one thousand dollars rather than to go I could do so, and that if ever I was known to open my mouth again in this way death should be my portion, and as a further evidence of good faith on my part I was to parole myself to him not to go farther than six miles from Seguin without his written authority. I had business which called me to all parts of the State. I did not go to Kidoo, for I well felt that he was a full partner with whom divvies were being made.

Now for any honest man to look over this field with me would be to agree that the people of the South are the most imposed upon and long-suffering people on earth or they would not have allowed such men as Dillsworth—and there were thousands of this sort all through the country—to live a day in the State after it was restored into the Union.

These very men are at the head of politics in the South today. They own its wealth where they do not control its politics. I made an estimate of the amount of money that these “negro bureau Loyal League” agents took out of four counties from fines imposed and it amounted to nearly three hundred thousand dollars.

These were the days of the Reconstruction, when the negro

had been enfranchised and such thieves as Smith sent out by the United States Government to organize them. Oh, it won't do to say that the Right Rev. O. O. Howard (he of the Negro Bureau fame) knew anything about this (and I do not really think he did)—into Loyal Leagues, charging them five dollars each for the same and making them pledge themselves to stand by the bureau agents and to report to them all acts of disloyalty on the part of their late masters, and to come with all complaints as to bad treatment or mistreatment or whippings.

When the negro saw his old master or his employer fined from five to five hundred dollars, he naturally thought that he was going to get some of it, but the bureau agent always told him that that went into the Government fund to be divided out among the negroes when they drew their *forty acres and a mule*. All of which the negro believed to such an extent that many of them would have actually died for the belief.

I was running quite an extensive cotton plantation at this time. Going home one morning about ten o'clock, from quite a distance off on a hill, I saw that all of the plows were standing in the fields when they should have been running. The grass and weeds were getting away with the cotton very fast, and not a hand was at work.

Every negro had unhitched the mules and, averaging two on the back of each, went to the town, six miles off, to receive new degrees in the "Loyalty League," as they called it, and to be informed as to when, where and how they were going to draw their "*forty acres and their mule*." My mules were kept tied up to the fences and the trees in the town forty-eight hours without anything to eat or drink, while these lying, speculating, accursed "carpet-baggers" and "scallawags" were lying to, deceiving and misleading the poor ignorant negro.

Here again I would suggest to every one of my readers to buy a copy of "The Leopard's Spots" and read it.

The South, then more than now, was overrun with office-seekers, a class of men who were too lazy to make an honest living, and who, in fact, could not make an honest living for themselves. By demagogism and talking to the people they could get an office and then get it split so that they could make a branch for their son and then get the Legislature to increase taxation by urging them to draw high pay (back wages, if you please) until today the South is paying anywhere from ten to one hundred per cent more than they did fifty years ago.

The men who were elected to the Legislature in the South in the days of the reconstruction were the ones who got the piles of boodle, just as has many a Congressman made his stake in Washington.

Were the truth to be known as to why the Panama Canal scheme had not gone through twenty years ago, it would result in so many good Democratic Congressmen having to show up that a revelation might be made to some people. The wise man, however, would say, "What odds makes that? That same man can go and talk to them and they will all vote for him for office next time, and possibly half of all the voters would say, 'He only did what I would have done had I been there.' "

This state of affairs does not prevail anywhere in the most prosperous States of the Union. The people would not submit to it. For a while this class gained power in our larger cities, but they were soon sent to the penitentiary and nothing more heard of them.

The man who does not do his own thinking on all matters and subjects and questions, and especially on those respecting his Government, but allows another to think for him and dictate to him, or at least tell him how to vote and act and who to vote for, is, in my opinion, not a fit subject to be allowed to live in our country and should be exiled to Russia.

Who that undertakes to tell me that it is the grog shop

that runs our politics makes a poor show for himself and his neighbors. In days gone by, but in this respect I hope not beyond recall, the men who sought an office was looked upon as little better than a pauper and was the very man who would never get it. The day is again coming when the office is going to seek the man, and when that day comes in the South then affairs political, financial, social and religiotis down there are going to so change that the old "scallawag" and office-seeking, public-crib-eating, cunning ones will be relegated to the past, and the sound of joy will be heard in all the land.

As an illustration of the average intelligence of the average half negro and half white district in the South I will relate an occurrence:

Some years back, when the question of the free coinage of silver was all the go, I was traveling in the South, no matter where—not that I am afraid to tell it, but because the same Jack woudl again jump out of the pot, I don't. I was importuned to make a speech, and I may acknowledge that I was more of a silver man than I was a gold bug, but wishing to size up my audience before starting out, I requested that the bandmaster or the toastmaster, the presiding genius of the meeting, should, first and before I spoke, explain to the people what sixteen to one meant. I knew my old blatherskite, the orator of the day, who was always either holding some little office or running for some large one, would make the explanation the people wanted, at least as *he understood they wanted it*. So up he jumped and in substance said:

"More for the information of the gentleman who is our visitor here to-night than any of you, I will explain that sixteen to one means that every time the United States Government mint coins one dollar in gold that it shall coin sixteen dollars in silver." And down he sat.

And in rising what had I to say? My only reply was that "I had come here to-night remembering the Scriptural injunc-

tion that I should not think of what I would say when I was brought before the King, but that words would be put into my mouth, and remembering this injunction, my fellow citizens, I have relied upon your President and Chairman to do so, and he has done it so effectually that I can say no more." And I sat down and said no more and that too amidst a shouting, hurrahing crowd. I might as well have undertaken to talk an Arabian of the desert away from the Mohammedian faith as to enlighten the people before me, and had I started in I would have been hissed down and called all sorts of bad names.

The people who were before me had been told of the millions and millions of dollars in gold pieces produced by the mines of the United States, and if I remember right they had been told that it was something like eight hundred million dollars a year. Now to multiply this eight hundred million by sixteen, then the people would have one hundred and twenty-eight billion, besides the eight hundred million, which would make one hundred and thirty-six billion each and every year to distribute among the people of the United States, and this was what killed the poor greenbackers and their craze, and why we have never heard anything of it since.

Methought while I was facing this crowd of a fence I had once built out of very crooked persimmon poles and was brought to task by a man who wanted to know how it was that I had not built a fence out of straight rails. I asked him how old he thought those poles were. He said they were a tree of very slow growth and possibly they were three hundred years old. I then asked that if it took God Almighty three hundred years to make them as crooked as they were, how many years did he suppose it would take me to make straight rails out of them.

Now the proposition clearly before me in facing this audience, which was the audience of the South at that time, and it is no better at this time, was: A community of people of

such profound, dense, besotted and accursed ignorance, and that too in a free and enlightened country like this, what could I or any one else do in the way of enlightening them? Might as well undertake to turn the current of the mighty Mississippi with a sail cloth.

These people had been educated by their political leaders, who absolutely and practically made them believe anything and kept them in this profound and dense ignorance in order that they might handle them the better. Take the great public educator, the newspapers, and especially the local ones in the South. Ninety per cent of the reading is patent plate matter that is printed in twenty or fifty thousand other papers just as in it, and the other ten per cent made up of the most sillysally dribble and patent medicine or whisky shop notices, while the paper itself is filled up with all sorts of advertisements. Fit food for the fools who patronize it! Of course these papers are not read by the men of affairs in the South, and very little attention or consideration is paid them by the local political "graft," and, thank *God* not all the people can or do read them.

No wonder that the South is always solid Democratic. No more to be wondered at than that the ignorant, blood-thirsty, cruel Bazooks of the Arabian desert are Mohammedans, who insist that the more cruelly they treat a "Christian dog," as all Christians are termed there, the more sure they are of eternal rest in the land beyond. No Ephraim was more joined to his idols than are the people of the South joined to theirs and to the hand that smote them. And it is the same hand which still smites them.

Many people of fairly good information have expressed their surprise to me that the South, and especially Georgia and Texas, had gone so overwhelmingly in favor of local option. They supposed that this meant *no whisky sold in the country*, and they are right, but you see it is this way: Some big

wholesale whisky dealers and distillers in Atlanta, Macon, Augusta, and Savannah, and in Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Austin, Dallas and Marshall, could well afford to hire all the big popgun preachers, temperance spouters, sky pilots and influential politicians and noted windbags and other men of influence to go and camp in a body in a country and whoop it up to the dear people and the good women, and all being done in the name of Democracy, local option and prohibition, would carry like a flash, for no Democrat would dare vote against it.

Possibly there had been five, or for the matter of that fifty, saloons before; that had paid a State license of fifty dollars, a county license of fifty dollars and possibly a corporation license of one hundred dollars, which went to support the Government and would to that limit relieve the burden of the poor downtrodden tax-payer, the owner of small homes and farms. Now what was the result? Mr. Wholesale Liquor Man sold whisky which cost him seventy-five cents a gallon for two dollars and fifty cents, adding twenty-five cents for the jug and twenty-five cents to the local express or railroad agent for transportation to and empty jug back, and pay some one else twenty-five cents extra—just as likely a magistrate or constable—for his trouble in handling the order, and the result was that in these States to-day I give it as my honest belief from questioning and from close observation, there are from two to five times more and three times worse poisoned whisky being drunk by the people than ever before. A whisky *trust* is thus formed in states that declare the loudest against trusts and monopolies.

The smart ones laugh at the fools and how cunningly they fooled the people and the poor ignorant people who never did drink any whisky, for they never had any money to buy it, and who didn't know anything that was going on, and didn't care much anyhow, and made them think that they have done a wonderful thing in making their country go temperance.

Some years ago I was largely interested in a mail order medicine vending enterprise which sold anything from plasters for the heel and for the head to pills that make the hair grow. Our folks did a lot of advertising. I noticed that there were certain sections of the United States where there was from one to one hundred times more Jamaica ginger used than was used in other sections. The reason was easy to be found. They were all prohibition counties, and it was in these that we sold the greatest amount of chlorides and other similar make-drunk-slow-but-easy and brain-cursing health-destroyers and slow death-dealing decoctions.

Rather than to be a party to the nefarious deal I quit the business. I am a believer in fates and I believe that there is a fate, fairly worse than any orthodox hell, which awaits any man or woman—believe it, dear reader, as much or as little as you may, but you may live to believe it more than I, if possible—who would for selfish gain do that which would bring injury to another. If there is no fate which deals this way, then I have lived a life of close observation to be wrongly educated.

I can look back from the mount on which I now stand, over and across the plains which I have journeyed, and I can point out the unmourned and unmarked graves of tens and tens of thousands of men who observed not the laws of God or nature, but who by selfish gain prostituted manhood and sold their souls for less than a mess of pottage. It is the accursed soul destroyer, the polluter of our public morals and integrity, either in the forum, the pulpit or the teacher's chair, who will teach that all men who have acquired wealth have done it through dishonest methods, through treachery or betrayal of trusts, rascality, deceit or fraud.

This class of people who thus acquire wealth are the exception to the rule, and only goes to make the rule good. But where one can be shown to have lived to old age, enjoying his

accumulated wealth and leaving it behind him to a quiet family division, tens of thousands can be shown who in dying curse the world and all mankind, and whose curses stain the very ground over which they had walked. And who dares to say nay to this proposition?

The wealth of the South to-day is in its institutions, largely owned by Jews and foreign corporations. It has been said that scientists and statesmen and great men for ages have contemplated how civilization might be advanced without making the rich richer and the poor poorer. And we see this question more practically answered in the Southern States where Democracy rules supreme, than in any other part of our enlightened and free Government, excepting in the dives and dens and lowest, ignorant, depraved, vulgar and vicious parts of our great cities where the same ilk of politicians do their fine work.

The man who brings into his family a vile political paper, a paper full of insulting, ridiculous pictures, Police Gazette sort, a paper which is full of accounts of scandals and rascallities, is a man who may well expect, if he lives to an old age, to see its baleful influence upon those whom he has been instrumental in raising and educating.

I have often said, and I now know it to be true, that if any man will talk with me on any given subject for a short while, I can tell what paper he reads, and it has always occurred to me as being singular that any man will allow any other man to make for him his decisions and opinions on any subject. I have no more of a respectable opinion of such men in these United States than I have for the low-down, depraved, ignorant, vicious Mexican bull, cock and dog fighter.

These people were so raised, so educated and trained, and so kept by their rulers. They are not allowed to know any better, and they all belong to the same church, just as the poor, deluded people of the South all belong to the same political party.

LOUISIANA RUM, RUM, RUM.

When one looks back at an event which occurred so nearly half a century ago, as did the things about which I am writing, and when writing from memory, as I do, at times many notable occurrences become shady, foggy, and to be viewed with doubt as to the actual dates.

After the battle of and the retaking of Galveston Island and city, January first, 1864, we were marched back through Texas, north, where on April fourteenth we met Banks' army of invasion near Shreveport. He came up Red River on all sorts of crafts, sixty-five or seventy thousand strong. He was weak in cavalry and not strong in field artillery. The first battle had was at Mansfield, Louisiana, where we met his advance division and after a first-class skirmish, our loss being four hundred killed and nearly six hundred wounded, the Federals retreated to Pleasant Hill, where on the evening of the fifteenth of April we, forty thousand strong, being reinforced by Churchill's Missouri Division, and Banks being reinforced by the celebrated General A. J. Smith's fighting corps from the Army of Tennessee, met in very earnest in battle array.

The battle commenced about three o'clock p. m. I was with the dismounted Texas Cavalry on our right. Our infantry had engaged the enemy on the main road, where the next morning I rode over the dead bodies of two hundred and twelve of the three hundred and twenty New York Zouaves. They were dressed in red and were a shining mark for our riflemen. Few of them got within twenty paces of our rail fence breastworks.

A. J. Smith's corps was sent to the left and faced the dis-

mounted Texas Cavalry, who were in a ravine behind a high eight-rail staked and ridered fence. Churchill's Division of Missouri Infantry, all stalwart men in size, were marched through our ranks going to the front, we, for the first time, playing the part of a support. They had come in from the Indian Territory and stopped long enough in Shrevesport to empty our quartermasters' supplies and had taken all of the good clothing that was intended for our division of cavalry, and which we needed very badly; for we never received a stitch of clothing from that great, good and generous Confederate Government that you may have heard someone talk about. These Missourians positively refused to go to the front unless our clothes were issued to them in Shrevesport, both of which and whom arrived there the same day.

As these Missourians went through our ranks they were feeling good. We were feeling tired and hungry and were all but naked, and possibly someone had said something to them as they came up to the effect that they had stolen our clothes. Anyway they were loud-mouthing and were making all sorts of fun of us lying down in a ravine which they had to crawl down, crawl up and then crawl over to the higher fence along on its bank. They were all armed with the best of new Enfield rifles just received from England via Mexico. These they would shake in the air and tell us in their own peculiar brag-gadocio way, "We'll show you Texans how to fight. We'll show you how to do up the — Yankees," and a thousand and one similar expressions, while we looked on and listened, knowing well that something was going to be doing very soon.

They got over the fence and partly formed in line. There was no enemy in sight. The order was given to "Forward march," and they started across the old field possibly six hundred yards up a gradual ascent. When they got about half way up General A. J. Smith's twelve regimental flags were raised and six bands commenced playing and some eight

thousand men marched up, twelve pieces of artillery being pushed in front of them. It all came within half a minute's time.

Their bayonets and burnished armors looked like a million mirrors reflecting from the hot and brightening sun, and bands that sounded as never bands had ever before sounded to us made one of the grandest battle scenes I had ever seen, and I believe that no man ever saw a more striking one. The display of men, their arms, their bright-shining cannon, *the flags, the sound of that Yankee-doodle tune*, made my heart feel very queer.

Our Missouri men got about half way up, and I can hear the sound ringing in my ears at this time, if it were possible, repeating down the Federal lines, "Forward, march!" And then came the word, "Fire!" The sound of that musketry shook the earth, and it had scarcely died away when that same voice, repeated over and by one hundred subalterns, commanded, "Fall back!" And the artillery bugles sounded and in an instant the fourteen pieces, ten twelve-pound guns and four twenty-four pound howitzers, fired. The trees around us quaked, the earth shook, the sunshine was dimmed by battle smoke, and death seemed to be our doom.

The pieces of both infantry and artillery were elevated so high as to go over the heads of the Missourians and landed in our rear about one mile, where the shot fell in among our horses. There were no orders given to the Missourians to retire, nor had they been told to leave their guns on the battle-field. It was with only one spring that any Missourian succeeded in getting over that fence. It was while they were doing this that the Federals made a better aim and killed, as I remember, about eighty and wounded about two hundred. The Missourians went on over us and then it was our time.

We told them that they were not only thieves, but cowards, and were running without firing their guns. We had reference

to the clothing they had taken from us in Shrevesport, and not to the greater theft they were about to do. They ran on in the direction they had started from and came to our horses tied in the woods, which they took—stole—from our guards, and made fast time.

The Federals, not knowing that we were in the ravine, drew back over the hill and we were ordered back to where our horses had been tied. We followed the Missourians that night fourteen or fifteen miles through the woods toward Mansfield, where they had dismounted from off our horses and sought to sleep and dream away their troubles. Possibly as many as two hundred Missourians kept on going and were never heard from again. The others were of no further use to the Government, for they had no guns.

The next morning I was found out and, quite contrary to my own feelings and inclinations, was ordered to go to the front with a flag of truce and overhaul the retreating Federals, which I did sixteen miles off at what was known as the "Double Bridges," near Grandicore. My message was delivered to the commanding General, requesting ambulances, surgeons and supplies, which were promptly sent. We had no supplies ourselves and our surgeons were thus without power of operating and rendering service to the wounded. The Federals brought back with them loads of everything needed in this line.

We had captured, three days before at the battle of Mansfield, eighty or more well-loaded wagons of provisions, which was a godsend to us. I remember that I was a little late at the division, and when I got to the wagons all of the light and good canned goods were gone. I fell back on a twenty-five-pound keg of pickled pigs' feet and went partners with one of my chums, who had got a twenty-five-pound box of crackers. I always did like pickled pigs' feet and these were especially spiced.

It was given out that I had captured a bale of greenbacks from the quartermaster's or paymaster's wagon, and to this day many believe that I did. It was only a ten-pound bale of Killikinick smoking tobacco. Years since this I was told by a man who I knew was in the battle that he got away with the tin safe of greenbacks, and he said it contained seventy-five thousand dollars, but as he bore no evidence of wealth about him or around him I passed it up as a lie, though I well know he was much above an ordinary thief.

The battles commenced again in a few days, Banks being well supported by his flotilla of transports and gunboats, their infantry being always covered and protected in their retreat to Alexandria down through the Old River and Red River country.

We prepared to give battle, and did, though doing more harm than good, before our left was turned and our right wing was driven back and our center about-faced and sent to the rear, leaving the field in possession of the Federals with twenty-six pieces of artillery. We drew back to what was known as McNutt's Hills, northwest of Alexandria on the old road that led from one side of our continent to the other by way of Alexandria, Louisiana, Nacogdoches and San Antonio, Texas, down to the City of Mexico.

The Federals fell back to Alexandria, Red River having so fallen that the boats could not shoot the rapids at that place. By dismantling all of the cane mills and tearing down many of the stone and brick buildings they built a dam in the river which confined the channel to a narrow current, over which they shot their boats. This was one of the greatest engineering feats performed by either army during the entire war. The man who engineered this dam construction afterward engineered the construction of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad through Colorado, which up to this date is the greatest of its character in the world.

The Federals were detained at Alexandria about six days. They had plenty of provisions, but were kept in compact quarters and there was but little fighting done.

It was during this retreat that Tom Green of the old brigade, who had been made a brigadier general, took the Woods' Texas regiment of cavalry to the edge of an open field and, after making a little talk to them about going to show them how to fight Yankees, he pointed to two gunboats on the river—this was at Blair's landing on Red River. The gun-boats had twelve cannon on each side. The water was on a level with the top of the levee, which was about eight feet higher than the field.

A charge on horseback was made across this field upon these gunboats lying well out in the river. They opened fire with grape and canister and only fired one side. Green was killed well in advance, a cannon shot taking the top of his head off. Three hundred riderless horses ran off the field. Three hundred Texans lay on the field to answer roll call no more. Four hundred escaped—rum, rum, rum, Green Louisiana rum, rum, rum.

In the last year I have been asked to contribute money to erect a monument to the memory of this Tom Green, but no one has ever suggested that the three hundred ~~red~~ who were worse than murdered that morning on that field, should ever be made mention of on shaft or monument.

From McNutt's Hill on the morning that the Federal flotilla went over the dam at Alexandria I counted nineteen sugar plantations burning, each of which when in running order calculating money on a basis of five per cent interest, would average about from four to six hundred thousand dollars each. There were sixty-four of these sugar plantations burning along Red River and the Tache which I counted myself, besides twice as many more that I did not see, not one of which was fired by a Yankee, but by natives who embraced this opportunity of

revenge on the rich planters and their cruel overseers, who had fenced them off from water and had taken their cattle, as did the lords in the *feudal* days of the dark ages.

Our cavalry—with whom I always preferred to stay rather than be doing scout work in a country and for folks I had already learned enough about to know that no self-respecting person could do himself justice, especially when it came to giving information (I might have taken orders or obtained information from Louisiana rum, rum, rum)—was kept constantly on the go, that the Federals might not get scattered over the country and lost.

I was with the Texas cavalry at Williams' plantation, twenty-two miles below Alexandria as the bird would fly, and a much longer distance as the boats would have to go coming around the bends. The river had so fallen that its surface was about forty feet below the top of the levee on its western bank, behind which we had taken temporary quarters. We had brought the identical gun that had been captured on the Harriett Lane in the battle of Galveston, the "bow chaser," a thirty-two pound rifled piece. This was planted on the water level near a short bend in the river. We had saved sixty-four shots from the Harriett Lane for this gun, and this was the first time and opportunity that presented for it to make a showing, and which it did in grand shape under the command of my old chum and the best friend I had in the army and the best man there was in the Confederate army, not even excepting myself, Lieutenant J. C. Cunningham, who was better qualified, able and all-around gifted to have commanded the Trans-Mississippi Department than any of the men who did command it, but who took fiendish delight in turning Cunningham down, as most of them did in dealing with me.

The Federal boats came down the river, one right close behind the other, the first four in advance loaded down with cripples, convalescents and sick, and the mail. It was a beau-

tiful sight to see those boats coming round the bend, decked with the flags of *our nation* and well banded with good players and blowers and horn-tooters. If ever there was any one thing I did hate worse than another it was two toot-horns worse than one.

We, about twelve hundred strong, lying behind the levee, were a surprise to the Federals, who no doubt thought that when they got over the dam at Alexandria they were as good as at home. We opened fire, which they were ill prepared to receive, yet they did it in a most heroic and brave manner. The Red River was but a ditch and the boats were right under us. We could have brickbatted them to advantage. They had scarcely got over their surprise at our appearing on the levee above them when Cunningham let loose a blue whistler, which struck the spot, plowing lengthwise through the front boat, which was heading right toward the muzzle of his cannon, bursting the boiler and creating havoc in all directions. The boat swung round and of course blocked the stream, and the next boat ran against it, and by this time Cunningham had the piece loaded again and it belched forth and another boat was busted up, and then came the *flag of truce*.

We ran the prisoners out to the rear and captured a good lot of needed supplies, for it must be borne in mind that we Texans were always hungry. We captured twenty or more dray loads of United States mail, which was sent to the rear. Were I to undertake to tell of what these mail bags contained people at this date would say, to make up for the lapse of my memory I had made up a pack of lies. Before this time I did not think there were so many little trinkets which could be picked up around a house—many of little or no value, which could be esteemed as souvenirs. Pieces of silk and sometimes whole dresses; bits of linen and even Bibles and hymn books were in this stolen pile; ivory piano keys were a favorite. Perhaps there was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth

of assorted silverware and ladies' jewelry. If asked what became of it I could not tell. *We* had "lifters" too.

Here at this battle (as some called it and as all did who wanted to make it appear to the girls at home that they had been in a great fight when in reality it was only a little skirmish; my idea of a battle I early found was quite different from that of most people, and is even yet; but to my story) we had two men, one of whom I have already mentioned—the man who said that if he believed as I did he would cross the Rio Grande that night when I told him that the war was going to last eight years or longer and that he need not be afraid of not being able to get into the battle, that the Yankees would fight and that he would get his stomach full of them before the thing ended. He was a member of a Committee of Public Safety at home and was the biggest blue-eyed coward I ever saw, excepting one other.

The two men messed together, H—— and B—— (if I spelled their names out it might be a reflection on brave men bearing these names). B—— was an old nigger-driver and a thorough blow-hard, a brag, a white-livered coward. These two men had never been in a battle or an engagement of any sort, but always after one was over turned up with wonderful stories of where they had been, and on one occasion came in with bullet holes shot through their coats and vests, which they had hung up in a tree; the range of the holes would have killed them dead, and it was a give-away.

While we were lying down behind the levee waiting for the Federal boats to come down, these two men were lying close together. A lot of the boys were watching them. When the order came to fire, of course every man rose on top of the levee and shot at an object, the boat at least, while these two men lay flat on their backs and elevated their guns, raising them as high as their arms would reach, and fired on a level with the levee, seeing which the boys who were watching them rushed on and

seized them, and running up to the top of the levee with them in their arms, screaming and yelling at the top of their lungs to the Federals, "Shoot them! Shoot them! Shoot them!"

Cunningham's big gun went off, and though bullets flew like hail from the boats, not one of the party of ten was hurt. It was said that the Federals ran up a white flag before Cunningham's second shot was fired, thinking that this running on the ramparts with the men in their arms was a ruse.

It would have taken just such heroic strength as this to have taken to battle any member of the Committee of Public Safety, as both of these men were, and I never heard of any member of the Committee of Public Safety in the South dying an honorable death in war times, though many of them might have died a natural death.

We had scarcely secured prisoners, mail and the provisions off the boats, which were on fire, before the Federal infantry, ten times our strength, came double-quicking down the wide plantation road. Whoever tells you that any five hundred cavalrymen were ever known to stand up against any ten thousand infantry tells you a lie, and don't you believe it. Horses were not built for that purpose, and cavalrymen know it.

We went away from there. The Federals rigged up their *pulling* machines and in less than twenty-four hours had the river cleared of its obstruction and from then on down the banks of the river were well guarded by both armies, we to keep the Yanks from straying away and getting lost in the swamps.

After this we had many short engagements, and at the battle of Yellow Bayou three hundred and eighty of our men of Polanagac's infantry division were killed in an instant in a hopeless assault in obeying an order emanating from Louisiana rum, rum, rum, hot and steaming from the still. This General was shot in General McGruder's headquarters in Houston, Texas, some months after this for his high-flying and do-

ing a great act of injustice to a man who was a fighter, a Christian and a soldier, and of which I shall tell later.

At Mansura and Cherokee Swamps we engaged the enemy. At the latter place we lost our heavy artillery, known to the boys as the "bull battery," six sixty-four pounders pulled by oxen—old siege guns that no general worthy of the stars would think of wasting time with. Skirmishes and small battles were every day occurrences all this summer in the La Fourche country, and occasionally over on the Mississippi River, two only of which I shall write of and about, and that only to show "what fools these mortals be" who follow rum, rum, rum.

One was the attack made by Louisiana rum, rum, rum, with eight hundred as good soldiers as ever shouldered a musket, on a stockade of logs twelve feet high, double port-holed, situated behind a big ditch and backed up by six thousand negro soldiers armed with the latest implements of war, and who fought under the *black flag*, to reach which we had to march across an open field of six or eight hundred yards, every third man carrying an ax and a ladder. The man who would undertake such a fight as this should not be allowed to live one hour; but "war is hell" and soldiers are sworn to obey. The man who ordered the assault was too well rummed, rummed, rummed to go along. Surely that would be the case. Three hundred and forty men were killed in the twinkling of an eye. None were wounded; all were killed. We did not bury our dead.

The next was the most successful battle and raid that I ever had anything to do with, and I only had to do with that because I knew the man who commanded it and planned it and that there was no Louisiana rum about it, and I refer to Colonel J. C. Vincent of the Louisiana cavalry. We were up Bayou Tache and La Fourche and getting very hungry. The Federals had an immense supply depot on their side of Bayou Atachafalia, known as Burwick's Bay, now as Morgan City.

We actually and absolutely needed those supplies, and some heroic scouting done by parties I need not name settled the fact that there were only about eight hundred Federals guarding them and that there were only six hundred Federals at La Fourche.

We collected all the "sugar coolers," troughs two feet deep, six feet wide, eight feet long, with flat bottoms, in which the molasses was poured to cool and settle and sugar granulate. Six men were put in each, each man with one paddle, canoe fashion, when in the water, and carrying their cooler as though they were carrying a coffin when "*turtling*" it overland. Only side arms were carried. There was no moon on those nights and the tide no more waited then for men than now. Some way above Morgan City we struck the falling tide and took to the water like so many ducks, without making any noise, for our paddles worked underneath as a duck's foot does.

We landed at the right spot, and without any sort of excitement or noise we deliberately pulled our boats up on the edge of the bank above tide water and quietly walked up to say, "Good morning, Mr Yankee!" They got up and beat their reveille in our honor, it would seem, for a more surprised set of men never lived on earth. We just simply told them that they were ours, and putting the words to action took their guns and told them that we were after grub and that we had brought no tobacco along to pay for it, and that we were not dealing in Louisiana rum. In other words, we pointed down the railroad toward La Fourche and told them to git, and they got double quick, and a happier set of men I never saw. I refer to the retreating Federals. Depend upon it, we were all right, and furthermore know you that nothing went into our little boats to the other side of the river in the nature of Louisiana rum. But it was all good, solid, substantial, first-class edibles, and like beavers we worked, and before night we had every-

think on the other bank that was worth moving, with a lot of ammunition and twelve hundred stand of arms.

We spiked their cannon and dismantled a locomotive, while our sappers and miners went back and destroyed a culvert or two. We destroyed nothing and gave the citizens of the place to understand that we were "perfect Southern gentlemen."

Had the man who commanded this expedition commanded the army of New Mexico, what a great difference there would have been in the result! * * * Had he have commanded the Confederate army or any considerable portion of it, and especially the Department of Louisiana, Banks never would have gotten out of the State and we would not have lost one-quarter of the men we did lose. Dick Taylor was General—yes, indeed, no body doubted that surely he was. Was not he a brother-in-law of our Government, Mr. Jefferson Davis? And was it not a fact that he did not have any very extensive acquaintance with people out of Mississippi from which to select generals?

I knew Jeff Davis many times over better than tens of thousands of people who had shaken hands with him in their day, or than the millions or more who were at all times ready to fall down and worship him could have ever known him. I never knew of any one single public-spirited, really noble, charitable act the man ever did, do you? With him it was a case of big me, little you all the time—a man of great ability in certain lines; a worker of men who handled them as the potter does clay; a hypnotizer of women.

That he was a great ladies' man no man who ever knew him will deny. I know that many people rate him as a statesman. On what they predicate their rating I have never been able to see. He was a man of wonderful dislikes, and I never knew him to have any great likes. He was no great thinker on any subject, but did have a very good faculty for collecting the thoughts of others that were good and matching them up.

and shaping them so that his fellows thought they were his own children.

I saw considerable of him. I never saw a smile on his countenance nor heard a kind word from him to any one. His public documents and messages never had more than a passing remark to make of any one, but from first to last were all filled with I, I, I, or the Government, the Government, the Government, which was the same thing, as there was no one around or about him that ever undertook to suggest anything only as it was done in a round-about, apparently careless way. He was no conversationalist, yet a good entertainer when there were ladies around, and a very good listener when he thought that by listening he could hear something which could be put to personal advantage.

Few men ever lived in a free country like ours, of free people as we are supposed to be, who had the power of overawing and making others who came into his presence feel so very small, and what was worse, make them keep that feeling up all their lives. I never saw anything good in the man though I tried to time and again. He was largely the prime mover of secession and possibly was the proper one to have been selected as the President of the Confederacy, but I believe that any common, honest, clodhopper of a planter of the South who made no pretensions to statesmanship could have selected five hundred who could have led the South with greater honor and credit. No one, aye, no one else could have done worse.

It is absolutely repellent to my idea of man's power to say or believe that the South could have been conquered as it was without being given one iota of terms or conditions except as stated before were given by General Grant at Appomattox.

Now, reader, supposing you had been the President of the Confederacy; when you plainly saw that it was all day with your cause and you had seen extended to you an olive branch,

would you have run away from your office and sought to escape out of the country and leave your people whom you had involved in such troubles to their own wretchedness? Even supposing that if you escaped to England you were going to get all the money over there for Confederate cotton, estimated at \$22,500,000? *Who did get it?*

The man who places himself at the head of any sort of an enterprise, be it ever so small or ever so large, should in doing so say, "With it I rise; with it I perish." Did Mr. Davis do so in any one single instance? Can any one show where he represented or in any way engaged in any sort of a move that would alleviate the sufferings and the distress of the people at home, much less the Confederate soldier in the field?

I know that there are a lot of men, worshipers and sycophants in the South who think that because the women of the South were so infatuated over Davis that they should make and sing songs in his praise. The women of the South were fooled in this matter, as in all others in which they were in any way wrong. The great and noble people of the South, who not only loved their country, but their neighbor, never swallowed Jeff Davis. He was forced on the people by a set of ringsters, politicians, who looked only for self and spoils, who largely became "*scallawags*" after they had sold and betrayed the South.

Once in about so often we see a piece going around in the Southern papers under different heads, but all referring to the prison life of Jeff Davis, told in such a way as to incite and excite sympathy with the people of the South, regardless of merit or truth. Elsewhere I have referred to the returning soldier's playing on the sympathies of the poor women and children at home.

That Jeff Davis tried to escape through and by or under a woman's garment was nothing for the world to be surprised at. In that way he was trying to get out of the Confederacy

and get away from the people of whose ruin he had been the prime cause, instead of standing up like a noble, brave and chivalrous man and saying to the enemy, "Here, take me!"

Even at the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox he could have called a halt and brought about a peace conference. Would you undertake to ask why he did not do it? No man can answer and do it at all creditably to Jefferson Davis' name.

When I travel through the South, as I have in the last few years, and see the condition of affairs down there, all brought about by reason of the secessionists deceiving the people and financially betraying them and selling them out—no other way to account for it, for there is no man of common intelligence today who will undertake to say that two and one-half million fighting free men, with two and one-half million bread-producing slaves (the negroes at home) could ever be conquered, could ever be whipped by any sort of numbers that might be brought against them—I ask myself how can any honest man love a *secession Democrat*, and especially of the Jeff Davis brand.

The South had the advantage of people as well as of ground. It had the advantage of climate as well as productiveness of soil. Shall we say that it was a decree of our Creator that negro slavery should be abolished, that all this may be accounted for and the South become reconciled to its fate? Let the more rabid, deep-in-the-wool and skin-dyed abolitionist who ever lived go in the South today and say, if he dares, but that the condition of the negro in the South today is many times worse than it was in the days of slavery, while that of the white people is actually deplorable in many parts of what was once the most lovely of all the Southern land.

I care not who assails what I have written. Truth is mighty and will prevail, and will stand when all falsehoods and deceptions and villainies shall have passed away, and by it I stand, caring not one iota for the opinion of young men who

have not seen what I have seen, or of old men who, although they lived in the same days with me, saw little and knew less. Nor must it not be charged against me that I am sore because any of my family owned negroes that were freed and other property which was made valueless thereby, for such was not the case. To the contrary, my ancestors emancipated their slaves and settled them on Government land. Neither can it be said that the woman who afterward became my wife owned negroes.

I was no abolitionist, yet I believed that slavery should be confined to certain territory, and I further believe that had the majority of the people of the United States come to vote against slavery in a fair election, means for the gradual emancipation of the negro should take place. Yet in those days I was not a politician or a statesman and gave the matter but little concern, excepting when I saw cruel punishment meted out to a slave who would dare to be free, by a cruel, barbarous, cold-blooded, heartless overseer after the slave had been ironed down, as was often the case on the large sugar and cotton plantations.

IN ANTE-BELLUM DAYS.

In the winter of '59 my business was to visit the sugar plantations on the lower Brazos River in Texas, many of which no one was allowed to go into or come out from excepting on a pass from the owner or from the overseer from within, and report on things in general and check up accounts.

The —— was one of these, and, armed with a pass from the proprietor, I presented it to the overseer, who looked at it *upside down* and then at me, and said in substance: "If this is all right, you're all right; but —— —— — if it ain't right, I will make you wish that you were in hell or some other place that burns not as hot as I will make this for you here."

This, coming from a cruel, monstrous looking, beast-like being with snake-like eyes darting their flashings at me, made me feel sort of tremulous. My horse was well nigh broken down from a long day's journey which I had made in order to get to this place, for the proprietor told me that I would be treated very nicely, and he was wanting more favors of the bank which I represented as credit man.

The overseer carried a big six-shooter on one hip and a bowie knife on the other and a great big blacksnake whip in one hand and, if I am not mistaken, a pair of iron knuckles under the glove on his left hand. He motioned for me to follow him and he went down the road a way to a cabin, where a white woman was standing on a porch. He gave her my *pass* to read and she declared it all right, and, turning around, he said, "Well, come on with me." The woman hollered to know if we were not coming to supper. He yelled back, "Send it down to us." So we rode on to the sugar mill.

It was in the midst of the grinding season. I was told to

go and feed my horse and throw my saddle and stuff up in the corn bin, but I could not trust my saddle-bags there, for in them were many thousands of dollars' worth of notes that I had taken and other statements of account that had to be looked over and approved by the overseer or owner of the plantation I fed my horse, but kept my saddle-bags on my shoulders and came back to the mill, going to the boiling room first, where I had seen the overseer go.

I was standing looking on when he came up and said: "If you want to find out anything you had better follow me." He undertook to take my saddle-bags and throw them over a beam, but I told him no, that I could not part with them; then I got scared for a fact. He took me down to the furnaces where six-foot wood was being thrown in under the boiler which furnished steam to run the great grinders. The negro who was doing this was about twenty-five years old, six feet one inch tall, weighing about one hundred and ninety or two hundred pounds. A more perfect nigger man I had never seen. He had no clothes on whatever. A three-fourths by three-inch band was riveted about his hips and another around his neck, then a bar of iron one-half of an inch thick and two wide was riveted to the one on the hip and to the one on the neck, leaving a projection two feet high, bending over on which was hung a large-sized Kentucky cowbell. Around his ankles a chain was riveted, and that back to a two hundred and fifty or three hundred pound piece of iron.

In this condition this nigger was firing the furnace. How long he had been there I never found out. He was still firing there the next morning when I came down. The overseer stepped up to within six or eight feet of him, raised his black-snake whip, twirling it around in the air full arm's length with an oath which only demons could use, and with a swash of the whip he screamed out, "You'll run away again, will you — — —!" Six or eight powerful lashes were laid on the

negro in this condition, who was praying, "Oh, Massa! Oh, Massa!" but that did no good. Turning around to me this demon said, "That's the way we are going to treat every abolitionist who comes down in this country."

I followed the overseer up into the boiling room, carrying my saddle-bags on my shoulders all the time. My only weapons of defense was a pair of small Derringer pistols, which I carried in my breeches pocket. He walked around, slashing a nigger with his blacksnake whip here and there, though all were hard at work, and this to both men and women alike. I followed the brute around until finally we landed up in a room in which there were several cots. There was a partition in the room, showing that it might be used by men and women. I was told to take my pick among the cots and he would send me something to eat directly, which came in the shape of a big chunk of corn dodger pome and boiled bacon on an old tin plate, and with nothing else, and I did eat. I finally found some drinking water and was offered some stuff they called "metheglam," the smell of which was enough.

I went to bed early, for I was very tired, and fell fast asleep, forgetting all of my troubles and fears. Shortly after I had gone to bed a party of four or five young men and as many young women came in. They were having a jolly big time, of which I knew nothing, for I was sound asleep. I wore boots, which were standing at the head of my bed, which they filled with boiling hot syrup and then jumped on my bed and screamed, "Fire! Fire!" I grabbed my saddle-bags, my pants and coat and started off without my boots to escape, as I thought, a mill on fire, when the men jumped and yelled, "Your boots!" I shouted back, "I don't want them; where will we go to get out of the fire?"

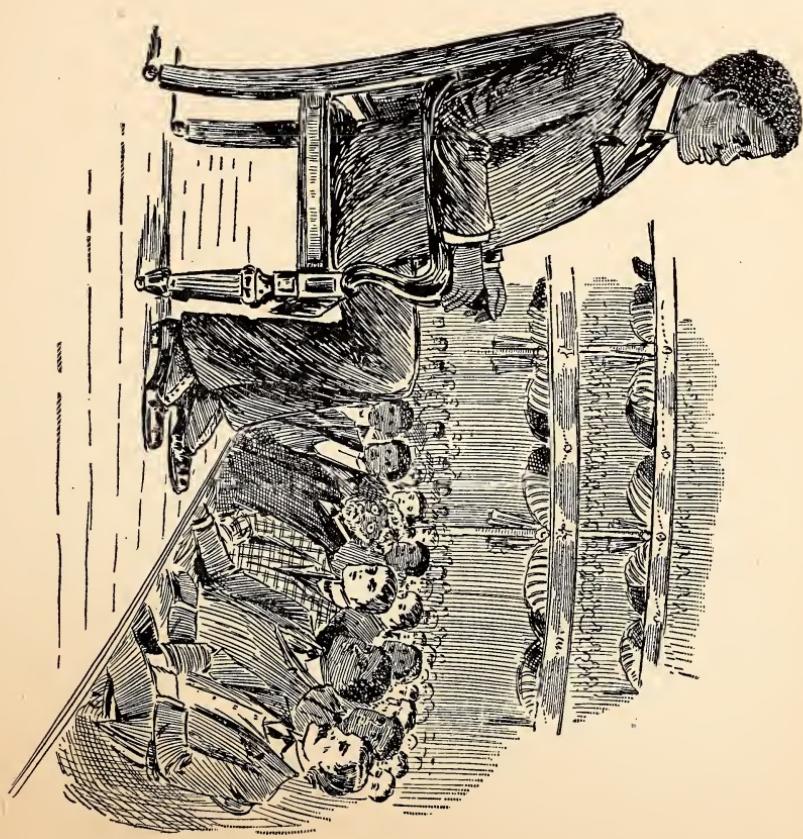
They all, men and women, commenced to laugh. There I was standing before them, under a dim light, with my clothes and saddle-bags in my arms in my shirt tail, for up to that time

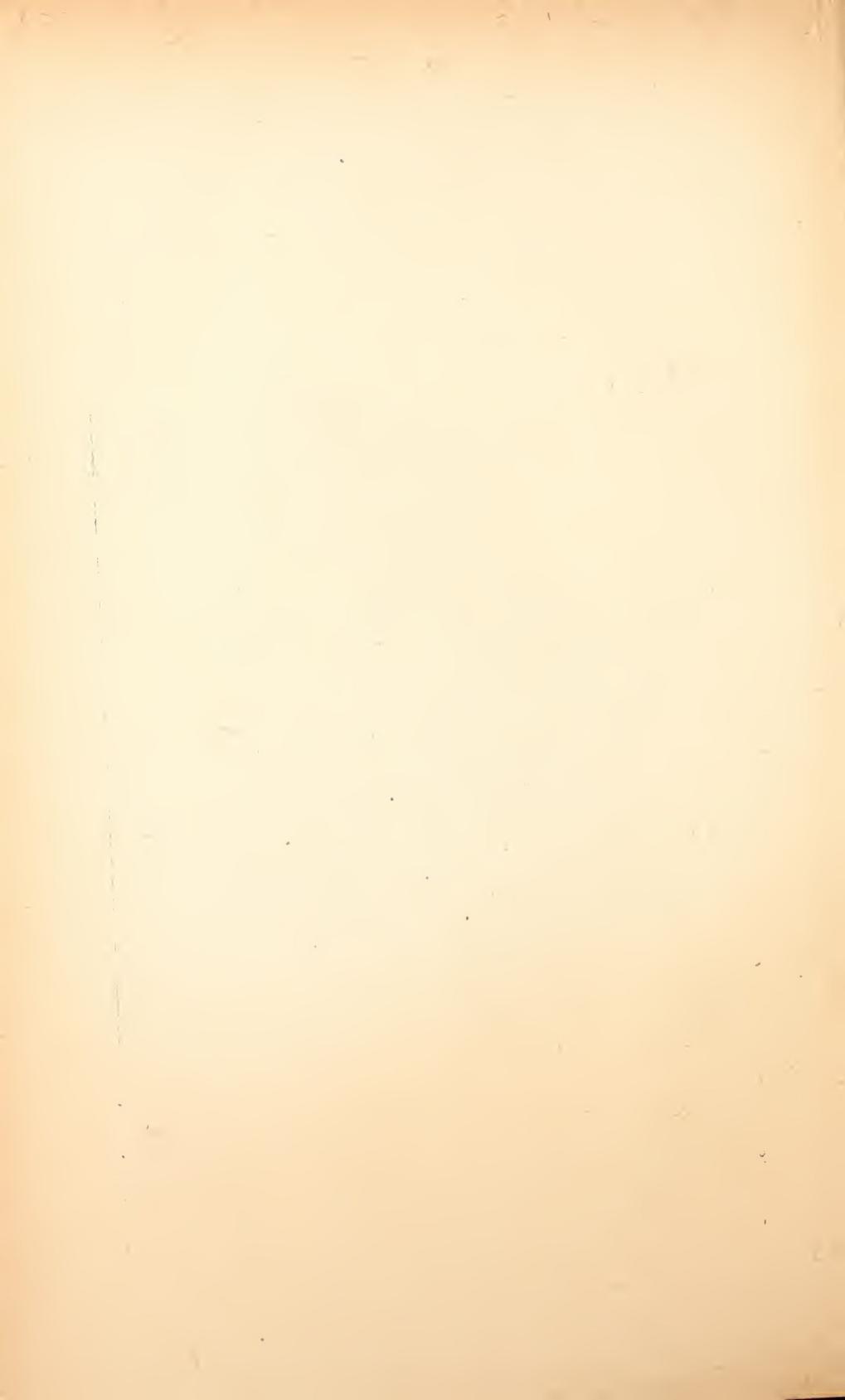
of life I never had worn a pair of drawers. They laughed fit to kill themselves, and one broke out and said with a profound oath, "If he had only stuck his feet into his boots we would have had fun." Whereupon I went back to my cot and there were my boots filled full of hot syrup, which would have ruined me for life had I have stuck my foot into it. Of course my boots were ruined.

I sent for the overseer as early as possible in the morning, for I knew better than to leave the plantation without his sending a man to the outer gate with me. He came out rubbing his eyes and swearing that he did not want to be bothered by people like me who came there seeing the niggers. I told him that "I represented the banking and commission house of Mr. So-and-So and Mr. So-and-So. The proprietor gave me the note he did to see you and said to have you check up this bill, but you see I have got no boots and I have got to get away to get something to eat, and I may be back. With an oath he told me to go, and that I had better not come back, and I did not. I rode eighteen miles to Columbia through the worst road a man ever rode before I was able to get a pair of shoes.

Now you ask me of the change I have seen. It was less than six years after this identical date that this same negro was presiding over the lower House of the Texas Legislature as its Speaker in the Twelfth Texas Legislature. And it was he who passed upon more measures looking to the internal improvement than all the Speakers who had filled the chairs in the eleven previous Legislatures and all the Congresses of the Republic of Texas. For many years afterward he was Probate Judge of that very identical county, and is now, or was a short time back. * * *

The owner of an adjoining plantation made a raid on this plantation and on this overseer's wife. In defending her this overseer was shot in a dozen or more places and then cut to pieces with a bowie knife, and Jackson, the murderer, was





turned loose by a jury of his peers two years afterward, and two years after that was himself shot to pieces by a cowboy whom he had insulted. The cowboy was never molested.

My business brought me in contact with all the largest cotton and cane plantations on the Brazos, Colorado, Guadalupe and Trinity Rivers of Texas, and I was drilled into my business and thoroughly instructed as to how to size up a plantation and its owners and overseers. Upon my report largely depended the credit by the Houston, Galveston and New Orleans factors and bankers.

In those days business was conducted on quite a different plan from what it is now in any part of the world. The man who owned a tract of land, clear and unincumbered, and four or five niggers, could usually procure credit to the full face value of the niggers and the land, either in ready cash or in goods furnished for plantation supplies. The rates were ten per cent per annum interest, one year's time, renewable every year, with two and one-half per cent for advancing, making the interest equal to twelve and one-half per cent.

If the transaction was for ready money, it was to buy more niggers. On a good plantation, under good management, and cotton at five and six cents a pound, a negro was calculated to pay for himself and mule and provisions for both in three years' time on a cotton plantation and in two years' time on a sugar plantation.

When an up-country planter opened an account with a commission merchant or banker in New Orleans or any other city he paid full retail price for all goods and two and one-half per cent for advancing. The contract virtually gave over to the factor all of the planter's earthly possessions, and it was often the case that the factor furnished the overseer for the place, much as the courts of the country now appoint "receivers" for lame ducks. A note given "for plantation supplies" covered everything, no exceptions.

The average cotton planter was a humane master, and I have visited hundreds of plantations where the negroes on them were treated with the greatest consideration and Christian kindness, and they were treated just about as the home folks were.

It was on the big sugar plantations and large Mississippi cotton plantations that cruelty was shown to the slaves by the barbarous, cruel overseer, the like of which I have described. The owners were in Europe or in some Northern summer resort or winter resort in the South, scarcely ever visiting the plantation. The overseer was the go-between for the supposed owner and the real owner, the banker or the commission merchant. The average Southern planter of this class was a bankrupt from the start. Money was furnished him by his factor, very much as rich people or corporations furnish money to pensioners, retired clerks, etc.

The negro by nature is indolent. He is impudent, sassy, and if given an inch will take an ell at any time. He is a great flatterer. In order to keep him straight the lash was necessary and has always been found necessary, more or less, in all well-regulated families.

I have been in all of the great slave pens or marts in the big cities like Richmond, Mobile, New Orleans and Galveston, and I never saw anything so wonderfully out of the way or more than might be expected by any sane person who looked at the thing just as it was and had to be. Niggers were raised in Kentucky and Tennessee and Virginia, just as horses and mules were, for sale to the cotton and sugar planters of the South, and just as they raised hemp with which to bale the cotton, and just as cattle and horses and hogs are raised today for sale or consignment to the big markets.

I was never commissioned to buy any negroes or to sell any, but I will explain how the matter was conducted. A commission house received an order to buy four or fifty, as the

case might be, field hands, men under twenty, not over thirty. He went to the mart and that number of hands were picked out, or a less number or a larger number, or half a dozen girls or half a dozen women for maid-servants, hotel servants or house servants. They were brought forward for exhibition. The purchaser had but a few questions to ask. No dickering as to price was had. On the bulletin board were written words to this effect, "On Next Wednesday (three or four days off from the time they were selected) we will sell on the block twenty abled-bodied young men, field hands. None under eighteen, none over thirty."

On that day the agent came and the bidding commenced. If there were one, two or three parties around there who wanted that particular sort of a drove, possibly the bidding was lively and the man who got that bunch of niggers paid a thousand or twelve hundred dollars apiece for them. The separation of families was not as frequent as many would think, for it was not either good sense, public policy or financial interest to do it. Then it made no great difference to the negro. Very few of them had anything like affections or attachments for each other. The mother might cry and go on for a little while, but with the coming of the morrow it was entirely gone out of her mind, and so also with the father. Like cats, they have little or no thoughts of the past and no gratitude in their make-up.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" pictured forth some things in good shape, and as a play to catch the eye and senses of the masses and also as an educator it was a great success. The people of the North were educated to believe the hard stories which were told of how the poor slave was treated down South, just as the warm-hearted, noble-souled women of the South were educated to believe in the cruelty of the Yankees, as I have set forth and explained elsewhere, and in turn, just as the people

of the North were educated to believe in the Andersonville prison horrors.

I attended a reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic where a man was selling pictures representing the prison horrors of Andersonville, and they were all on a par with the one I will undertake to describe. This picture represented four large mules drawing a modern four-wheeled truck wagon with standards upon each end, six feet high, chained together on top. This was filled crosswise with human bodies. The body of the wagon was twelve feet long, six feet high and five feet wide. These human bodies were laid crosswise and stacked up, rounding on top, just as one may see a load of frozen hogs stacked.

These bodies were stacked up on top of one another and were being driven to where a pile of human bodies one hundred feet long by fifty feet high were thrown together. No intelligent man who looked at those pictures but knew that he was looking at a lie, an impossibility; that there were no such mules in harness down there; that there were no such wagons made in those days; that no bodies of dead human beings could be piled up in any such a way as that. If all the prisoners at Andersonville had been dead and thrown in one big pile it could not have made such a pile as the picture represented. Notwithstanding all this, that fox-faced, cunning old limping hypocrite was doing a big business, selling those lithograph pictures to the soldiers' wives and daughters. I never was a gambling man, but had I have been I would have bet one thousand dollars to one that the man who sold the pictures never was in any sort of an army except an army of deceiving thieves who are as bad as cutthroats. Oh, how the women would weep over those pictures!

The worst feature of slavery that I saw was what was termed "missignation," which word implies little or much to different people, but to me it implies much. It was a growing

evil. It is not the case in the South now. The white and black races are becoming more and more separated. One cannot see in the city of New Orleans today one octoroon, where fifty years ago he might have seen one hundred. There are many less kinky headed white children born in the South now than there were fifty years ago, and I may safely say fifty to one less.

I have referred elsewhere to the migration of the negro from the South, and I have thought that in consequence thereof the race will be swallowed up, dried up, evaporated. While it had been on the increase since the war, it was under conditions that do not exist in their migratory state.

I was traveling with a gentleman through Arizona and was asking him of the stock conditions. He told me that it had been very profitable, but that in the past few years the range had been over-fed and the grass was dying out, and he said (I am not undertaking to repeat his exact words): "Cows down here evaporate and disappear, just like the niggers down South in Georgia where I came from do, and no one can tell what becomes of them." I believe that races have thus disappeared from being swallowed up. Did you ever see a dead cat, a dead wild goose or duck or humming bird? I do not mean one that has been killed or trapped.

The negro will never rule the United States again as in the past, and his day of rule in the South has passed away never to return again, and the people of the North say, "It is well."

AN EX-CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

I have been asked to give a history of the building of the Confederate monument in Chicago, how it was brought about, its early inception, origination and completion, by people who knew that I had done some early guiding and scouting in that direction.

It is often the case that when a man undertakes to accomplish a great undertaking he must place dummies and work from afar in the rear and through stool-pigeons and wooden soldiers and decoys, and often not let his right hand know what his left hand is doing.

The story has so many points of beginning and only one ending that I scarcely know where to commence, but its first inception was from the following little incident :

When Grant crossed down below Vicksburg and after the battle of Big Black, where the Confederacy through *Pemberton's* drunken incompetency lost so many soldiers unnecessarily (referred to in previous chapters) he came down to Jackson, Mississippi, and sent a "feeler" on down toward Mobile on the railroad leading in that direction. I was on my way from Richmond to the Trans-Mississippi Department with the most important dispatch which up to that time it had been my mission to bear.

I had on a light pair of pants, light shoes, one shirt, a Federal blue blouse and what once was a Panama hat. I had my Derringer pistols in my breeches pocket. The dispatch was pinned on my blouse inside of the lapel. I had two packages of five plugs each of the finest Gravely tobacco that ever was sold in Richmond, a package in each inside pocket. There was method in my madness when I had this done. The heavy dis-

patch paper which covered them, the heavy red seals placed at each end would indicate that they were of extra value; and so was Gravely in those days. Such tobacco is worth \$3.00 per pound now.

These were my tubs that I carried along to throw to the whales. I had best tell this whale story that I may be the better understood. In the days gone beyond recall when whaling was a business followed by a large number of people, the harpooner was a man unto himself. He stood in the front of the boat and cast his fluke irons in the best part of the whale he could strike. To this harpoon would be attached three or five hundred feet of rope coiled up in the boat, which would pay out very fast when the whale got to feeling the effects of the flukes.

He made thinks lively around there and when three or five hundred feet of rope was played out the boat with the four or five sailors in it bobbed around on the water lively. When Mr. Whale came to the surface he broke for the boat and there would be no chance of getting away from him. So the boatmen were always provided with a few tubs which they threw at the whale, and while the whale was demolishing the tub they made good their escape. So my dispatch-like packages of tobacco were my tubs.

The whale struck me about four o'clock one evening. I had no more idea of seeing Yankees down in that section thirty miles south of Jackson on the Mobile road than I had of seeing ghosts. I was right on them before I knew it. I was off guard, not expecting danger. That is when we most often get it to our heart's content, for, as Garfield said when he was nominated, "It is the unexpected which occurs."

I had crossed a little stream and gone perhaps a mile when, looking before me in the big road, I saw quite a dust. It was an open pine woods country. The next I saw was twenty-five or thirty well-mounted, very dusty Yankees. I knew them

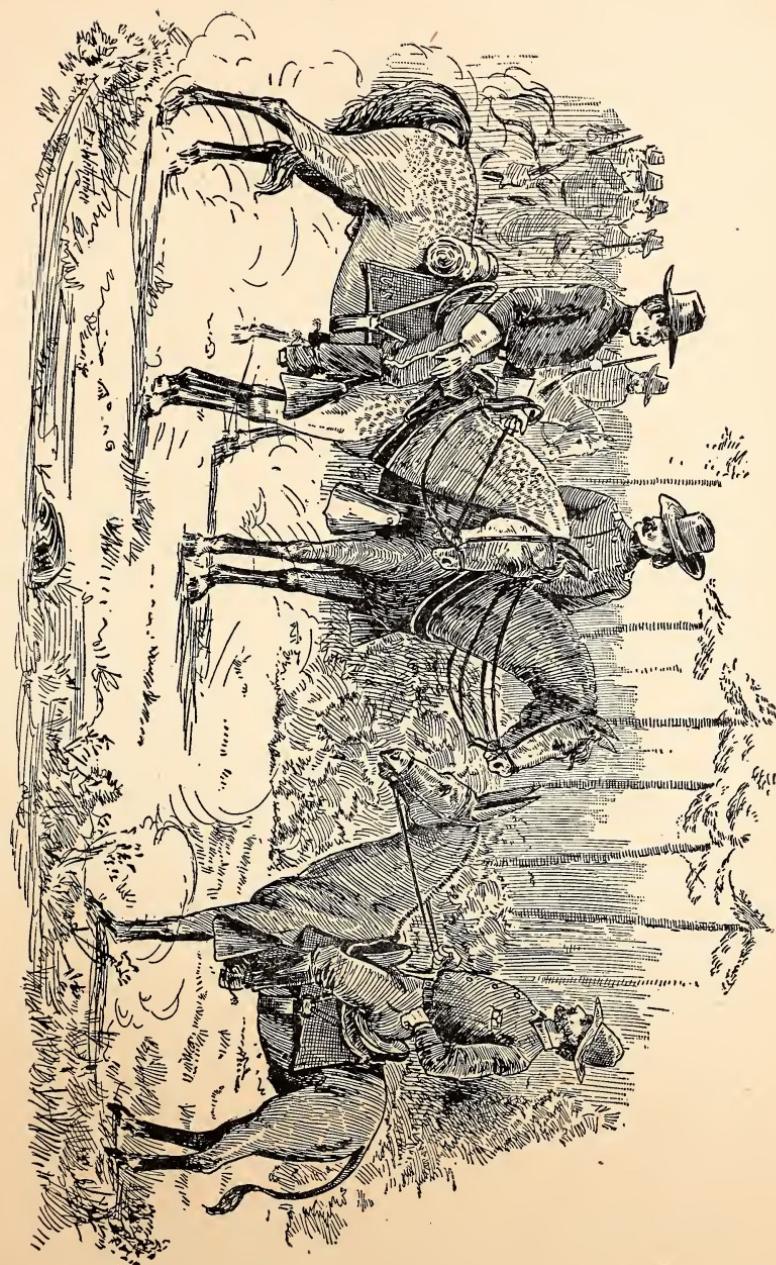
quicker than they knew who I was. I rode out to the side of the road to let them pass, as though it were a matter of everyday occurrence, but the commander of the advance guard did not see it that way, and yelled out, "Hey, Johnnie!" then I knew that it was a Westerner, for that was what all Western troopers called us rebels. "Heave to here and tell us how far it is to the next water." I turned my mule and said, "Oh, well, I'll show you. It is only down here a mile." And he rode toward me and I rode toward him, coming together slantwise-like, and true to his Yankee instinct, and as I knew would be the case, he reached down and took out of my pocket next to him what he supposed to be what I wanted him to think it was, and then seeing the package in the other pocket, he took that out, while I picked off and chewed up and swallowed Secretary of War Sedden's autographed special order by command of the President.

I saw that my captor felt happy when he told me, "You will consider yourself a prisoner of war and as such, sir, deport yourself."

"All right," says I.

We soon reached the creek, and then others reached it, and soon others reached it, and then the infantry came up, and there might have been twenty-five thousand live Yankees there that night.

I saw a squad of cavalry coming and I looked at the chief rider, whom I recognized from pictures I had seen of him. I knew that it was General John A. Logan and that he was the "Sancho Pansy" of the lay-out. Colonel Bolton of the Chicago *flying artillery* was the man who captured me. He turned me and my dispatches, as he supposed, over to Logan, who was tired and gave me no particular attention save to ask where I was from, which I answered promptly and told the truth. They paid no attention to me, nor did I much to them.



They divided their crackers and coffee and bacon with me, and soon all were laying down flat on the ground and sound asleep.

Logan called Bolton to him and said loud enough for me to hear, "That Johnnie has played a hell of a trick on you. See here what he had in those papers." And out he drew my ten plugs of highly prized and very valuable tobacco, a division of which then commenced, when I walked up and asked if I might not have a little piece of it myself, that I was carrying it home to my old father in Texas from an old uncle who manufactured it. The lie went, and so did I soon after.

Soon everything was still in camp and I did not ask, "Where's your mule?" But I put to practice tactics which I had learned in the Indian country, and soon on all fours I was out of the dead line and by daybreak I was twenty-five miles away and at Dr. Lyons' White Surphur Springs, Mississippi. Sedden's dispatch was delivered in my hand writing and not in his. The delay that was caused by my running up against the Federal army was more than made up by running "ferninst" them.

Sixteen years after this date I went to the Chicago post-office second-class division to pay postage on a paper that I was then publishing in Chicago. Colonel Bolton, for that was he, looked at me as much as to say he wanted a drink from an old acquaintance, and after eyeing me over and having his clerk give me a receipt, he said: "Haven't I met you somewhere?"

"Yes, I have been there," was my reply; "and I think from the look of your jib you have either crossed my trail or I have yours, and I suggest that we adjourn over to—," well, it was where liquid refreshments were dealt out.

He asked me what army I belonged to and then I caught on. I recognized both the man and his voice, and said I, "Are you ready to pay me for that tobacco, to say nothing about the mule?"

He jumped up and grabbed my hand and I his. We had

a drink or two and then he said, "Follow me. Now we will have some fun."

He took me to the Grand Pacific Hotel, where General Logan was in conference with "Long Jones," his party's State Committeeman; for Logan was hard run for one or two more votes to return him to the United States Senate, and Jones "he paid freight on all goods wanted." And Logan got there again.

Bolton bolted into the room with me without ceremony, and carrying me up in front of Logan said: "General, here's that Johnnie rebel prisoner that you put me under arrest for for two weeks. Now take him."

The first words that Logan said to me were: "That was almighty good tobacco that your uncle was sending to your dad."

I replied, "It went, didn't it, General?"

Turning around to Bolton he said: "It seems as though it did with Bolton."

He wanted to know of me what dispatch it was that I carried. We laughed over the matter a little. He wanted to know if I got through with it, and I said I did.

From that on Logan and I were great personal friends, and there was nothing honorable in the power of men that I would not have done for him, and I esteem Mrs. Logan as one of the grandest of American woman living today.

Grant had served his country eight years and was returning around the world and would soon reach San Francisco. I had already made a few "extemporaneous remarks" before large audiences in favor of a third term deal. It was Logan who suggested to me to call the Confederates together in the city of Chicago to welcome Grant, and making that a nucleus organize, and he would see that the ground in which the Confederates were buried in Chicago would be turned over to us to decorate.

I put advertisements in the Chicago papers, calling for a meeting of the ex-Confederates in Chicago, to meet in the Tremont Hotel to form ourselves into a company to welcome U. S. Grant. There was no name signed to the advertisement, but the boys came.

I was not acquainted with more than two or three. I had one of my acquaintances nominate a chairman for the meeting and another nominate a secretary. I was not known in the deal, nor did I open my mouth in the meeting. Better men could not have been selected than were. One, the secretary, turned turtle after he had been presented with a fine silver service for his efficiency as secretary, and solely because the boys would not elect him president.

At the proper time I introduced a resolution for the meeting to have a committee of three appointed to correspond with the Secretary of War with a view of obtaining the proper authority for the better care of the graves of the seventy-eight hundred Confederate soldiers who died at Camp Douglas in Chicago. I could get no second to my resolution. All of the boys were clerks and similarly conditioned, who were great Confederates to hear them talk when there was no one else around, but who feared public opinion and sentiment and the blue pencil of their bosses as a slave did the lash.

After assuring the crowd that I had the assurance of Senator Logan and the then Secretary of War, Robert Lincoln, there were half a dozen seconds and the committee was increased from my suggestion to nine, and I have often been surprised that it had not been increased to the full number of members who were there that night. These little clerkies gave me a great deal of trouble and at one time I came very near abandoning the undertaking.

Finally a scheme presented itself through General George R. Davis, an ex-Congressman and manager of the World's Fair undertaking in Chicago, who sent for me. He and I

were old neighbors and friends. The conference ended in my naming to him six of the boys whose bosses would let them go, he to furnish the funds and all expenses, to Atlanta, Georgia, and interview Senator Gordon. I played 'way back in the background. This little trip secured the World's Fair for Chicago. But for it St. Louis would have carried the day.

When the boys returned I met them in the Grand Pacific Hotel. They treated me as though I wasn't in the deal and knew nothing of it. They were swollen up as big as such characters could possibly swell. In a few days, however, they were down to their normal condition as clerks.

After this the association met without my knowledge and made a deal with a Kentucky Colonel, who had never heard the sound of a gun or smelled powder, and who, for all I know, may have made a lot of money out of it. But the monument was erected all the same, and it stands there today—a forty thousand dollar monument, the finest up to its day that ever marked a spot where a Confederate soldier lay, ninety-five per cent of the cost of which was paid by the business men of Chicago. I could name two or three men of the Camp in Chicago who are really worthy of esteem. The balance are all on a parity with that class of people who, if you but stick a feather in their hat and give them a few hot toddies and a few words of flattery, away they go "bigger men than old Grant."

It has been my observation through life that the smaller the man, the greater opinion he has of himself; and the less he does for the world and for others, the more he becomes exalted in his own opinion. Of all detestable things I ever came across what could equal a negro baby whitewashed or a white man black-washed, *i. e.*, an old grizzly-bearded, gray-haired fool and poppin-jay with his beard and hair dyed black?

The Mohammedan religion teaches that there are seven grades in hell and each succeeding one is twice as hot as the first or the one preceding it, to "let the punishment fit the

crime," and that the seventh and hottest one is the hell of the *hypocrite*. The man or woman who thinks that anything is to be gained by lying, deceit and hypocrisy would think vastly otherwise if he or she would but live a straightforward, honest, faithful, virtuous and truthful life.

It is the pretender, the actor, the deceiver, the liar, the fallen one in all things, who makes this world one of cruelty. It is the truthful man or woman, and it is the truthful boy or girl who makes these, who make this world all it is of bountifulness and beauty. Like begets like in all things, was God's first order, and as we sow so shall we reap. Who plants blessings will never reap thistles, and he who honestly and faithfully and truly seeks to make all mankind with whom he comes in contact better and more happy, and who seeks to make two blades grow where one formerly grew, it is that man or woman who receives the first lessons in heavenly homeship here on earth, to be made more bright and happy and perpetual in that bourne from whence no traveler ever returns.

It is the lying, deceitful hypocrite and the coward who has made the Christian religion the derision of so many noble, honest people. The cowards of the church that wear the cloth condone offenses against the tenets of the church until they have disgraced the calling so that the average man of affairs, of observation and business experiences, turns from the preacher with, if not downright contempt and loathsomeness, then with the same feeling that he would from a bad customer, as from some one or any one who comes around him wanting something for nothing, ever begging, ever praying for more and more, never content and never giving thanks for what is given or for what they receive.

It is part of my religion and belief—I teach it and practice it—that God, my great Creator, has no use for the beggar, and that He pays no attention to prayers. He knows in advance our wants and, as I believe, it is an insult to Him to spend

our time in suggesting what He should do. I mean by this these beggarly prayers. The great Creator knows all things, provides all things, and He gives all things for good, and He expects from His creatures here below the return of thanks, expressions of gratefulness, and to these all things are added.

I have never seen in my world-wide travels a prosperous, contented, happy community but that the preponderant peculiarity and characteristic was politeness, thankfulness, kindness in all these things which make a sojourner or stranger within their gates feel as though he had been promoted many degrees heavenward.

I have never yet seen a first-class hypocrite but that he was always wanting to pray with the family he visited. I have saved more money in my life by playing shy of the man who wanted to make the women and children believe, through and by his accursed hypocritical actions and pretensions, that he was just a little better than the best man they had ever met before, and that he was too utterly, utterly good to ever be bad in anything.

These are the very chaps who, when they go to a great city like Chicago or New York, want to go "slumming" and want to go to the theater, and who are many times over delighted with a leg show than they are with any first-class performance; and they are the men who, when they go home, will tell, if you are acquainted in that country, all the people around what a powerful bad man, what a wonderfully wicked man you are, and that you are all the while trying to pilot them into the dens of iniquity.

I have come across in my day no few of this sort and have found without exception the man who professes to be the most sanctimonious at home is the most perfect "devilish bug" when far enough away as to warrant him in thinking that no one will ever find him out.

A young man once asked a sage which way would he go

to find room to advance. The sage pointed to the upper shelves of his book case and said, "See, how empty they are!" It is thus to-day. Always was and always will be. The higher we ascend, the fewer to interfere with our spreading out. The world to-day is more and more demanding noble men, true men, natural men, men of thought. And the world will reward this sort as it has been rewarding them in the last hundreds of years and especially since the foundation of this great Government of human liberty, where all men are equal, except that the energetic, industrious, truthful man—and he has but few equals—has reached out and has great room in which to rove.

The teacher, the preacher, the lecturer of to-day who goes out assailing wrongs and faults and the untruth is the one who will be blessed in both basket and store.

No man has a right to participate in any sort of charity or the promotion of any sort in religion or politics *who owes another man one cent*. For the man who owes debts to give money to any sort of an enterprise is like taking another man's money without his consent. I know of a party, and there are millions of them, who tried to make his neighbors and people believe that he is a very honest man and a good Christian. He entertains the preacher and always contributes *largely in as public a way as possible* when the hat is passed around. This man has worse than robbed foreign creditors to the tune of thousands of dollars. His ability to successfully play the hypocrite, to *act* the part, never fails to be sufficient to fool and deceive any one having anything for sale, if the party comes from a distance and relies upon the statement made by the neighbors of this man, who in every instance has no knowledge or idea of his hypocritical way of making money, through making them believe he is a saint, and they in turn giving it that way to the salesman.

That I have paid dear for my experience in this line no one

should doubt, and I only give my experience as I do in hope that it may be of benefit only to those who like myself have hearts that prompt desires to the accomplishment of good to all.

Some years ago I traveled through Georgia and Florida to administer on my own estate, in order that my grandchildren, whom I love so much, and who are to receive it, should not spend money to find out how that "Grandpap" was an old fool and died a pauper as far as his Southern investments were concerned.

I had planted considerable money on the partnership plan. I bet on the honesty of my men, mostly old Confederate soldiers, but did not calculate upon the curses of Almighty God which rested on the country. From frosts and unprecedented freezes that came on the property every time the trees got old enough to bear, and drouths when the cane needed rain to mature it, but from no fault of the men whom I "grub-staked," I lost my all. Just about as I did when I made a consignment of valuable goods in an old rotten hulk of a ship and started it through the Indian Ocean, and thus have a cause to charge it up to the "acts of God," as my invoices and bills of lading would provide for and against such accidents, and as did my late contractor when he inserted in my contract the words, "Strikes not preventing."

I was very much annoyed one evening in my Camp when there were present quite a number of my old partners—to whom I was giving quit-claim deeds—and I was talking with that free abandon which has always characterized me in my intercourse with my fellowmen, and much as I might to an old salt on the decks of a storm-tossed ship, when a lady "butted in" and called me to taw for the use of language which, if not elegant, was both forcible and expressive, to whom I replied: "I did not come down here to this country with a limber-backed Bible in my hands and a Gospel Hymn-book to rob and cheat the people as they have been to the extent of millions of dollars

by that class of perambulating, hypocritical and homeless gypsies, and, Madam, in order that I might not be taken for that class of thieves and demons I use language that will not admit of any doubt or double construction on that score." Some one suggested to the lady, would she now be good?

I was traveling in this country in an ambulance which would be a cross between a circus ticket wagon and a Pullman palace car. For a fact it was a very gay thing on wheels—sleeping apartment, kitchen and everything else combined—the most perfect outfit of the sort that I or one in forty millions ever saw, together with a finely harnessed, spanking span of Kentucky mules. It attracted a great deal of attention.

It was in Griffith, Georgia, a "prescription town"—by this is meant the county runs the grog shop, its profits helping the tax-payer out (the best thing I ever saw in which any considerable amount of whisky entered). It was along toward late in the evening and our commissary had been replenished at a grocery store, while one by one of my five traveling companions, a nigger on the water wagon, a general on horseback, and the other two in the van, went for the liquids. We had pulled up to the corner of a prominent street and the law would not allow the dispensers of whisky to sell less or more than a quart to one man in one day. So we had to take it one at a time in order to get a supply to last until we reached a prohibition town below, where we had ordered sent from Atlanta a supply. I have referred to these prohibition towns down South elsewhere already and may again further on.

I often take great pleasure in wearing a richly diamonded jewel representing the degrees of honor I have taken in life, which was presented to me by a body of men who may have equals, but no superiors on earth, and by a woman that ought of right to stand first-class and does in my estimation.

Quite a number of men had collected around to see the show and to ask where we were going to exhibit and all such

offensive questions. Everybody, white or black, little or big, old or young, took us to be traveling gypsies. I was holding the lines, for my turn had not yet come to go for John Barleycorn. A dozen or more schoolgirls of sixteen or eighteen came prancing by. I heard one say to another, and they passed it all around within my hearing, "Oh, Jane, he is the Sancho Pansy Great Mogul King Bee of all the gypsies in all the land. Just look at his diamond breast-plate."

There was quite a number of High Degree men around my van admiring it and who read differently from my "breast-plate" than did the girls. I called to the young lady and beckoned to her to come up, which she did very reluctantly. I said, "My young lady, I want to tell your fortune. Let me see your right hand." I knew about as much about palmistry as I would about navigating an air ship. I looked at her face and then at her hand and in substance said: "You are a great and close observer. If you are not standing at the head of your class it is because you do not want to. You have it in your power to do as you may in this world and there is a bright future before you. You come of a noble family. Be you sure to be governed by your first impressions and you will never go wrong." All around thought this to be "a free sample," and it was another *tub to a whale*.

Her father unbeknown to me was standing close by and he wore a "breast-plate" that would nearly match mine. About this time a man came up who was known by everybody in the city, who was looking for me and without further ado jumped into the seat saying, "We will camp so-and-so to-night," a very short distance from the city and a noted camp-ground, and they took it for granted that I was a gypsy king—and hither they repaired in great numbers.

It was two o'clock the next morning before we retired. My negro cook had used up the five pounds of extra Java ground coffee. My right hand man had emptied all the bottles.

Several of the ladies insisted in declaring that such coffee they had not tasted in years, and Sambo, nigger like, had sliced up my choice Cincinnati sugar-cured ham and the ladies were loud in declaring it the best they had ever tasted. Man never lived who enjoyed himself more than I did that night.

I was taken for a Yankee and was so talked to, having previously cautioned my men and traveling companions not to give me away. After my visitors had said about all they had to say about Yankees coming down South, etc., etc., it was agreed that if they all came down like I did they would be voted as good people notwithstanding the results of their first visit in force, for I was then in the center of what was Sherman's March to the Sea. None but the men who had said nothing knew who I was and what I was.

I asked the attention of all while I told them that I was an old Confederate soldier, and that when I was lying for dead on the battle-field no doubt many of those who were standing there were playing in the band wagon, as I found that class the most disposed to insult visitors from the North. This changed the talk quickly, and then we had to go all over the field again and my commissary supplies and my hospital "doin's" were all gone.

When the citizens of Chicago joined together to build and erect an equestrian statue to General John A. Logan in Chicago, which now stands on the Lake Front, a monument not only to the hero and statesman it represents, but to the greatness of the people of Chicago as well, I decided that the ex-Confederates in Chicago should turn out in good force at the unveiling of this monument, and though I was opposed by several of the "clerkly" element in the association, who are always prepared to say that they were glad that the war ended as it did, my efforts were crowned with success, for we had in line that day a greater number of ex-Confederate soldiers and

people of Southern birth than ever before on any occasion, not excepting the unveiling of the Grant monument in Lincoln Park. This was largely from the fact that I gave a banquet at the Tremont House. When one wants to draw a crowd he needs only to give something good to eat and drink.

MORAL AND POLITICAL.

Though always a busy man, and boy too, rarely was I so engaged but that I could stop to admire a rose and smell its perfume or linger around a bed of flowers, listen to good singing, stop to play with the children, eat a red apple or listen to a good story if briefly and pointedly told, and I have flattered myself that the best people I ever knew were made and constructed along on the same lines and after the same pattern.

The stories of the war will live forever and as long as a noble race of people lives to honor the earth. Near Grenada, Mississippi, lived a planter, whom we will call Rice, but that was not his name. He was a tax-and-debt-paying, good, noble citizen,—there are a number of such in Mississippi. The Confederates had taken the first nibbling at his chickens, ducks and geese. Then came the Federals, when his niggers flew away and left his many cabins vacant, and they took, without permission, of course, what the Confederates had left and went into his smoke-house and took all that there was in there, and then burnt up all of his fences, etc. After the main army had moved on a company of Wisconsin troops came up.

The old gentleman and his wife were sitting on their porch, or veranda, as some prefer to call it. The troopers asked, "What chance is there for us to get something to eat here?"

To which the old gentleman replied: "First my own people took nearly all and then *you'uns* came along and all my niggers left, and yous took my cows and my mules and my horses and went into my smoke-house and took all that I had there, and then yous went into my storehouse and took all I had there,

and then yous burnt all my fences, and here me and my old wife are left alone without a morsel to eat or a soul on earth to administer to our wants and to bring us consolation, and God only knows what may befall us before night." But raising up in his chair he said: "Thank God, you can't take away from us our hopes of everlasting salvation!"

To which the Federal replied: "Just hold on, old gent, the Thirteenth Maine is right behind us!"

This was Neal Dow's temperance regiment that left their slimy trail wherever they crawled through the South. They delighted in taking the ivory keyboards off the pianos they found in the 'Southern residences, and finger rings off the ladies' hands and ear-rings out of their ears, and other similar little light-weight things which would sell for a good price. They were of the sort that "carpet-baggers" were made of and were good associates and companions to our Southern "scallawag."

I had much experience with the "carpet-baggers" and, as my reader must know from my past remarks, with the "scallawag" as well. Looking back to the same from this distance, I having had a watchful eye on all of them, I am free to say that I never knew one of either who was not a liar, a thief and a hypocrite, and in the interest of public welfare, and if an executive of the great Government, did I have the power, I would have wiped from the face of the earth the last vestige of both. I would have made it a criminal offense for any one to have mentioned their names afterwards.

My mother gave me early in life a guide, which has governed me largely through life. It was: "Justice and judgment are more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifices."

And another: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay."

I have always aimed to do justice and differentiate in favor of the public, and it would have been but justice to the people

to have ended the existence of such a brood of "hellions" as were all "carpet-baggers" and "scallawags."

And again, always considering myself—though a light-weight—a servant of the Lord here on earth, as such I was always up in arms to play a part in the vengeance question, and always in the name of the great I Am, for it is one of my cardinal beliefs that a good citizen should ever be ready to execute good laws, not only of the land but of morality.

I was once called upon to make an anti-secession speech, and that man who had the credit of firing the first gun on Fort Sumter was the orator of the day, at a Democratic barbecue. I argued that if each State had a right to draw out of the Union, then each district in the State had a right to withdraw from the county, and the county in turn from the district, and the precinct in turn from the county, and finally the individual from the precinct, and thus we would have no government or society and become savage pagans.

Wigfall replying, pointed to an old secession slave-holder, who never had paid an honest debt and never was accused of doing an honest act, and asked him if he needed law or government, and was he not able to protect himself? Such I have always found ruled all communities where no law or order existed.

The preacher in Leadville, Colorado, when that city was in the hands of a murderous, thieving mob, thought that he would preach from the text, his own coining, "God's need of men." I had in my charge an O. S. P., a pillar of the church in his town and I showed him the notice. He declared that the man ought to be run out of town, that the proposition was sacrilegious, worse than profanity, it was contrary to all orthodoxy.

I told him that I was going to hear that sermon and that he would go along with me—I knew he would, because he was afraid to stay *with himself*. That preacher was going to tell us just exactly what was needed. Mr. C—— went with me.

The church was crowded. The sermon was a success and my old friend C—— rushed through the crowd to congratulate the minister, who had made it so clear to the people that had come to his church that God needed men in Leadville just then more than in any other spot on earth. From this sermon in less than forty-eight hours a vigilance committee was formed, and in less than forty-eight hours more nearly one thousand of the worst characters who had ever flocked to a mining camp "hoofed it" over the ten thousand five hundred foot elevation of a mountain to other places.

This Lewis T. Wigfall, referred to above (who, Sam Houston said, was in such haste to get out of Arkansas that he sunk the books of a bank in which he was interested in White River) on this occasion quoted from a speech that William H. Seward of New York had made in the United States Senate, replying to what some "fire eater" had said as to there not being any coercive power in the Constitution of the United States by which the Southern States could be whipped back into the Union, to which Seward replied, "If there be no such law, then we will appeal unto a higher law!"

It was then and there that I became a great believer in and friend of the people who were oppressed, a believer of an appeal unto a higher law. It is what we are trying to do all the while, and when the laws of our country, or rather their execution by the office-seeker, office-holder, public crib pauper, fails in execution, then should the community appeal unto a higher law.

Be it unto "the court arms" or be it in solemn compact to stand each by the other through weal or woe in punishing crime or wreaking vengeance on the perpetrators of crime and the violators of the most sacred laws and rights of the people.

I sometimes think that there are about as many criminals holding office in some States of the United States as there are violators of the law in the penitentiary, and I have never

expressed this opinion publicly but that it received warm acclamation. I was once horrified by the proposition in effect that "there are more people who pray for an appetite to eat something than there are who pray for something to eat."

Then I was a hale, hearty young man and knew not what derangements of the digestive organs, either by dyspepsia or from middle age or old age could be brought about.

Another proposition which horrified me was that it was much easier to corrupt a judge of the Supreme Court by bribery than it would be to bribe a newly elected or appointed justice of the peace; that it was more easy to reach a United States Congressman and yet easier a United States Senator than it was to reach a newly elected State Legislator or Senator.

I never lost sight of these propositions, and after years of experience in nearly all sorts of callings and business and with a personal acquaintance second to no man in the Union among politicians as well as the common people, millionaires and others, the propositions are not so horrifying as when I was a boy, when, being sincere and honest myself, I so considered everybody else.

I have had dealings with people, a great number of them, who were incorruptible—people beyond a price, who were honest in all they did and thought. Yet many of these were wrong in no inconsiderable part of their thoughts. They were right in that they would have died for their beliefs. Such men are to be respected, honored and revered. They are more plentiful in some countries than in others. I have never heard of one living in Spain or Mexico, excepting it was on the question of religion, solid Roman Catholic. The Anglo-Saxon race produces more of them than all the other races on the earth combined, and it is therefore that we are ruling the world, and as our sphere of usefulness becomes larger and larger by our ever expanding, there will be more and more

demand for upper-case, truthful, honorable, noble, just men, and women too, for "she who rocks the cradle rules the world," but it is not she who rocks it through a wet nurse or a kindergarten, but the mother who was raised by a mother and therefore knows how to raise men, manly men, men who will never spell their middle names out or part their hair in the middle or spend hours before a glass like a Miss Nancy dressing and primping to catch the eye, men who aspire to go higher and shed more light on the world and make it possible for more to ascend higher on the scale of human greatness.

Our country today has more calls for men of this class than before. While we are sending school teachers out to the Philippines and to San Domingo, and those whom we are sending may be able to answer back in the course of an age or two whether the "Constitution follows the flag" or not, if the teachers whom we are sending as aids of our Government to teach the people the good Anglo-Saxon three R's, law and order are doing this, they are doing much better than our religious denominations have done in ninety cases out of one hundred in sending out their missionaries to pagan lands. If they are not, they had better be recalled and another army of soldiers sent there who will execute the demands of the age, which as I read them will eradicate all ignorance, superstition, barbarous paganism and deviltry or meanness, and clear the face of the earth for a higher and better people, as was done by the founders of this great Government.

In the next fifty years the goody-goody element in the United States will be counted with the things that have passed beyond recall, and, like the blue laws of our Puritanic New Englanders of old, be pointed to with "was it possible?"

One in this enlightened age and day can read over these New England blue laws but to question the sanity of the people or to doubt their leaders' accursed hypocrisy; one of the two

always follows. Yet those laws, brutal as they were, evolved into the better and more just ones.

The goody-goody people of the period in which lived *better than thou* element of part-the-hair-on-the-side women and in the middle men have been a great schooling for the thinking people. The thoughts they are thinking are fast evolving into practical shape, as may be seen by any observing, intelligent citizen in the organization of *civic federations* and similar Societes and Associations all over our land wherein no office-seeking hypocrite can become a member, but only men, tax and debt payers, people who ever stand ready for better and more honest government but who could not be induced to run for office.

Men who pledge one and each to the other to ferret out, expose and oppose and by word and deed, and money as well, defeat the unworthy place-seeking men or party; to expose the past history and record of all the bribe-takers and boodlers and grey wolves and grafters—these associations and clubs are being formed all over the land, and it will not be many years before the false teacher and preacher and foxy, crafty politician will no longer live at the public crib, and honest laws will be enacted and dishonest ones will be repealed, and the judge on the bench will decide by them and not from and by the influence and bribes that he may have received before he was elected by corporations.

What chance has any honest litigant in any court before any judge who, before being nominated for the office—which pays a salary of five thousand dollars a year—was required to pay twenty-five hundred dollars to his party ringsters for a nomination, party slush fund, then after his nomination five thousand more to the party managers to be divided out among the local bosses, and they in turn to the gin-mills for booze? Then on top of this an additional and in advance ten per cent

of his first two years' salary, one-half for the State party organization and the other half for the National party?

My readers must not say that it was only Democrats who did this, or only Republicans, for there is not a man who reads this book so accursed ignorant as not to know that the worst trust in the United States is the trust which was formed and exists between the party managers, who get together to formulate their plans to plunder the people. Could any one expect to go before this judge and get honesty in any case against a corporation or concern which had furnished him the money to pay those different assessments?

The delay in the execution of the laws is the greatest of crimes. The judges are responsible for this more than the lawyers are who come before him. All judges are lawyers, but not all lawyers are thieves or rascals. Those who are not never hold office, but are in the employ of rich people and corporations who employ them to watch their interests and keep them from harm or trouble.

I know several lawyers who receive from twenty-five to one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year salary as chief counsel who earn their salary several times over each year. This may sound strange to some people and especially to those who know little of commerce or trade and its immensity.

If I were to state here the amount of dollars earned per mile by the railroads of the United States, the man who thinks that he is doing a big business in picking berries to pick the little ones and the rotten ones first and put them in the bottom of the basket, and then the big ones on the top, would say that I was prevaricating. The figures would astonish even thousands who are engaged in commercial pursuits. Go inquire for yourself, by writing to the editor of your best paper and ask him: 1. How many miles of railroad are there in the United

States? 2. What are the average gross receipts per mile per year?

The intelligence of the average men of the United States is very small indeed as compared with the volume of business done therein. If you would see how little the man of average intelligence knows about the commerce of the United States, propound this sort of a question to any of your acquaintances. Start out by asking him if he knows anything about the Suez Canal, which connects the Mediterranean Sea (near where Moses played an early Yankee trick on a Mr. Pharaoh for having made his people make brick without straw) and of the wonderful commerce that must naturally pass through it between the Orient and the West.

Then ask him if he has any knowledge of the Soo Canal which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron.

Be sure now to get your man to decide that he has a knowledge of these canals. Aid him to a better knowledge by showing him the map of the countries and then ask him point blank what he would suppose the relative tonnage that passes through these two would be, and considering that the Soo Canal was only open to navigation five months of the year, while the Suez is open the year round. Have him commit himself well so that he can't go back on his knowledge when he gets wise.

Then ask him as to the relative value of this tonnage each and every year. After getting answers from a few of your best informed people then sit down and write to some editor and propound the questions to him and don't be surprised if the answer comes back that the tonnage of the Soo Canal is ten times greater, though much less than half the time in use, and that its value was twenty times greater and that the ratio was growing more and more every year.

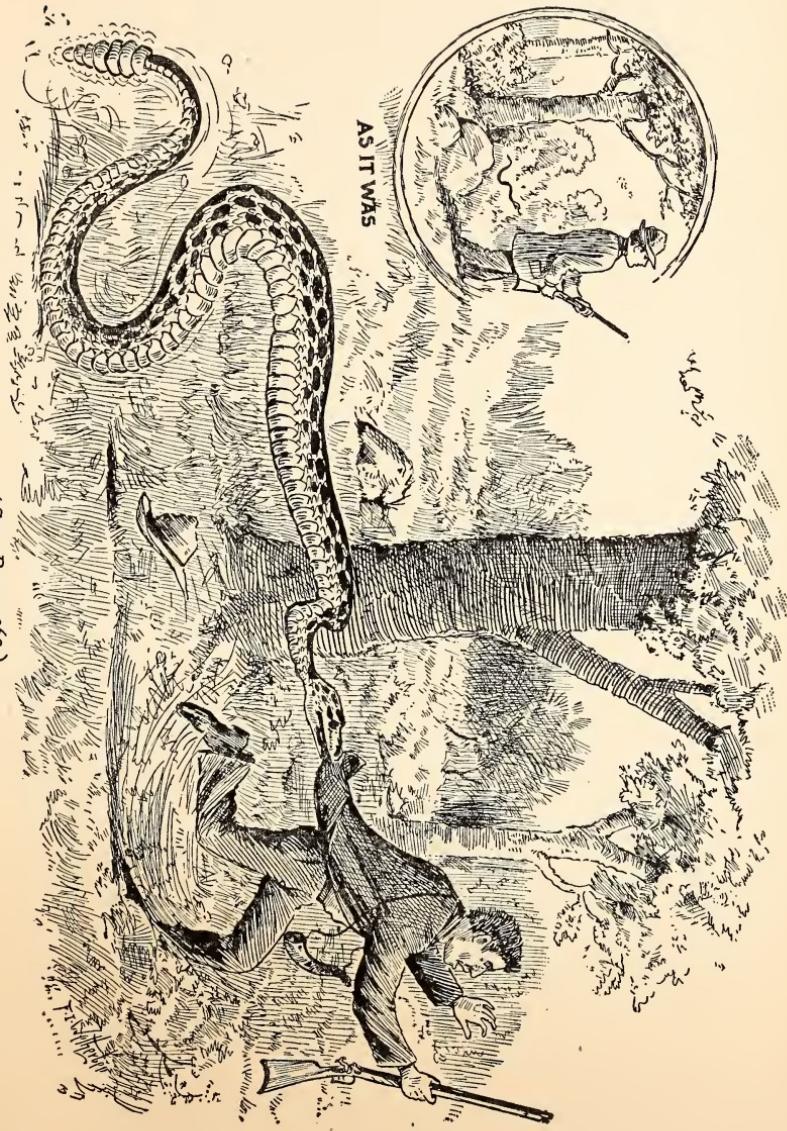
It is possible for men who begin to think themselves old to live to see such a revolution in the politics of our country

brought about by such influences as I have cited, that the courts of our country will not have one-tenth to attend to that they have now, and that bribery and wrong will never be heard of again.

The age may be upon us when all of our best captains of industry and of every interest of man, will think in the direction of better government, of a more honest execution of the laws, and it is the belief of many that taxation may be reduced one-half or even more.

In my day I have heard much of "civil service," which is labeled in some way in my mind as "civil robbery." It was a "carpet-bag" scheme to keep in office their accursed villains down South and afterwards played up North to keep old soldiers in good jobs at the expense of the taxpayer. The reason why the South is so badly governed and cursed in its government is more largely from the fact that it has but one party than from any other cause that I know. Where two parties exist in any state or community, one watching the other, corruption never enters until the party trust is formed as referred to before. Since the party trusts were formed, the man of affairs has found that general corruption ensued, and unless the taxpayer and the business man organized the self-protecting associations and vigilance committees the country was doomed.

(See Page 260.)



A FEW FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES.

Lord Chesterfield was applied to by Dr. Johnson, the first Englishman to think of making a dictionary, asking the Lord to patronize him, in other words to aid him financially. Lord Chesterfield turned him down sharply. Dr. Johnson went on with his work and in a short time was able to present to the public proof sheets of his great and master work. He sent one to Chesterfield, who promptly wrote to him—now that he saw it was a success—that he would be pleased to aid him, and intimated that he might dedicate the work to him, the aforesaid Chesterfield, the leader of the four hundred of England at that time.

Dr. Johnson promptly replied to him in substance:

“Dear Sir: (It is said that he did not even call him ‘Dear Lord’) when I needed you, you did not patronize me. Now I don’t need you, and you *shall not* patronize me nor I you!”

When I started out in the world for myself and needed patronage, aid and assistance, none was given me, and but for that possibly I might have been as no account to myself and the world as the tens and tens of thousands that I have passed on the road in my journey through life have proved to be.

I have often found myself in a condition that it was more pleasant and decidedly more profitable for me to fight my own battles and way through, than it was to bribe or feed my way through the army of leeches, dead-beats and villains that stood before me ready either to oppose or applaud just as the wind blew and pay was in it for them.

In the sense the word is usually used I never was a politician. Being an American born, a descendant from a noble stock of grand government founders, I am a politician, and

especially on National affairs and questions of importance, and no one has ever accused me of being cowardly or in any way backward about expressing my honest American opinion on any and all subjects—excepting at the time I was being handled by the Secession Committee of Public Safety down in Fort Bend County, Texas. Then I did not show the white feather, but played the part of a dissembler; not that I had one drop of abolitionist blood in my veins, but that I hated their methods as much as I hated the men themselves and a thousand times more than I hated the abolition cause.

I had been called upon often to take the lead in perilous, doubtful and very dangerous undertakings, and I have more often declined than accepted; the latter only when I was satisfied in my own mind that the people who came to me were as honest and would prove themselves as brave as I was and might prove myself, when the time of trial came.

I never yet have lost a cause, a move or measure that I have championed and was the leader of or in, and I can truthfully say, defying contradiction, that I never yet financed a great undertaking but that it resulted in success, save and excepting when the acts of God interfered and prevented or the acts of a set of hypocrites and confidence men betrayed.

My name has been connected with many gigantic enterprises in all sections of the Western and Southern portions of the Union, and but for the absolute necessity of my having to play dummy like and remain in the rear and not come to the front myself, I might have been more extensively known than I am. There are but few localities in the United States but where I have been tolerably well known for the last many years, and in quite a number of them I am glad to know that I have been known and talked of and preached about as being quite a different man to what the majority of people in that locality were.

My life has been an open book, the pages of which have

been filled with honest effort, indefatigable energy and industry, and not like the finger-board on the roadside, always pointing, but never going.

An editor of a Texas paper, who was afterwards elected to the State Senate and then to a judgeship in his district called me the "indefatigable and irrepressible T. N." Had he lived he might have gone higher, for he always served me nobly and met the people's wants most grandly.

It was "Beast Butler" of New Orleans who said that: "The people had called him everything but a fool."

I might say that I have been called everything in turn by people, and that I have been called a fool too, and it was then that I made the most money, for I have never made money out of any man that thought I was smarter than he, or in other words, thought that I was too smart for him to deal with.

I never made a horse trade—I have bought and sold many horses—and I never got the better of a jockey only as he thought that I was a "know nothing" regarding horse flesh.

In my day I have heard much about "worthy people" and especially about the "worthy poor." I early set in life as a rule that nothing was worth more than it would bring. When one talks to me about "worthy people," I ask, What is their worth? What has been their worth? What have they done to contribute to the wealth and worth of the world? Have they been industrious? Honest? Have they brought joy and gladness to any? Have they paid their debts? Have they become of little value by reasons of wear, as gold pieces and silver pieces will become? Then, if yes, they are worthy; but if they are rusty from disuse, if they have done no one good, if they have not improved, beautified and advanced the world and made efforts to make two blades grow where one formerly grew, then let them go "over the hill to the poorhouse" and see that no honest taxpayer is required to pay for more than very cheap rations for them.

The cry of "pity the poor and aid the needy and distressed," in about ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is a cry emanating from an accursed multifaced hypocrite, who is working the people, being too lazy to work him or herself, office-seeking, public crib-feed politician like.

I at one time had a large business in the City of Chicago (and I never lost interest in anything that is or was good), and there, as everywhere else that I had lived, it soon got out that I was "easy to work," that I was a "shining mark," that I was "a soft snap," and in a very short time the dead-beats and the paupers and the beggars and the liars and the thieves and the hypocrites and the confidence men commenced coming in great numbers and it being good old Democratic hard times there was considerable excuse for such conditions.

I provided myself with a rock crusher, turned by hand, for the able bodied, and other contrivances for the less able, and I gave employment and work to every caller, and I made them earn all they got from me, and in a very short time there were but few that came around me, and those that stayed around me were of the "worthy poor and needy," and I provided for them and aided them and I am happy today to know that I can point out not just one or two but many, who are today in good circumstances, that I aided to an honest living, and when they were being chased by hungry wolves my cable-tow pulled them away from the hungry beasts' grab.

I am no more of an enemy to charitable institutions than I am to foreign missionary societies, and I am not half so great an enemy to these as would be ninety per cent of my fellow men who know as much about them as I do and who have come across and in contact with them not only here at home but in foreign countries.

I often think of "John Randolph of Roanoke," whose history and record should be known by every American, and is if that American is worthy of citizenship. Mr. Randolph was a

great admirer of fine horses (I never knew a good and noble man who did not love women and horses, and too often good wine). He was at a race when Smith came up to him and said:

"Mr. Randolph, you want to bet on the brown horse; I'll bet on the black, and my friend Jones will hold the stakes."

Mr. Randolph looked around, first at Smith and then at Jones, and then asked:

"Who in — will hold your friend Jones?" Who holds the missionaries and the collectors for the poor the worthy poor?

I know that many of my readers will object to the dashes I use in recording the correspondence and conversations with many people. An old Methodist preacher down in Texas refused to have anything further to do with me and my cause because the printer accidentally put in a long half inch dash instead of a word and that old preacher said that I meant to say "damn it." The world is full of his sort, who judge all by themselves, and whose mind is so full of guile and evil that it is but natural for them to think ditto of all others.

I was happy to know always afterward during my life that the old preacher lost more than I did and that through the negligence of the printer for once in life I lost but very little as compared with what I would have lost had he put in the two proper words instead of a long dash.

I was once called upon to introduce to an audience a man whom the world knows only in part and to whom I have been frequently likened and compared. I refer to the late George Francis Train. I have been considered a good toast-master by people who have not come across better, as I have.

After introducing my friend and making as much of a panegyric as I could, he told them in substance that when he was a baby his mother died leaving him to be reared by his old grandmother, a New Englander of Puritanical descent

who was so straight up that she leaned back a little, very religious and very exacting. She thought too much of George to send him to the little "red schoolhouse," but employed a governess, who taught him all there was to be taught from, in and out of that great American educational work that I have heretofore referred to, "The Webster Elementary Spelling book," after which George had a preceptor and a tutor imported from New York, sent by the old lady's commission merchant, who attended to the receiving of and the selling of her San Domingo sugar and rum, and no doubt slaves from Africa in her earlier life.

This man was a thorough up-to-date "all-rounder," the best that Train had ever seen in all his life. He was a first-class hypocrite and made the old lady believe that he was a Christian *per-se*, rather than a Pharisee.

This good grandmother told George, and that with the full consent and approval of the "all-rounder," that if he wanted to be a good man and a great man like George Washington and Clay and Webster and Otis and all the other great men who were then prominent before the American people, he must not use tobacco, chew or smoke, that he must not drink whisky, rum, wine or beer, that he must not use any cuss words, that he must not play cards or know one from the other, that he must go to church every Sunday, and that he must at all times conform to the customs and nabit[s] of the old lady's ideas and ideals, etc.

All of which young George took in as Bible truths. When he arrived at the age of eighteen his grandmother thought that it was time for him to go out and see the world and get in touch with those great men, and he was fitted out in a style befitting his position and standing with the world as being, and as he was, the wealthiest heir on the American continent. Vanderbilts were not in it at that time, nor were there any Rockefellers.

His guide, conductor, educator and pilot the "all-rounder" was at home on this sort of a trip, and George said that there was nothing that so surprised him as to find out when he got to Washington that not a single one of these great men that his grandmother had held up to him but what chewed, and smoked and drank whisky and used all sorts of patent cuss words, gambled and got drunk and did everything that his grandmother told him great men never did.

My experience with the world has been just about the same as was Mr. Train's. I never pained my old mother by telling her that she knew nothing about the world and what sort of people the so-called great people of the world were, both as respects their habits, religion and morals.

The young man who starts out in this world thinking that the people elsewhere and everywhere else are any better than those of his own community will be greatly disappointed, and his disappointment will be in proportion as to how honest and great and noble he was esteemed and thought of in his birth-place. Often I have thought that most young men failed in making a success of life from having gotten off on the wrong track in this respect.

Never have I seen a young man who amounted to much in this world but whose father, or the one responsible for his raising, had taken great pains in showing him the world and all therein just as it was, and when he went out for himself he found that his parents or guardians had not lied to him, but had told him the truth, and therefore he lived to honor and respect them.

A gentleman who owned a fine rig, had a beautiful woman for a wife, and a three-year-old boy. They had been promising the boy, "Well, the next time we will take you, Bob," over and again. One morning they made the same promise and drove off, when the boy said to the nurse:

"There goes two of the biggest liars that ever lived."

Nothing that that father or mother could ever do for that boy could change his first impressions, which, as all must know, are the impressions that follow us through life.

We need have no fears of the boy not being able to hold his own and bring honor to his family and name who has been properly raised, but we could have all sorts of fears, in fact *know* of the bad future in store for the boy who has been falsely raised, that in his education he had been deceived by parents or teachers who concealed the truth and falsified and discolored facts.

We know that an old adage says: "As the twig is bent so will the tree incline," but if the twig is bent against the high and prevailing winds that it will have to grow against, one will always be safe in knowing that the tree will grow in an opposite lean from the way it was planted.

I think that it was from viewing these facts that some sage originated the saying: "The road to hell is paved with good intentions."

Had I taken the best advice that was ever given me, many times I would have gone to ruin in a jiffy.

The father and mother of a little four-year-old girl of my acquaintance, who had been very careful in her associations were horrified to hear her using the very worst of bad boy's street slang phrases and could not account for it. It was in the air—"The bed bug has no wings at all but it gets there just the same."

The Vendome Column in Paris, which was being constructed for three hundred years, costing millions and millions and representing all that was noble, grand and magnificent of the French people and of France, was utterly destroyed by an anarchist of the Commune order and at a less expenditure for dynamite than it would cost to get a satisfying dinner for one person in the dining-car of this train, and still there are people who prate about their religion and who are of the "better than

thou" class who will say they pray for such and will carry roses to the murderers in our jails.

We may plan and we may plant and plow and toil, and we may garner great harvests and in the garner all the fruits of a year's toil, labor and great money outlay may be found, yet a playing urchin with a friction match may destroy all, and that too not intentionally. Eternal vigilance is no more the price of liberty than it is of wealth.

Water never runs up stream, nor do straws fly against the wind, and no man need expect profit and reward from any sort of dissipation or neglect of duties.

The commercial agencies report that there are only three successes out of one hundred starts in commercial life. This can be read as to say that in one hundred efforts that we may make to rise we must expect to be knocked down ninety-seven times. Thus it is only the brave and persistent who succeed. It is not the number of times that one is knocked down that makes the man, but the number of times he gets up.

I have many acquaintances in this world who would have been surrounded with wealth in their old age if that wealth could have been acquired by a few days', a few weeks' or even a few months' hard, patient toil, economy and thought, but the idea of years and years of such made their hearts sick. It is very possible that a greater per cent of failures than has been estimated would be true if we all knew what was in store for us. That hope deferred maketh the heart sick no one can doubt but it is only from ever hoping, ever striving and looking for a reward from a source we know not whence it cometh, for duty well done and a life justly lived that success comes.

The one who upon rising in the morning shakes hands with the devil first of all other acts need expect but little else but devilish deeds all day. It calls for a brave heart and a strong will to refuse this shake, for when saints are asleep the devil is around seeking for the early bird, who is often caught by

him instead of the early bird catching the *worm*. The devil very often catches the early bird, but more often the late one.

When only a boy I was asked by an elder one morning to take a drink with him. My reply was:

"I make it a rule not to shake hands with the devil the first thing I do upon getting up in the morning."

We walked on and he did not take a drink. Fates and fortunes of war separated me from this young man, and I had lost all sight of him for thirty-five years, when we came together in a foreign city where he was traveling with his wife and family. He made himself known to me and after introducing me to not only his family but the friends who were traveling with him, said, pointing to me:

"All this and all that I am and possess on this earth I owe to him."

He then told the circumstance and place and said that from not shaking hands with the devil the first thing in the morning in the way of taking a "cocktail" or some other "bracer" he had become the man that he was.

I would not have my reader believe that I am a goody-goody man from having preached this little sermon, for I am like the professor of medicine before his graduating class. He was asked by one of the young students:

"Professor, you have told us about this 'pathy and that 'pathy and all the different 'pathies, now will you tell us what 'pathy to use to cure?"

The professor looked up, and laying down his specs on the table said:

"Young men, never undertake to drive a tack with a sledge hammer, never undertake to drive a spike with a tack hammer, but when you come up against a case that is perplexing use anything from an aurora borealis to hell's blazes."

It has not been seldom in my day that I have been compelled to paint the air so blue a buzzard could not fly in it, and fill it

with fumes that a saint could not live in, in order to get rid of devils and bring about a harmonious and profitable adjustment of affairs.

I have found through life, not only from my own personal experience, but that from all others whose confidence and business relations I have found worthy of cultivating, that the honest, outspoken, candid, correct, but positive man who never deviates from the truth, though he may see many opportunities where by lying he could make a "pretty penny," is the man who succeeds in life; he is the man who sleeps well at night, has good neighbors and is the man who is always prepared to do a good turn for another.

My life has not been the success it might have been had my sympathies for the poor and unfortunate been less than they were. I have spent too much time and hard-earned money trying to do the impossible thing with that class of people who are on the beg, the sponge and the dead-beat.

The impossible things are the impossible, and here comes in my good old Webster Spelling Book words I referred to early in this volume of "incompatibility" and "incomprehensibility."

My mother was a devout woman, as has been before related. I had two marriageable sisters. One was being addressed by a very worthy and acceptable young man whose father was a "Hard-shell" Baptist preacher. Mother thought that it was her duty to inquire into the young man's religious belief. It was about like my own, and the young man was feeling good, and without any idea of being impertinent or disrespectful he remarked that "there are some things impossible to God Almighty."

The old lady drew back in amazement and was too awestruck to think of making a reply and the young man continued and said:

"Now, how would He go about making two mountains without having a valley between?"

This "cooked the young man's goose" to all intents and purposes.

There are other things that our Creator would not undertake to do.

"Don't lose a cent on any person that won't lose a cent on themselves."



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(See Page 262.)



BUSINESS INSIGHT.

The agricultural industry was never patronized until Sir Robert Peel, the great artist and painter, took hold of it, and it is said that he got his tenants and farm hands *iron* plows. After an absence of a few months he returned to his estate, to find that the peasants had thrown all the plows under the hedge and had used none of them, but had planted the crops with the old-way forked stick for a plow, and as do the pagans and the dark-age people in all other lands and countries yet.

He called up his foreman and asked for an explanation, which was given in a series of resolutions adopted by his tenants in substance setting forth that:

"WHEREAS, We, the tenants and peasants of his lordship's estate, have found that the weeds do grow more prolific and the crops that are planted grow less fruitful and abundant in ground that has been plowed by an iron plow;

"Therefore, Be it resolved that we will no longer use them."

The facts were that the pagan fools had not used them at all, but had thrown them under the hedges.

I have come across more of this sort of people in the world than it is possible for me to convey a correct idea of to any one. There are people today who are following their fathers' avocations—farmers, who are so absolutely ignorant of all the laws of plowing, planting, production, cultivating and harvesting, that no one should be surprised at their disgraceful poverty from a free and enlightened American standpoint. Here these same men talk politics and religion, and they "beat the band."

I am old enough to recollect the time when our shoes were

all made on one last, rights and lefts and big and little, and when the cobbler taught me how to make shoes and boots at our old farmhouse told me that there was a Yankee invention that made shoes rights and lefts I did not know what he was talking about.

I am old enough to remember the time when we pulled the hemp and the flax that we rotted, that we hackled and that we shacked and that we spun on the old spinning wheel that occupies the most honored place in my private office today, and with this home-made hand-spun flaxen thread we made our shoe leather thread and bristled the point from our home-raised hog bristles.

I am old enough to know and to well recollect what life was when one suit of jeans that was woven at our home and cut and made by our mothers and sisters was quite good enough for a twelve-year-old boy for one year's wear, and when "drawers" had never been hard of, much less used, by our elders.

I can remember when hog and hominy and corn bread with New Orleans molasses were luxuries. These were "the good old days of the past" that we often hear people croak about. They are the days from which the ignorant farmer and poor cuss referred to above came and have not improved upon.

When I meet a man of my age and older, and see by his gait that he was raised on a farm, and tell by the cut of his clothes that he has not only added to the world's wealth, but to his own advancement and power for pleasure and enjoyment, methinks of those good old times; but when I in traveling through the country of my birth pass by the places of those poor farmers, my very spirit revolts and my mother's religion somewhat goes back on me, for I see close by the old "little red schoolhouse" that proved of no benefit to those poor farmers.

In traveling in foreign parts of the world I am a close ob-

server, and I have made it a rule through life that when I arrive at a new town or city, even in my own country, but especially in foreign lands, to rise early—at four or five a. m.—and go direct to the market place, where I see brought for sale by the farmers, horticulturists and hucksters the best the country can produce, and a glance tells me what sort of people that country produces.

It was a Frenchman who said: “Show me the songs of a people and I will tell you who and what they are.”

I need only to be told of what the people live on to tell you what that people are, whom they are, and what they will be in generations to come.

In making man God created him out of more of his most precious previous creations than He used in the fabrication, construction or make of any other animal, fish or fowl; wherefore the man of God’s creation requires a greater variety of eatables than any other animal, and just in proportion as he is restricted to only a few, and they possibly of the most worthless in nutrition, blood, brain and brawn-giving qualities, man becomes degenerate and like begets like or loss in all things.

As a farmer I was a success when it rained as much as it should or when it did not rain to make a flood and wash me out. As a merchant I was a success because I never lied to the people and told them that I was selling goods below cost. I have never found it necessary, as I have found it the case with so many others, to tell a lie and continuously lie to sell my goods, and I have often thought that it was because my goods were always good goods and the people knew good from bad. The “want-something-for-nothing” man is a poor wretch who never is able to pay his debts and who never wears a suit of good clothes or in any way seems at ease or to have comfort and never enjoys life.

That “all things come to him who waits” is as true as Holy Writ, but most people are too impatient. I can tell as

many good fish stories as any man, but I never made a good fisherman; my patience would not admit of it. I like to act the host and have my friends dine with me, but I never would have made a "waiter." I have never waited for any one and never will. When one tells me he will be at a certain place at a certain time and is not there I set him down as a liar and would never trust him again for any amount or for any small sum. It is a fact, dispute it as you may, that a man who will steal a pin will steal a horse if he can only keep from being detected.

The man who is a good citizen only from fear of going to the penitentiary is not to be depended upon any more than is the man who is a good Christian only from fear of going to hell. There are people in the world who cannot refrain or keep from doing evil, as much as there are other people in this world who have no desire to commit any sort of evil. The man who has no desire to drink whisky and get drunk or gamble or other unlawful and immoral acts is entitled to no credit as compared with the poor unfortunate misborn people who naturally incline that way.

Men's ideas of right and wrong are at great variance, and he who sets himself up to be the judge in many matters that would seem of trifling importance is the one who the most often is entitled to ridicule.

It is the thoughts of a moment that are worth a life of toil and these thoughts come but once or twice in a man's lifetime, and it was the poet sage, and he was a poet no more than a sage, who declared that:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

It is the impressionable man, the one who acts on first im-

pulses and impressions, all other things being equal, that is the successful man. He who goes blindly at work without having first calculated where to put his best licks so that he can accomplish the most is little better than a blind man casting about in a wilderness for an open field.

When I was a young man and was striving for a start in the world I figured out how that when I had made my first thousand dollars I would be able to do something; when I had made that I found that it would take ten, and the world kept on moving in advance of me so rapidly that when I had made several times that amount I found that I yet had but little to do with and then soon I found that it was harder to keep what I had made than it had been to make it, which has often made me think that blessed is he who hath nothing for he shall have nothing to lose.

The young man of today may not have as many opportunities to go forth and win his way in the world as I had with an undeveloped country before me, but he has many and better opportunities, since all that I and my compeers have done, looking at it from my standpoint, has only been to make it possible for others to do and make more rapidly than we did.

The man who went and opened up a home in the wilderness of the West had more to contend with than he who comes to the developed West today. When I think of the men who came to Ohio, Michigan and Indiana with little or no means to attack the great forests and spend a life in opening up a farm, that man stands in my estimation as being a braver man than he was who faced an enemy on a battle-field.

My father sold a man forty acres of land near-by where I was born. He had been a good, faithful laborer and the "forty" was heavily timbered. Davis bought him an ax and started out one morning to slash a ten-acre tract and worked manfully for a day or two, when he came back and rescinded the deal, saying that there was an easier life for him than to

spend it in cutting down a forest and clearing it up and waiting for years to roll by before he opened up a farm. That man had an idea, he carried it out, and with only a few dollars in his pocket started to the prairies of the West, where all he had to do was to plow and plant and without fencing, much less clearing off the ground, grow a crop the first year which brought him returns. He was a thinker and an actor on first principles, thoughts and inspirations.

After having planted his twenty acres in corn he planted it all down in pumpkins. His farm was twenty miles from what is now the great city of Chicago, that was then booming. He hired a team and wagon and hauled his pumpkins to market, realizing enough therefrom to pay for the one hundred and sixty acres that he had bought. He sold his corn in the field and bought more ground, and instead of planting it in pumpkins, as all of his neighbors did, from seeing what he had done, he sowed a large proportion of it to turnips and nearly an acre in onions. He hauled his turnips and more than five hundred bushels of onions off the land, which sold at great prices in Chicago, and with the proceeds bought more ground. He sold the corn, as he had done the year before, in the field. His neighbors who had planted pumpkins so glutted the market that they brought nothing, and he hauled them off their ground, paying next to nothing for them, and hired the people to help him turn their pumpkins into pumpkin butter, and he made another fortune out of their misfortune. The next year many of them sowed onions and turnips as he had the year before. The turnips did well but the onion crop failed. The turnips brought nothing, while this Mr. Davis had planted all of his ground in the castor oil beans and flax, both of which were a success and sold at a large price, which enabled him to buy more ground, but further west where ground was cheaper. He was a leader; he thought and never followed other people.

He finally went into the hog business, and of course his neighbors all followed him as fast as they could get hogs to raise from, but he always had a superior and better breed of hogs, which always brought a superior and better price, and finally when he got all the people to raising hogs he went into the pork packing business and found that still more profitable than either raising pumpkins, turnips, onions or hogs to sell to his neighbors for breeding purposes.

Davis went to California and engaged in the gold washing business. He soon found that he could make more money selling the gold washers "*horn spoons*," and he went into the "horn spoon" business, having previously bought up all the horns there was in the country, and in a few years' time came back East, where he largely increased his pork packing facilities and soon became a beef packer. Davis died a multi-millionaire, leaving behind him a family who had about all of their father's leading characteristics in their make-up.

Now had Davis worked out his original purpose of making a farm on the forty acres of timber land in Michigan, he never would have contributed to this world's great advancement; he never would have been able to have promoted the building of railroads and the upbuilding of the country generally. Now this man's name was not Davis, but a rose, as all know, would smell just as sweet under another name.

My father sold a forty-acre tract to another man, whom we will call Jackson, but that was not his name. Jackson married and with the aid of his neighbors and friends who came to his "log rollings" and "house raisings" managed to piece out a living. He worked from "early morning until dewy eve" and at fifty was a broken-down old man, though he owned a half section of good farm land. He died only a few years ago, leaving behind neither "kith nor kin," but a property worth enough to make three smart lawyers comfortably well off from the litigation that distant relatives brought about try-

ing to get "something for nothing." The lawyers did the thinking; it was the other fellows who did the fighting and got nothing for it.

This man was a much abler and smarter man than my so-called Davis was, and the difference between him and Davis was in that the latter improved on the thoughts of a moment and allowed no one to be his monitor or director.

I knew another man, while I was yet a boy and had not been to P. T. Barnum's show, referred to in a previous chapter, whom I one day met going to my father's house to borrow forty dollars to pay a note due on goods which he had bought, who, not knowing me, asked the way to our house. I looked him over and thought to myself, "Would I ever be rich enough to wear such fine store clothes and own such a horse and such a buggy and wear a watch like he did?" It was a steel chain on the outside that showed, worth now about ten cents a yard.

This man had a store in our town and was on his last legs. He came from somewhere in York State and insisted upon stocking up his store with goods that were not in demand among the people in our section at that time. His stock of ribbon and finery was greater than his stock of substantial necessities. He went into the insurance business and became an agent for the steamboats and the keel boats, and for many years had hard work making ends or buckle-and-tongue meet. By some accident—for it was not by design on his part—he was forced to take a tract of land, that was located up in the Upper Peninsula, for a debt. It was represented as being good timber land, but timber in those days was not what it became in later years.

Wilson we will call him, but that was not his name, became very despondent and was considered a very poor man, but he and his noble wife worked on and for several years just fairly lived, when in 1853 Russia got into trouble with Turkey, England and France and what other powers I now disremember,

and the Crimean war was declared, and wheat went up from nothing to two dollars and twenty-five cents per bushel, and everything else in proportion (I refer back now to a previous chapter), and the copper mines of Lake Superior were being worked with great success. Some geologist or prospector discovered iron ore east of the copper mines, and, as Samantha Allen always said, "Low and behold," Wilson's land was the keystone to the arch of the iron ore region of the Upper Peninsula. In three years' time Wilson was a millionaire and from royalties on the iron ore became a multi-millionaire and died one of the wealthiest men in all the country round about.

He was never noted for anything good but good luck, though it was a long time coming his way, but it came and it stayed, for the Wilson family have all proved good keepers, who understand that part of the arithmetic which applies to *addition* but not to *division* or had any suggestion to *silence*. Not like the politician who was the author of the expression, "addition, division and silence," that had reference to something that had to do with my friend, Mr. George Francis Train's (referred to before) "Credit Mobilier" transaction that built the Union Pacific and helped in at least the Central Pacific Railroad, which made the first great number of multi-millionaires in the United States.

Now, as to which I or you had rather be, Davis, Jackson or Wilson, might be a question, but as to the one who did the greatest good and was the greatest public benefactor Wilson led them all, though the "Credit Mobilier" folks were world-beaters in their way. I will tell it in my way so that my readers will understand that I am not going to tell it as it was, for that would be too long a story.

These Mobilier fellows got twenty sections of land to the mile, much of which now cannot be bought for one hundred dollars an acre, and forty thousand dollars a mile first mortgage bonds for building a railroad that cost only on an average

twenty thousand dollars a mile, and there was more than one thousand miles of it and there was twenty thousand dollars clear profit in every mile they built for the purpose of "division" and the land was all free and paid for that dividend up "incomprehensibly" to a peanut stand vender or the poor farmer I have before referred to.

I was not fortunate enough to get into these good rich deals that were being made in those days, for I was so unfortunate as to have followed Jeff Davis down South, and was equally as unfortunate afterward in being fool enough to think that railroad building in Texas, backed by good subsidies would be as profitable as it was to those who crossed and then checked up the great middle West and North with them.

If I have been fortunate in some few things I have been unfortunate in so many that at times I feel like a thirty-cent piece when I look back and see "what might have been."

I became somewhat notorious down in the Lone Star State from having taken a great interest in legislation that was necessary to bring prosperity to my beloved land—legislation which looked toward the promotion of internal improvements, and but for drouths and overflows and storms and tornadoes and all else that ever befell an unfortunate man in an unfortunate country I might have been a gatherer in of the sheaves.

I have thought more of my misfortunes and disasters than I have of my successes because the former left more and larger sore spots than the latter had been able to heal up, and now I must tell of one of my most sore of disasters.

I had succeeded in accomplishing that which no other man or set of men had been able to accomplish, and that which all those I talked with thought was impossible of accomplishing with, by or through the Texas Legislature. The International Railroad had built a long line through a desolate and no-account country that commenced at nowhere and ended at ditto. It had a great future before it at both ends; it was one of my

first-born; it was to have received ten thousand dollar thirty-year eight per cent state bonds for each mile built, and it was contemplated to build about five thousand miles from first to last, for we had provided for our grandchildren to have something to do on this mundane sphere after we had quit doing for them.

This long stretch of road built through "nowhere," paying for possession of course, in order that we might build at both ends, we called upon the State Controller for the bonds due us on the hundred and more miles built. I might be sued for criminal libel if I were to say that there was any such thing as "graft" with anybody down in Texas in those days, for it was just after the people had somewhat gotten out of the clutches of the accursed carpet-baggers, nigger rule and scalawagers' control.

The bonds were printed and taken to the Controller of the State, who had to certify to them, but who instead *all in an instant and without notice found out that the law was unconstitutional* and refused to sign the bonds. The courts were appealed to, he was served with a mandamus to do so, and like St. Paul he appealed to Caesar, *i. e.*, the Supreme Court, that agreed with him. How wicked it would be for me or any one else to say that there was any "swag" in the matter at all, but "alle samee" there was something doing and our one hundred and forty or fifty miles of railroad, built at an enormous expense through "nowhere," was brought to a standstill for the want of these bonds, to lengthen it at both ends so that it might reach "somewhere."

The Houston and Texas Central Railroad, that had been built on its own earnings for more than one hundred and fifty miles (so the people then thought but found out years afterwards it was from robbing the State school fund, of which I shall tell hereafter, and which will make mighty interesting reading for some people yet alive), did not approve of "division

and silence," that is, dividing up their territory with a Northern corporation, and I gave it as my belief then and now and will believe until my dying day, had seen Mr. Controller before we did.

We had to go to the people and elect a new Legislature and also a new Governor, requiring two years' time. Before that Legislature met there was lots of money in the shape of crisp new greenback bills floated all over the State. No matter who was the author of the scheme. I will be more happy no doubt in the hereafter if Beelzebub does not recognize me as having had something to do with it, for I had rather be on an ice wagon at any time than in his clutches.

The scheme was this, that all statesmen and politicians in the State should be educated to the proposition that any man or set of men who would come into the State with ten thousand dollars would be given one section of Texas State lands out on the State plains "not otherwise appropriated;" for every ten thousand dollars he invested in any sort of internal improvements such as iron furnaces, copper smelters, cotton mills, woolen mills, refineries, and especially in digging ditches for navigation or irrigation purposes, and for any and for every other purpose that could be named, thought of or suggested. It was the two last propositions that were the drawing cards of the whole scheme.

Besides the gift of this land they were to be exempt for twenty-five years from taxation of any nature whatsoever, corporation, county or State, and that the land should not be taxed for twenty-five years after the State had transferred it to the individual or company investing the money. Who could go back on such a proposition as that, made as it was by some of the best and leading Democrats in the State?

This bill was duly introduced in the Legislature and referred to the Committee on Internal Improvements, but not before the bill was introduced praying for the relief of the

International Railroad, which was practically the same bill that had given its charter and that had been the means of inveigling the investment of many millions of dollars in the State to build that one hundred and fifty miles of railroad from "nowhere" through "nowhere" to "nowhere," i. e., from Longview to Hearne.

This bill was discussed pro and con, as was the general Internal Improvement bill, first one and then another, day in and day out, giving the "Third House" members an opportunity to get in their good work finding out the "lame ducks" and using a liberal mixture of adhesive plasters that were always green on the back but expressed big value on the face. Finally it came to a show-down after many resorts to "ways that were dark and tricks that were vain." We had two majority in the lower house and one majority in the upper. Old Beelzebub won't charge up to me all of these tricks, nor do I know very much of them; yet were I to tell what I do know, people yet living, in self-defense would say all sorts of bad things about me.

The Governor of the State was a man above guile. He was a lawyer, a jurist of great ability, a man who was all self and never let a good opportunity pass. Our bill went through and it came to him for his approval. A sly foxy cuss whispered in the Governor's ear how to kill two birds with one stone, hold himself with the people by vetoing the International Railroad bill, which would make him O. K. with the "grangers," and then recommend that the Legislature give to the International Railroad twenty-five sections of land in solid blocks, not alternate blocks but solid blocks, and exempting the land for twenty-five years from all taxation and likewise exempt the railroad and its rolling stock—mind you not for that part already built but to include future buildings as well—for twenty-five years also.

A ten-year-old schoolboy can figure out the difference between what we got and what we started in to get on the basis of six hundred dollars per section for the land and two hundred and fifty dollars per year per mile in taxes for the road for twenty-five years. Texas is a great big and rich State and it can afford to stand all such losses as this in the interest of people that it tried to "repudiate" and worse than blackmail.

A worse deal than this was the Houston and Texas Central Railroad borrowing from the State of Texas four and one-half million dollars of United States fifty-year eight per cent Government Bonds that had been given to the State in part, together with all of its lands, for a strip of wealthy country in the Northwest that Texas had about as much claim to as she had to the Northeast corner of the Kamchatka Peninsula, and which had been set aside as a special school fund labeled most sacredly and branded most fervently for the benefit of future born Texans, a school fund.

The railroad folks had a clause inserted allowing them to pay off the bonds at any time. The war came, it charged one hundred dollars per mile for transporting a Confederate soldier and twice that amount for a horse and everything else in like proportion, and the reader must not think that the passenger and freight agents did not know their business then any less than they know it now. Its earnings were immense; it took several carloads of these Confederate promises to redeem these bonds. There was only one party in Texas.

The question of *ab initio* and *anti-ab initio* government was not discussed in the election first preceding the reconstruction. The Republican element, the carpet-baggers and the scalawagers were on the right side of the question, and that was enough for the Democrats, as the former had so disgraced themselves as to make it impossible for the people to believe that they would be right in anything. The Democrats started a *friendly* suit against the railroad for the bonds, and by an

accident it was decided in the Supreme Court against the railroad, who appealed it to the United States Supreme Court, where the case was decided after Grover Cleveland had appointed a Democratic Chief Justice, who of course threw Texas down.

PATRIOTISM VERSUS SELF INTEREST.

The greatest concern of an American is the proper execution of just and proper laws, and the American who takes no interest in what has passed and knows nothing of it is not a good citizen, cannot be, for it is only by the past that we can judge the future, and it is for this reason that I refer to past history, giving a truthful account as it was and as no politician or bribe taking so-called statesman would give it. Why I so often refer to the past, my reader of old and middle age will more appreciate than the young man, but the time will come when he will view it from a different light.

Government was inaugurated for the good of the weak, for their protection against the strong. If the Government is corrupt it comes from the fact that the people are either more or less so or that they are ignorant and can be swayed to and fro, hither and yon, just as the interest of the party-seeking power may demand.

Elsewhere I have referred to the day and date I left my birth-place in Michigan. Three nights before that day, in company with several other neighbor boys, who were visiting around with me and my brother, I went to a "free nigger lecture" at a log schoolhouse which stands where Galien, Michigan, now stands. It was then a wilderness of a forest thereabout. There were perhaps as many as fifty grown people there and as many more boys like ourselves. The white-headed and white-bearded negro came in, a personification of the "old blind Joe" of today. He went direct to business and I never have forgotten the first two lines of the song he sang:

"I am bound for Canada, that cold and barren land;
The horrors of slavery I can no longer stand."

This affected me, for we were going away from the North to a Southern country to get away from cold lands, and the nigger was headed in another direction. His song was full of pathos and recounted of how his wife and children had been sold in slavery, and then in his lecture he set forth how they belonged to a good humane master who would sell them for a given price, and he was lecturing to get money to buy them. I was a capitalist at that time, having several dollars but more copper cents. That was the first and the only time in my life that I invested in even a small part of a nigger, and I believe that I gave as much money as any other person present. Just as the lecture was being concluded a band of what would be called Ku Klux in those days, from the pro-slavery neighborhood where I had lived, rushed in, but old Uncle Ned escaped unhurt.

At any time five years before the Committee of Public Safety of Fort Bend County burned my Harper's Magazine and Dabney's Southern Botany and gave me notice to quit, as related elsewhere, a piece of Horace Greeley's New York *Tribune* as big as my hand found in my store or in my possession would have hung me. To have found a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin in any man's possession would have hung him without the benefit of bell, book or Bible, for any man to have taken out of the postoffice or even for any postmaster to have delivered to any man a Congressional document bearing the name of any Republican Congressman or United States Senator would have hung that postmaster as well as the man.

The Committee of Public Safety opened letters, as they did in the case of Hughes and Parker, related in a former chapter, and evil befell the man whose mother, sister, sweetheart or wife wrote intimating that they were not pro-slaveryites.

This man Horace Greeley, of whom all have heard, was the father of the Abolition party, and no man was looked upon

with as much hatred as he was by the people of the South. To have intimated that there was any honor or good in Horace Greeley would have quickly ended the intimator's life. To have told a man that in less than ten years the Democrats of the South, the old original secessionists, would be shouting themselves hoarse and running themselves lame huzzzaing for Horace Greeley and carrying a black Republican banner would have cost the life of any one.

I was appointed a delegate to the Crittenden Peace Convention, that had been called by the Union people of the South to meet at Chattanooga, Tennessee, and we met in Governor Sam Houston's office in Austin, where we received a telegram from Alexander H. Stephens, Senator from Georgia, afterwards Vice-President of the Confederacy through the grace of Jeff. Davis, that Horace Greeley's *Tribune* of recent date editorially—double-leaded leader—stated that it was a well settled fact, or words to that effect, that there was no coercive power in the Constitution of the United States by which the North could coerce the Southern States back into the Union after they had seceded, etc., etc.

There were twenty-two delegates present. It was left to the youngest, and that was I, to vote first as to whether, in view of this statement, we should go with the South or still hold on to the Union, and these were my reasons for casting my vote to go with the South and which were accepted by two-thirds of those present.

That Horace Greeley was the originator and father of the *black* Republican party, that he made Abraham Lincoln President of the United States, that he had made the Republican platform, that he had defeated William H. Seward in his own State by the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, that Abraham Lincoln was but clay in the potter's hands, that Horace Greeley could not possibly say this but that a council of the black Republican party leaders had authorized him to say it; that in

saying this he was only saying and affirming what all the Democrats and secessionists of the South had been declaring over and over again, and this being the case there would be no war, that all would be peaceably adjusted, and that in time, as Horace Greeley suggested, when we got tired of being out, we could come back into the Union, and further than this I was a peace man and would always be found arrayed on the side of the peace-maker.

With these sentiments, as before said, two-thirds of the Committee agreed. Little did I or any one else in that room know that Horace Greeley, like James Gordon Bennett of the *Herald*, was a commercial editor who, for so much per line of eight words agate measure, would say anything and promise anything for any party who had the price. I was afterwards told, and as I firmly believe was true, and no man had ever yet undertaken to deny, nay, not even Sidell or Davis ever dared deny, that eighty-five thousand dollars in the Bank of England notes was paid for this one editorial leader and that the covenant was that he should never again be called upon to defend it in any way, *and he did not*.

This editorial was the cause of the formation of the Hueff regiment of Texas cavalry, composed of the members of the Public Safety Committee from different parts of the State, and who hung and otherwise murdered and assassinated more than one hundred and twenty Union men who were leaving the State inside of the prescribed time given them to leave by the Governor's proclamation.

This man Horace Greeley (whose name did I have the power I would make it a penitentiary offense for any one to mention except in derision and contempt) went right on advocating in his paper all sorts of proscriptive measures looking to the conquering of the South, and no other paper published in the North had one-tenth the power that his paper had in this direction.

There live but two men today, 1904, who could tell of the amount of Confederate cotton money, estimated at from eighteen to twenty-four million dollars, that was over in England and that the agents of the Government "fobbed" (or stole, is a better word), and what amount was paid over to Horace Greeley to secure the bail bonds of Jeff. Davis and to release from prison four other noted Confederates, among them ex-Postmaster General Regan, who was confined in Fort Warren, and who from writing there to his friends in Texas to accept negro emancipation as a finality and furthermore be prepared for their enfranchisement—and this too after all Confederates had been paroled and taken the oath of allegiance—was burned in effigy in all parts of the State, and none was so brave as to do him honor for telling the truth.

This Horace Greeley kept on publishing in his *Tribune* the most vile, slanderous articles on the people of the South, against their honor, and against their liberties, though he secured the bail bonds for Jeff. Davis, and I have challenged in my day any man to show that any reader of the one hundred and twenty-five thousand circulation of the New York *Tribune* in the Northern States ever read in that paper that Horace Greeley had admitted the right of the South to secede, much less that he had secured the bail bonds of Jeff. Davis.

For doing these two things the leaders of the Southern Democracy took him up and nominated him, as the champion Democrat, for President of the United States and made the solid South support him; and yet there live men who say there is honor and principle and nobleness in the Southern Democratic leaders.

Old Horace Greeley died a poor man, as he justly should. I believe God intends all two-faced men like him must live on poor pickings on the other side and in cahoots and companionship with such men as made the Southern Public Safety Committees and managed the affairs of that Government. Old

Greeley was a very profane man. "It was said that he could write a captivating abolition article and swear like a fishmonger at the same time. When he died W. R., his right hand "con man," was present, and while gasping his last breath, he had a very pointed talk with the old devil, stating that "I will be with you down in hell soon, and I'll give you the run of your life for the next election for master-in-chief of the fiery regions." And while having this talk with old Beelzebub, Greeley's life went out.

One of his family was out West and telegraphed back to W. R. to know what "father's last words were."

His reply was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

There may be many people in the United States, even at this late date, who think that Horace Greeley was a great, good and honest man, but these people should not be allowed the right to vote. According to my idea there should be a mental qualification for any one to become a citizen and enjoy this great privilege of voting at our elections.

When I was a boy my father was a subscriber to the *National Intelligencer*, published in Washington by Gales and Seaton, a paper that was as far above guile and deceit, hypocrisy and wrong, as the sun's light is above that made by a tallow dip. He also was a subscriber to the *New York Express*, a staunch old line Whig paper that believed in preaching and taught protection for everything that was of American birth or make, to which of course the party that was "feminist" the Government opposed.

An Irishman landing in New York fresh from the old sod was asked by another lately therefrom:

"Pat, and what party are you going to belong to?"

"Which party is feminist the Government?"

"The Democratic party."

"Well, thin, I'll be a Democrat."

The South is solid for the same reason that at a time in

the past the Catholic Church ruled the world, and, as with it, there is coming a time when there will be a break up of the solid South, and then there will be a day of prosperity and happiness there.

When such men as Bailey and Hogg of Texas can be pushed forward and pointed to as ideal men and good presidential timber, old-timers like myself look back and then think how most all things are possible with the devil, as we are told all things are possible with God.

The establishing of civic federations in the South, referred to elsewhere, in which no ignorant man or politician can gain admittance, composed of men who pay taxes and are the captains of industry in their localities, men who live for those who come after them, as do all great and good men, will soon bring about a reaction in the political affairs of the South that may or may not benefit the poor white trash or the nigger element.

An old friend to whom I had been telling of the rascallity, trickery and deceit of the politicians in the city in which I lived, declared that the time was fast coming when this anarchy element would rise and destroy all that was esteemed as valuable, good and great by good people. He seemed to be very much quieted when I told him that he was wrong, for with the money in my hand I could hire the crowd in this saloon to go fight and annihilate the crowd in the other saloon; that money talks, and, when controlled by brain and power, will always, and there need be no fears or doubts.

The day of blind prejudice, ignorant superstition and false preaching has passed, and its first knell was sounded when this great Government of ours was inaugurated by as brave a set of grand and noble men as God ever convened in noble assembly. It was the Declaration of Independence of the United States that was the first knell of the bell that since sounded around the world, and the man of intelligence, the man who

had contributed to the great prosperity of this country in the last fifty years, sees with glory in his soul the coming yet of a still brighter day.

I hope that no man will read my book that would ask here for me to say or point out where these great shocks of golden sheaves are to be seen, for such a person would not have sense enough to determine the difference in point of goodness between the rot-gut grog that he has been accustomed to drink and the good old-fashioned apple jack or hand-made sour mash that the founders of this Government drank in their day.

I have frequently had occasion for the good of the community in which I live to break into politics, but never from a party line, and I never would in my life take up the cause of a man who had been a traitor to any cause, wherefore I opposed the Horace Greeley scheme of Southern disgrace and became very much disliked for so doing. I have since that day and time talked with intelligent people of the North on this subject, and never have I known a man who had ever seen the article in Greeley's paper as to there being no coercive power in the Constitution of the United States.

One dark and dismal night, by previous appointment, near Natchez, Mississippi, in obedience to orders from the Government, after having concealed my body guard of six fighting machines in the persons of as many Texas Ranger friends that I could depend upon, even risk my life in the hands of, I submitted to an interview of several hours' duration with one of, if not *the* chief of the Secret Service of the United States Government, and there was no one but he and I anywhere near, as he supposed. I was no more discreet then than he, for, like myself, he came prepared for a melee in case of an attempted abduction or kidnaping.

No more than I would violate my most solemn tie and obligation would I tell of the interview that we had, a correct

report of which I gave to my chief in Richmond. The matter relating to and of concern in this interview could have much better been attended to and conducted somewhere on the Potomac. Why it should have been 'way out West, and why I should have been selected to be the party to conduct it, I never could understand and would not question the party I met, on that score.

Ever after this I felt that my life was in danger, and I was warned on two occasions, both of which compelled me to disobey orders from the Government. I would not be writing this book today had I obeyed either one of these orders. I am not such a coward and poltroon as to send a substitute, nor was I ever questioned as to why I disobeyed the orders emanating from the office of the Secretary of War but not signed by the Secretary of War. The Secret Service of the Government in those days was conducted on quite a different plan or line from what it is now between any Government; now such work is done by properly paid attorneys or by detective associations.

The nearest I ever got to the truth of this secret mission on which I was sent was several years afterwards. I was in Washington, D. C., when a gentleman called on me at my hotel and wanted to know if I was not at one time in the employ of the Confederacy in the Signal and Secret Service. I lied out of it, and asked, "Why do you ask?"

He said that his memory told him that I was the man who had met another man that he was greatly interested in near the bank of the Mississippi River above Natchez in the "dark of the moon." I told him that it was very possible that if he persevered in his proposition that his false conception of faces might bring him in great trouble, and to the demand that I made upon him as to who he was, he replied:

"It is none of your business since you are not the party that I am hunting for."

I told him that there was such a mystery that I would like information, that it was interesting to me. I spent some money "shadowing" this man, but the detective who did the work for me and who followed him "turned turtle" and could give me no report, by this I mean he sold out to the other fellow, who was backed by much more money than I could command, if not by some arm of the Government Service of the United States, or once was.

From my earliest infancy, when I was put to bed early, and from thence on all through life I retire to my apartment seldom later than eight P. M., and it is possible that there is not a man living today of my age and travel and experience who has seen as little of this world by gaslight or any other sort of light by night as I have seen. I have, however, been inveigled into "gun dances," which for the edification of my reader I will explain.

An urgent call came to me one evening to the room of a hotel where I was stopping, near by where, as I supposed, I had a millionaire's interest in a hole in the ground called a mine. Feeling good and apprehending no danger I told the messenger that I would join them in a few minutes. When I did so, in a side room between the office of the hotel and the bar-room, three highwaymen leveled their six-shooters at my head and told me to drink from the bottle of whisky sitting on the table and to drink with them. This was a time when the thoughts of a moment are worth a life of toil, to which I have previously referred, and my wits were with me. Bowing I said:

"Surely, gentlemen, after you."

They drank first, and I drank with them, and looking at them I said: "Now, gentlemen, are you satisfied?"

The majority were; one wanted more fun, but the majority prevailed, and I never have been caught napping again—that was the first time in my life.

Some years ago, from having participated in the organization of the Patriotic Sons of America in the City of Chicago, I was prevailed upon to accept their nomination for the Legislature on the little "Red Schoolhouse" proposition. I lived in a strong Republican district of the strongest Republican ward in the City of Chicago. The sons of the Emerald Isle, who were very numerous in the lower part of my district—all Democrats—sought to make capital by having a "fracas" at my expense, and having heard that I was a stranger to fear, sent me a challenge to speak in a noted public hall, the rent of which they would pay if I would come there and make one of my "know-nothing" speeches.

The idea of my being backed out never entered my head, and I knew that I knew Irish character well enough to accept the challenge—it was no invitation but a right down defi. The Chief of Police happened to be an American and a personal friend of mine, but this was not known to all people. I accepted the challenge and had the Chief of Police send fifteen or more "all-arounders" in citizens' clothes, in other words a lot of picked policemen, who were the first to get into the hall and the nearest to the platform. At an early hour the hall was packed, and not with voters alone, for Bridget and Mollie and Mary and all of the others of that gender or sex who loved fracases were there also. Of course, Mike, late from the "Old Sod," and all of his "hairy teeth" companions were well up in the front, and though I had a silk hat, I did not wear it that night.

I shoved and pushed and worked my way through the densely packed crowd of Irish humanity, and crawled up as best I could on the platform, where there was no one to introduce me to the assemblage. I never was a good copyist, never could tell a thing twice alike, therefore I will not vouch for the following words as being the ones I said, but they came the next thing to it. After walking across the platform a time

or two, apparently to collect my thoughts, I went to the front of the platform, took off my hat and made the most profound bow of which I was capable and said:

"Fellow Citizens, Gentlemen and Ladies: I recognize the faces before me as being largely from the 'Old Sod.' I want you to look at me in the face and in my eyes, look at my tongue and see if it is forked [extending my licker as far out as possible] and, [drawing myself up with as much force as I could] see if any of you would take me to be a coward or spaldeen, as you term them. Now give me five minutes to talk to you and then if you do not prove my friends I will submit myself to be quartered and drawn."

"There is but one thing in the character of an Irish man or woman that I do hate, and now listen to me while I tell you what that one thing is. I am the grandson of one of the founders of this great nation, whose liberty you enjoy, and the thing above all things and the only thing I hate an Irishman for is that he does not hate the Englishman enough to suit me."

In an instant the house was in an uproar and such yelling I never heard come from the throats of three or four thousand Irish men and women. A thousand hands rushed up towards me and voices shouted, "Good boy, he!" When the noise had subsided the balance of my remarks were somewhat on this line; they were short:

"You would never have become the good citizens of this country that the majority of you are, did you not love above all things on the earth, saving the love of a mother and the religion you embrace, the sod and soil and land your eyes first saw after birth, and no Irishman worthy the name and honor of that race should be tolerated on this land who would allow living mortal to say aught against the Green Isle!"

This brought the house in another uproar, and I had in walking across the platform found the secret exit, which I took in double-quick.

There were two English Orangemen organizations or lodges in my district and their voting strength was two hundred and eighty. I was defeated for the Legislature by thirty-six votes. I do not know that an Irishman voted for me, but I do know that there was not an Englishman in the district but who peddled tickets against me.

A few days after the election I received an invitation, all properly engrossed, as an unsuspicious person would naturally suppose, from one of these Orangemen Lodges, inviting me to meet them at a certain point 'way out on Blue Island avenue. I read it over, and it occurred to me that I did not want to be there. I had previously taken a great interest in the prosecution of the Dr. Cronin murderers, for which no few of the Clan-na-gael members held daggers up their sleeves for me. Armed and with six very substantial friends I was near about where the supposed meeting was to take place and with us were two newspaper reporters.

We watched from a secreted spot the men who came in and went out and counted their number. It was just about such another lonely spot as where Dr. Cronin had been murdered. We waited and watched and saw the crowd disperse in time for the reporters to fill the next morning's big daily papers with several columns of scare matter under big scare headlines and I was again made notorious and in a way that I did not much like.

That I have always had a guardian angel who has protected me from wrong and harm is not more true than that I have been conscious for these many years that a dark shadow has at times got very near to me. Eternal vigilance has been no more the price of liberty than it has been my salvation.

I could fill several more pages of my book telling of similar encounters but will close with but one more.

I had a difficulty with a man down in the Lone Star State

who at short range emptied his revolver at me and was then coming with a "tooth pick," thinking that I was unarmed. That was *his mistake*. He quickly learned better and has been a much better man ever since. I was taught early in life that it was only the *good* Indians that were dead.

THE MEANING OF SUCCESS.

Often we meet people who, judging from their actions, imagine they are something above the ordinary. No one has ever yet seen the man or the woman who uses the looking-glass much but that he sees a fool, made so from the poisoning of his brain through self-conceit. When persons become more familiar with and accustomed to their own faces and looks than with those of others, they become conceited and vain and foppish and grow into dudes and dudeens. When doubt sets in wisdom commences, but the self-conceited Jack never has doubts as to his being the most beautiful, and therefore the wisest, of all men of his acquaintance, and it is only from the world's not knowing him that it fails to esteem him as such.

We come across these people at every turn in life. They are the weasels in the barnyard that give the man of affairs so much trouble. In my day and time I have given employment to a great number of people, and I have done my part in the way of educating and fitting a great number of young people for business and proper lives, and I have never yet given employment to a man or woman who kept a looking-glass in front of them all the while, and who are constantly fixing their collars and primping, or who spend more time in twisting their mustaches and pompadours than would be required to educate a baboon, but that I was left in some way, and as I trusted such I was left badly.

It is the plain, everyday, meet-him-every-time-always-the-same man that this world loves the most and rewards the greatest. The actor and the dissembler to me proves the one who is self in nothing but all deceit, who is the curse of this

earth and makes the bountiful soil grow with thistles and thorns. "All the world loves a lover," and it also loves a fighter, but not a lover of self nor a fighter who attains proficiency in deceit.

The more one sees of the world and mankind in it, and the more mankind hears of the deceit, the more he is prone to think of dogs, and from so thinking the best of all great people become recluses and draw in unto themselves and away from the world. "Disappointment maketh the heart sick," and from what deceives and disappoints in our fellow men the best of us become tired and want to travel, and if, when we shall have traveled to that bourne from which no traveler e'er returns, we find there in the shady nooks on the banks of the babbling brooks the same that has made this earth so tiresome to us, then there is no truth in the Holy Writ, and not until then shall we be prepared to say that "Life was not worth living."

Three men were traveling on the top of an open stage coach. One was admiring the grandeur of the scenery and the magnificence of the great forest through which they were passing, and the country viewed from the mountain peaks over which they were traveling. The other had nothing to say. The third, a Yankee, declared that he believed that it was worth twenty-four cords to the acre. To the admirer of the beautiful in nature all things are added. A contented mind is a continual feast. The selfish calculator has nothing added unto him except as it comes by his own hard licks.

The native of a beautiful country with beautiful surroundings has little appreciation of them until he shall have been cast away upon a desert land, and possibly it never comes to him until it is too late to enjoy them. We "never miss the water till the well runs dry," and the water that has passed the wheel grinds no more corn, and as an illustration of the effect of our coming into this world, as well as our going

out, if one should go to a mill pond and stick his finger in it, he will note the effect which will represent his coming into, and pulling his finger out of the water will note the effect which will represent his going out of the world.

If one would leave a record behind to show that he had been here, he must not only build a dam and make a mill pond and build a mill which will grind corn, but he must plant trees around the margin close to the water and trees which will bear fruits and nuts and give shade to the weary traveler and the boy bathing, or the fisherman seeking sport, and though not one in tens of thousands who may enjoy the fruits of his planting will ever stop to ask, "Who did this that I might enjoy these blessings and pleasures and comforts?" yet the planter will obtain his reward in the fair beyond where pleasures come from having pleasures done.

A party of men in the East had bought a large tract of timber land out West, and they sent a man, in whom they had great confidence, out to build a sawmill, etc. After sending him much money they sent another man to see what was the matter and he reported back in writing: "I have found a dam by a mill site, but no mill by a dam site."

It is much easier for a man to have a thing done by proxy, but when it comes to getting it done right he will find it much easier to do it himself.

When a boy but eighteen I made my first mining investment, with twelve others, of one thousand dollars each. The man who presented the scheme was of that sort that Saint Paul ran up against some time before he wrote his statement respecting such men, referring to them as being able to "deceive the very elect." The property that we invested in was in the center of Mexico and near the Gaudalahara Mining Camp, which had an undisputed record of having produced nearly four hundred million dollars in gold and silver in the past

two hundred years and was not yet lifting ore from its largest and richest zone.

We went in on a drainage scheme more than that of mining. It was so forcibly and convincingly presented to us that it was plain to see there was millions in it. We only had to make a tunnel from the base of the mountains below and, as the map showed, only a short distance to tap the vein two thousand or more feet below the lowest workings of the mine which was then sixteen hundred feet down. It was at that time costing the miners four times more to keep the water out than it cost to take the ore out, and it was plainly shown to us by this lightning calculator, hypnotizing, mesmerizing, map-making, rapid-talking mining expert that the laws of old Spain and Mexico absolutely gave us all the advantage should we drain the property, as this tunnel was bound to do, then three-fourths or more of all those valuable lodes and veins and mines would be ours.

We were shown how each of our one thousand dollars would grow into anything from five to one hundred millions of dollars long before the time our first-born's children would call us "grandpap." For nearly forty years I nursed this delusion and lost several more thousands of dollars feeding the villains that my nursing nourished, and one by one I bought out the interests of estates by permission of the Probate Courts and when old age commenced driving her silver spikes in my black hairs and the frost of many winters had changed the raven locks to frosty hues I concluded to go and see about it.

In getting there, after leaving the railroad there were several places which I passed where had my mule or horse stumbled no enterprising buzzard would ever have bothered our carcasses in the chasm or canyon below the trail. I did the inspection act and lost no time getting out of the country, fearing that I might be waylaid by the accursed brigands in the employ of the descendants of the aforesaid mining expert.

The mountain was there, the mine was there, the wealth was there and the water was there and the vast plain at the foot of the mountain more than two thousand feet below the first workings of the mine was there, but it was fourteen miles away, and to have built a tunnel that would have tapped the vein to the depth that was illustrated in the map shown us would have cost twice more than all the money that had ever been taken out of the Luntz lode, first discovered by some of Cortez' men in 1462.

I could have sold my interest in this enterprise after I had gone and made the investigation to others interested in it with me on the strength of the report that was made in 1859 for a price that would have made me a well-to-do man, and I did sell to one who, when I reported to him, accused me of lying in order to buy up the property cheap. He paid dear for his questioning my honesty and died in grief from his loss and is in the hands of the devil to-day because he judged me by himself.

As many know without my telling them again, I have had more experiences over vast territory in mining and have financed several large deals, and up to within a very few years there were but few tricks in the trade that I was not up to. I have made a greater number of enemies from not robbing them of all they had than I have from ever having taking any one's money that failed to pay them a dividend. My experience in the deals in this part of my life will be of very little value to others, so I shall not relate many of them.

I grub-staked three men. They went into the region that promised great mining possibilities and made a location and did the required assessment work, tried to sell and could get nothing. I came the next year and saw that the prospect bid fair, but it would be in the deep before anything of a wealth-producing nature was brought to the surface. I wanted them to put up. They had practiced before the bar that had bottles

instead of legal tomes behind it, and had put all of their wealth up to the grog dealer and they were thirsty and were behind in their board bill and I bought them out at their own price.

I went to the claim and commenced digging and driving the drill aided by three men who belonged to the union and who struck on me because I insisted upon working more than eight hours a day. In the twelve or fourteen that I would work I did more than both of them would do in their sixteen. I was not long there by myself until I became convinced that others might see greater wealth in the future in that hole in the ground than I could see and there had been a big strike of rich ore in a near-by claim.

The men who struck me for a deal thought that I knew nothing about the business I would not be digging myself and had not heard of the big strike, and therefore imagined that they were getting the advantage of me when they made me an offer that would have bought a big farm in Iowa. I smelled a rat. It was a surprise to me and I felt my blood thickening up in an instant and thought of what might be in store for me in the future, and putting my thoughts into action I pulled the lids of my eyes down and asked them, "Do you see anything green?"

In twenty-four hours time the offer was trebled, and having been one of a party on many occasions where two fools met I said, "Yes," and I had soon placed to my bank account more money than I ever again had placed there through any mining transaction, and had I quit the business then I surely must have been much better off than I was in six years afterwards from having gone into it deeper than ever.

I became the possessor of a property that bid fair to be a great dividend producer, but having no money to work it, organized a company. I offered shares for sale to my friends in the East and all around, which were taken on my reputation and word without question. This money was judiciously

invested and after spending nearly one-fourth of a million dollars the property proved worthless. The vein, instead of widening out and becoming richer, narrowed in and became poorer. It was wedge shaped, but instead of the point being up it was down. The walls were there, both hanging and foot, and every mark of what Freiburg mineralogists and mining experts' told us could not fail to be a great wealth producer.

Seeing that to go any further would only be like the man sinking in quicksand, I made an outcry and told the truth by saying that the property was not worth a canceled postage stamp, and that all of our investments were lost and that I was going to quit and make no further efforts, but that since the investments were made upon my recommendation I would return every man his money in a product of a mine of which I had great quantities of shares and which they could sell, for it was selling freely then and in still greater quantities now. I sent to each stockholder the names and addresses of all the stockholders, giving them an opportunity to correspond with each other and sixty days' time to determine whether they would take my offer or not, not for a moment thinking that they would do otherwise.

A bright idea struck a New England Yankee, who had a good lot of money gained from deals in stocks and Board of Trade transactions; that I was just as he would be and was doing only what he would do. He wrote me a letter in substance saying that he did not propose to accept any such offer, that I had got his and other people's money and now wanted to rob them by getting back all the stock for a song and that he did not propose to be "yanked" in that way and dared me to name a price I would receive for my stock, which was considerable over a majority of all the shares.

I struck while the iron was hot and telegraphed him that if in thirty days he would pay each and every stockholder the original amount they had paid in that I would sell him my

holdings for one-fourth of what he had paid for the stock standing out. I published his letter and my telegraphic reply and mailed them to every stockholder. In thirty days' time they all had their money and I had my price. Out of more than three hundred men who had invested with me upon my representation there were but ten who stayed by me and judged me to be honest like themselves. I did well by them, the others not only lost what they paid in, but the sharp man who accused me of being a rascal lost his money and twice as much more, amounting in all to half a million dollars, trying to prove to the world that I was a sharper seeking to defraud people who had placed confidence in me. My conscience was clear and I had more money than any or all who had followed the lead of the sharper.

I found that the mining business was so alluring as to attract most of the get-rich-quick people, as well as all of the sharers and unprincipled men from all parts of the world, and I began to believe that, were I endowed with twice my natural wisdom and cunning, there was no money in the mining business for me unless I threw honesty to the winds and went in on general principles in rascality and robbery.

When the oil excitement struck Texas I owned a large mineral rights claim in a southern county, and not far from where the big gushers had been struck, and for which I was offered all sorts of prices. I told the company that offered me the biggest of any that that amount of money was so much greater than I had been accustomed to that it might make me crazy; that I had been used to getting along on smaller amounts and that I could continue to do so, and besides I had so many poor kin that the amount offered would not make them all as rich as myself; that I could bore a few holes myself, and if the oil was on the property I had ways and means of taking care of it.

I knew with next to a certainty that there was no oil

underneath the Damon Mound, yet as a flyer I sent out to my many friends, patrons and poor kin a prospectus, telling them of what other people claimed I had; that I was going to divide the six hundred acres into five-acre lots; that I was going to bore on four of them, and if oil was found I would then sell stock on the basis of forty-five thousand dollars for each five-acre tract, I taking fifty-five thousand myself; that this would be divided into ten-dollar shares, making a million-dollar corporation for each five acres. I sent to each an option they were to sign and return to me, they agreeing in sixty days' time from the date I struck oil on the four different five-acre tracts to take and pay for the number of shares subscribed for.

They sent in nearly two million dollars' worth of options on this basis in a very short time. The oil schemers and swindlers were advertising at a terrific rate in all papers throughout the land, and the people, including the hired girl and the jehu, were well up on oil investing schemes, and it did seem more madness not to invest than to invest.

I spent no money in boring, but the wildcats did, and some of them up to within a few feet of my side lines, and they bored and bored, and it turned out just as I expected; in fact, just as I knew it would, and the territory was quickly abandoned after perhaps a million or more dollars had been expended in boring there and from five to fifty times the amount lost by people who invested in wildcat stocks, issued based on the oil's being there.

At a cost of several hundred dollars I sent back to all who had sent me their options, the same, stamping on the face of them, "Null and void and of no value." There might have been upwards of ten thousand or more of these options. Not less than five hundred or perhaps one thousand wrote to me accusing me of being all sorts of a swindler, yes, as I could see it, for no other reason than that I had not swindled one of

them out of one cent of their money—would scorn to do such a thing—and because I was the only honest man they had had dealings or corresponded with. These letters would have made me feel very bad but for the fact of my receiving thousands and thousands containing expressions in the very opposite direction. Experiences of this sort in great numbers have taught me to believe that there are numbers of people who have only evil thoughts, and those continually, and the number of people who want to be humbugged are even greater than P. T. Barnum estimated them.

A club was formed by a college graduating class, promising each other to come together every year and give their experiences during the interim. Among other conditions in the by-laws was this: "That no one should lie in making a deal, they would go out of business first." At the first annual there was not a single man there who was in business, and it was then that the question was propounded: "What shall we do to make an honest living?" And it has been the question ever since at each successive annual meeting for fifty years; yet each member for and during all that time had money enough to attend the annual meeting at no inconsiderable expense, and some of them took their wives and families and some their grandchildren with them.

The wisdom developed in the discussion of the original question by this club enabled them all to go back wealthy, and who shall say but that "in the multitude of counsel there is wisdom?"

It is not true that all tradesmen are liars and cheats. The most successful merchant and dealer is the one who will not deal in goods he has to lie about to sell. He is the farmer who never puts all the little, faulty berries or fruit at the bottom of the box or basket or barrel and who does not try to sell guinea eggs at hens' egg prices.

It is the cheat of cheats who says that there is no honesty

in trade and business, and I have never yet come across a man or woman who was all the time on the lookout for being cheated but that they would cheat every time they got a chance. The man who buys a basket of peaches that is bushed with a pink muslin cover is a fool if he expects not to be cheated both in false packing and false bottom. The more beautiful the doll's dress the more frail the doll, was impressed upon me by a little girl for whom I bought a beautifully dressed doll, which she let fall upon the floor, whereupon some of its anatomy was smashed. Upon my saying: "That was too bad," though the child was only four years old she said:

"You ought to have better sense than to buy a doll already dressed. Mamma never done that."

We buy a wagon not so much because of its highly colored paint as on the reputation of the man who built the wagon. We expect to be cheated every time we deal with a horse-trading deacon, and no matter how cheap goods may be offered us by a cheap John dealer, the man who buys knows that he has thrown half of his money away as compared with what he would have done had he bought the goods of an honest man. One would much prefer to trade with another in whom he had unlimited confidence, is the reason why all honest dealers prosper and have new customers who stay to become old.

When the first man who commenced the express business in the United States had built quite a business carrying packages between Boston and Lowell, he established an agent in the latter town, who in a short time and at the very first opportunity that he had ran away with a considerable amount of money. The owner stopped his express business and spent all of the money he had and borrowed more tracking the thief up and finally landed him in the penitentiary, where he was given a good long term. The owner then went back to his business and all of the farmers and merchants patronized him,

and from that on his business grew until today it reaches more than twice around the world.

First convince the public that you are a man of your word and the public will place confidence in you, but not before.

Education as conducted in the last generation or two since public school teaching has become a trade, a graft or pull, has not been conducive to either public morals or the diffusion of knowledge, though it may be said it has given an opportunity for the "survival of the fittest," but to no greater extent than it has given an opportunity for the young natural born thief to develop into perfection in that line.

Our public school system, as I view it, is wrong in many respects, and particularly in that moral economy is not taught in the first grades. I believe that the only book leading in this direction, that of psychology, can be credited to a sermon delivered by the great and noble Dr. Thomas of Chicago on the subject, "The Importance of Moral Economy Being Taught in the Public School," and of which I had printed an edition of twenty-five thousand, which were sent to all the principal educators in the United States and were also distributed at the National Educational Convention held in 1883 in Montreal, Canada.

This Dr. Thomas was the man who was turned out of the Methodist Church the next year after this for having preached that God was a God of love and not a God of vengeance. All the good people who belonged to the Methodist Church at that time have wept bitter tears of sorrow, and today, as fast as those who were at that Rockford (Illinois) Conference who voted him out, step over the line, they are embraced by old Beelzebub for the reason, as I see it, that like begets like; that it was God's first law, and never is it more sure, in my estimation that the man or woman who is always thinking that God is a cruel, unrelenting, pain-pleasing God of ven-

gence and no mercy, just as the heathen pagan make their God—those people will be received by just such a God.

Just so with him who looks upon his great Creator as being one of love and kindness, of goodness and of grace, and is ever ready to adore and return thanks to that great Creator for all the beauty and joy and pleasure that He has given us on this earth, that person is sure to be a partner with that sort of a Creator when he crosses over the line, and there will be no Beelzebub bubbling and smoking hell.

"According to thy faith so be it unto thee," was enunciated by the Babe in the manger whose star the wise men saw, which caused them to journey to the WEST, which was nothing wonderful to my compeers in this life where all wise men, be they in the East or in the West, at all times see the star of greatness rising as its need is demanded. He who has faith in evil, the like shall he receive. Unto the evil all things are evil, and the pure in heart that sees no guide shall inherit everlasting pleasure and enjoyment. Nothing is more sure than that we shall leave the fruit of our sowing, and nothing is more sure than that like will beget like. It is a Bible truth; it is a truth that has stood in all the past and will never be departed from.

The father who teaches his son from his earliest infancy to speak the truth with an open eye and to fear not, and who departs not from this line of teaching in anything, is the father who may expect in old age to be glorified and surrounded with joy and pleasure, while the one who is negligent to this great truth may expect to go to his grave with sorrow and regret and leave behind him nothing worthy of a name, and as this is a truth as respects boys, it is doubly true as respects girls, for "she who rocks the cradle rules the nation."

This reminds me that we no longer hear the good old lullaby cradle songs that the great men of my age were rocked to sleep by; and why is it that the public schools, the corner-stone of

which is the Bible, has departed from its teachings, and instead of home, life and love the opposite has come to us?

It was not long ago that I was expected to make a talk before a large body of men belonging to an order that perhaps has done more to elevate the human race than all the other societies on earth, and when going to the stand—I knew the hall—I stumbled on and kicked off the lights, and, commanding silence, I repeated:

“Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough bends the cradle will fall;
And down will come baby, cradle and all.”

Throwing the light on and facing my audience, I discovered there was not a dry eye there that had seen the light of day thirty-five years, and then I addressed myself to those who had never heard this song, and in doing so was wildly applauded by all.

If to-day I were going out in the world to conquer with an army of invincibles I would do as the founder of the Roman Catholic Church, adopt songs that were popular with the old people, and I would destroy all but a few that were popular with the young of to-day.

To make a comparison between the songs of fifty years ago and those of to-day would be like comparing good Christian doctrine with paganism. The songs of the Anglo-Saxon race fifty years hence will have as little of the “Frenchy” and the “Dutchy” and the “Dago” in them as did the songs of fifty years ago. In the next fifty years there are going to be more revolutions looking to the advancement of the human race in every line that can be advanced upon, than there have been in the last three hundred years or more. The great scholars of the day and the great lawmakers of the land and the great business interests and the captains of industry are combining

looking to this end, and though fierce be their fight with the saloon and the dago element and the ignorant and the indifferent, the bright line of truth is going to win out, and when it once shines upon this earth, as it will, life will then be worth living.

That such a man as Horace Greeley could return now and be considered a reputable citizen by the respectable element in the United States, no man of common intelligence will dare affirm.

The pulse and brain of this great United States is not to be controlled by perfidy, falsehood, fraud, deceit or knavery. Where some see only misfortune and ill omens in the organization of our laboring classes, I see a bright star beyond that will light the way of a people that heretofore have been controlled only by the blind leading the blind and by the demagogue of the pulpit as well as of the rostrum, for gain, pandering to their ignorance, as well as indulging in their wrongs and vices.

No such man as he of yellow journalism can buy his way to any place of great prominence, though he may be able to create a storm in centers where the vile, ignorant and unpatriotic are the greatest in numbers and where rum money never fails to bring applause. So long as there is an element that can be appealed to by the designing demagogue in politics as well as by the hypocritical preacher in religion, there will be trouble, for when the *rabble hiss patriots tremble*.

FISH, SNAKE AND OTHER STORIES.

Fish, bear and snake stories are always in order, because they always have been and always will be. From the days of Nimrod and Samson with his jawbone, and Jonah smoking a cigar in the whale's belly, and every one having experiences in this line will tell of them, and they are not supposed to lose anything by their telling and being retold.

My first fish story would start with the catching of a very small minnow, in a spring-house brook, that grew and grew and still grows, for it is not many moons ago that I saw from my home on the Pacific Coast a sight in the Bay of Monterey that, had I been able to photograph it, people would say it was fishy, just as thousands will say my telling of it is, notwithstanding I promised this should be a book of truths.

A school of one hundred or more spouting whales came in the bay, and I was astonished at no one's being surprised so much as myself, though history tells that this was the greatest whaling station on the Pacific Coast up to within the recollection of men now living. This Bay of Monterey, California, on which Santa Cruz is situated, was, since the whales were created, their breeding grounds. I am told that the cypress that grows on the point overlooking this bay is of the same variety that is found only in the Holy Land and is spoken of in the Scriptures. This I believe no one will question or doubt who has ever driven through them, for a more beautiful drive cannot be found on the American continent, as I have heard thousands of greater globe-trotters than I proclaim.

There are many fish stories that have been relegated to the past since the Pacific Coast and its tributary country have been

explored and the fish found therein told of. Few who have not studied or visited the fishing waters of the Pacific Coast know much of or about them, only as they learn through a tin can, and the can only teaches of the salmon that in point of numbers and the wealth that they have brought to the world would compare with the cod of mackerel of the Atlantic as would Barnum's lilliputian Tom Thumb with his eight-foot giant. "What a lie!" some one will say, but he who investigates the matter will find that my comparison is tame instead of being excessive. This is not the biggest fish story that I have in store if you will but read more.

A few years ago I was visiting my birthplace and I went at four A. M. down to the Dowagiac Creek, if not to catch, then to see the fish and to see if there was any evidence left of what I had once seen at this point upon the steel bridge; while standing cogitating upon the past and seeing no fish going up the stream as then, an old man came walking down the road who resembled Father Time somewhat. He seemed timid and somewhat afraid of me, as he might be of a ghost. I spoke to him in as clever a way as I could command and asked if he was an old settler. He said he was, but I did not recognize his face. I asked:

"Do the sturgeon ever come up this stream any more at this season of the year to their spawning ground above?"

He looked at me in wonder and amazement and said:

"I never heard of them doing so."

"Then you are not an old settler?"

"I am so taken" was his reply.

I then told him that I had seen this stream, when there was more water in it than now at this season of the year, so filled with sturgeon going up that one could hardly see the water; that I had seen a wagon so loaded, scooped up as it were with a pitchfork and hooked up by pothooks, that the horses were unable to pull the wagon up that bank. The old

man looked at me with wide-open eyes and commenced shying off towards the grocery, which was a mile away in the town of Niles. I felt that I had done my good work and that I would hear from it again soon.

That day I was visiting with some friends, when one present, and who was as ignorant as the old man was himself, told the ten or fifteen present about what he had heard that morning down-town, the biggest fish story of his life and he was asked to repeat it. He said:

"This morning as old Mr. _____ was going to town he met a tramp in store clothes, who held him up on the bridge, and after not being able to get anything from him told him—that is, the tramp told him—that he had seen the day when the people round about here drove their wagons in the middle of this stream and filled them so full of fish that their horses could not pull them up the bank on the other side unless they doubled their teams, and that the people here had in this way provided themselves with fish for the year, pickling and afterwards drying them."

The question was asked, "Who could the tramp have been?"

An old man present who knew my early habits and who also knew of the truth of my fish story said: "I can tell you who the tramp was."

Upon being requested to do so he pointed to me and then said, "There he is; and he told the truth."

But for the verification by the old citizen, who was held in high esteem in the church circles, my name would have been Dennis from telling the truth about my own birthplace to men and women above middle age.

There is no longer a sturgeon to be found in all Lake Michigan, where in my memory millions and millions were to be found, as I have seen the buffalo on the Western plains. I have lived to see the two pass away.

Permit a little digression, reader. This chapter is being taken down by my stenographer from a seat in a buggy while I am driving through this land, a veritable paradise, driving as I am over roads that were but blazed ways and trails in the great forests of trees that have passed away in my time. Paradise, ask you? "Yes!" And I would ask back, "Does civilization civilize?"

From this very spot I can look over a land that within my recollection was inhabited by the Indians, who lived without care and with but little fear and without toil. When they wanted fish they went to the streams and the lakes lying all through this land, and without baiting a hook or losing time picked out of the water just the size fish they wanted and of the sort their fancy called for. When they wanted meat they could go to the marshes nearby in any direction and kill a deer without arrow or spear and as you might walk in your sheepfold and take a mutton or a spring lamb. When they wanted a bird they only had to wait until the wild turkey went to roost, like the darkey down South to-day would do if your chickens were not under lock and key. When they wanted fruit, each and all in their seasons, be it the wild strawberry, the dewberry, the blackberry, the raspberry or the grape which grew in great clusters all around, or the wild haw or the wild crabapple, which, when it ripened, fell on the ground and was covered by leaves and then by snow, which preserved it all the winter for next spring and summer use. Would that not make a paradise of any country?

And what can be said of this locality, my birthplace, can be said yet to a greater extent of the other sections of this land, of God's blessing that I know of, and I believe that greater and still better was to have been found in the latitudes of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Tell me that Cortez brought a better civilization or Christianity than he found in Mexico? I say no; the people there to-

day are degrees worse off than when that pirate landed on the shores of America.

Answer the question to suit yourself whether civilization文明izes or not, but I believe that you will agree with me in my doubts the more you may see and know and cannot say that I am only dealing in fish stories and raising "fishy" questions.

Years ago, and after Tom Bridger, the great Western scout and a great American character, in whose honor Fort Bridger was named, had made the Yellowstone Park somewhat notorious among those who became wise as to our country's greatness more through *oral* than through books or newspaper reports.

The American scout and trapper from the earliest days of our country's history was a peculiar character unto himself. What one knew the other found out even in the remotest parts of our country by transmission through word of mouth and never through letter or print. No character was more repulsive or more shunned than a newspaper reporter or an editor would be. I knew years and years before any considerable portion of the public knew, nearly all about Yellowstone Park, and years before the Government set it aside as a national park, and it should have been called "Bridger's Land" for he more than any other was its explorer, guide, scout and defender.

He was a man of indomitable perseverance, self-educated, self-made and self-willed, and a truer man never looked another square in the face. He was one who exemplified the truth of the assertion that "truth is stranger than fiction." He had told of the geysers and waterfalls and lakes and other wonderful things in nature's field of wonders that were to be seen in that country. His descriptions were always found good. He told of the wonderful fish that were to be found up there and the wonderful beavers and the immense bear, both as to size and number, and that no Indian came within its

sacred precincts for they considered it a spirit or ghost land. He told of the wonderful elk, both as to size and number. He would go in there in the month of June and come out early in the month of September, at the same season of the year that the big elk and the big bear came there to enjoy the beautiful scenes of nature as well as the rich grasses, and just as the wealthiest and greatest men of our nation and of the world in general go there now at the same season of the year.

Therefore Bridger came in contact with not the ordinary of any race or species but the extraordinary of all. He was a man who could tell a story and, doubt it who might, no one dared to snicker or squint his eye. To be questioned in what he told was a mortal insult, and Jim Bridger never brooked anything of that sort.

He told how one day he was out hunting in the Park with his favorite and always to be relied upon rifle and bowie knife, and he noticed a herd of elk a very short distance away, and, being in need of that sort of meat, fired away at an elk whose antlers would measure not less than twelve or fifteen feet from tip to tip. His gun went off all right, but the elk never moved or seemed to notice it, and he fired again and again with ditto as a result each time. He clubbed his gun and stole up towards the elk to kill it in that way, when he ran up against a *glass mountain* and hurt himself and was astonished to find that that elk was twenty-five miles away beyond a great and almost impassable canyon.

The Absidian mountain in the Yellowstone Park which is passed by all tourists, would, but for the color of the glass, sanction Bridger's story.

He told of how you could catch beautiful one-and-one-half-pound mountain trout with an unbaited hook in a bubbling brook or mountain stream and throw it over on the other side of the rock or ground on which you stood, and, without taking it off his hook, cook it in the hot spring just below; and

of another place where the hot spring broke out from the side of the mountain and ran over the deep cold water from the mountain stream, and that he only had to drop an unbaited hook down through the four feet of two hundred degrees hot water and catch a mountain trout in the cold strata below and pull it up through the hot well cooked and ready for the mouth.

These pass as fish stories, but I have done the same as Bridger said might be done and so can any one else who will go there.

I was giving my experiences and telling my best fish stories, all truths, before a body of gentlemen, the American Hay Fever Club, at the Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island, where we would meet to exchange experiences with hay fever cures, and after mixing drinks tell fish, bear and snake stories, all of which had to be vouched for in some way. Several good ones had been told and I told the above. A new comer or two joined the party and I was requested to tell it again, but being wise I declined and said I was too much a lover of Shakespeare to do anything of that sort. Of course I was asked what he had to do with it. My reply, "He never repeats."

Another undertook to repeat it but hearsay stories would not go. Quite a commotion was being created because I would not reaffirm my story, when the president of the club, who was an "all-rounder" came in. After speaking to all of the boys he wanted to know the cause of the laughter and commotion. They then insisted that I should repeat my story to the new arrival. I knew my man as well as I knew what was in the air. This being his first season, he was not up to the new by-laws adopted for the season's recreation. I retold the fish story, to which he said:

"That is all right; I have been there and done it myself."

An immediate adjournment was taken to the hall below, where several had previously adjourned to play billiards. It cost that man what would have been a young fortune to me in

my day in wines and high-brand champagnes for being a witness to a first-class fish story.

Two days after this at the same place I started out to the Snow Islands on a fishing excursion with four southern Illinois gentlemen and their wives. I having previously told them that I would carry them to a place where they would catch more fish in one day's time than they had ever seen caught, promising that I would pay the expenses of the entire party, themselves and wives, if I did not prove what I said.

The understanding was that all of the fish that we caught were to be brought to the hotel, and that they were to be brought there cleaned, and that they were to be cooked, that it was false economy and not the proper thing to do to catch fish and bring them out for the women to clean. One of the party volunteered to "clean all the fish that we will catch," and he was the best Nimrod of the party and the man who would rather do anything else than perform the self-imposed duty. When we started, unbeknown to them, I hired a negro fish cleaner, who brought with him two or three twenty-five pound sacks of salt. The darkey came up to me and said:

"Boss, whar shall I put de salt?"

I said, "Go down stairs and ask the steward."

My friends looked at me and then at one another, and I said:

This is going to be a day for fish deals and I will teach you how dangerous it will be to question any of my fish stories again as you have in the past."

The boat we had was in good command and under charter for the day. We ran into a good cove between two of the many hundreds and thousands of islands up there and the wheel quit turning and we were told to go fishing. In four hours' time one man had caught three hundred and twelve, another had caught two hundred and eighty, another had caught two hundred and sixty, and I from having two

hooks on my line had caught four hundred and nine, and our judge was working with the nigger cleaning the fish and salting them down in a box and he declared it was fun and would not allow any of us to interfere. He was a man of wealth as well as humor and legal learning and moved that we adjourn and go home that night, which we did.

He paid every cent of the expenses and "set 'em up" in good style besides, and the last I ever heard of him was declaring that though I was the greatest fish liar on earth I dealt in the most remarkable fish truths he ever heard.

In my day I have seen many strange things and in considerable numbers that no one else or but very few ever saw. I have seen a scow, thirty feet long, fourteen feet wide and two feet deep, moored in a school of mullet at night when all around was dark, in Corpus Christi Bay, when by the raising of a lantern in the center of the boat and hitting the side with the oars, in five minutes the boat would be filled, and in ten minutes be sunk by the mullets jumping into it if the light was not lowered. This boat load of mullet would be oared or pushed to the shore where the people of Live Oak and adjoining counties (the hog counties of Texas) had driven thousands of hogs there to be fattened on the mullet that were thrown out as the high tide receded.

Now the man living on the west coast down in Florida or three hundred miles north of there in Georgia and South Carolina, must not confound these Texas mullet with that of their sort that are caught by the millions in the seine on the coast down there, dry salted and sold to the farmers who come from two to three hundred miles in their one-horse, two-wheeled and their two-horse and four-horse rigs for these salted mullets, for which they pay two cents apiece and which they sell for "three for a quarter" and take pay in country produce or live on the wagon load themselves the year through.

I have seen at one time as far as the eye could reach and

could have been measured one hundred and eight or fifteen miles in distance, one and a quarter miles wide, on the beach of Corpus Christi Island, Texas (representing the high and low tide) millions of sea turtles that would average from three to six hundred pounds each and possibly more millions than there ever were of buffalo on the great American plains.

These turtles came here from the mighty deep and the islands of the sea beyond to deposit their eggs in the sandy seashore, coming with high tide, and as the tide receded the turtles would slide in under one another so as to look like shingles on a roof. They would deposit from nine to twenty eggs in a hole they made in the ground, how I cannot tell you, and when high tide came they floated out and other millions would come. The turtles only came there about six days in the year to lay their eggs. Where they went no man knoweth. In twenty-one days' time the top eggs in the turtle's nest of eggs hatched and a turtle about the size of an ordinary man's thumb commenced moving around and by millions they would dazzle the eye, confuse the vision and craze the comprehension.

The high tide came in and they, the young turtles, floated out with it to go no man knoweth no more than he doth where the wind listeth, and in a very few minutes after the receding of that tide other millions were hatched that went out on the next high tide, and thus for six or eight days the turtle hatching business continued.

It was near this place that the great Gail Borden of Fort Bend County, Texas, before he had made himself famous as the inventor of condensed milk, established his turtle canning factory, that failed to pan dividends from the fact that the turtles only came a few days in the year.

I have but one more fish story that I will tell, and that will end it, not but that I could fill a book bigger than this will be all relating to fish. It will be located between the surface and three hundred or a thousand feet in the deep of the

sea—live fish of all sizes and colors in their native state, viewed from a glass-bottomed boat near the Catalina Islands in the Pacific Ocean off the California coast, which no one will view but to ever afterwards think of with surprise, wonder and delight.

The man of brains and level-headedness who will go there and see that sight will come away with more to think of and about than any one other sight he might see in a generation of time. To my reader I will say, Do not go on a boat where there is a babbling crowd of girls, boys and women who must talk, but pick your crowd or charter a boat and go by yourself with pusher and guide. The man of observation and brains will be so absorbed by what his guide will tell that he will be very apt to use curse words if women and children from their incessant babbling keep him from hearing the story of that peculiar fish that he sees down in the deep, that he knows no other man could ever hook, and if he hooked he would not know how to unhook, but would be very like the man who caught a bear and who appealed to his neighbors to come and help him let loose.

I have been high up in the air ballooning and I have been at great depths in mines and in many peculiar conditions and positions viewing the world from high mountain tops, etc., but never before have I felt such peculiar unrealistic conditions and feelings as I did looking downwards through this glass-bottomed boat for hundreds and hundreds of feet as we floated over mountain peaks and across great chasms, as one might float over the Rocky mountains in a balloon and look downwards. So transparent is the water that at times you can see six or eight hundred feet to the bottom as easily as you can see only a few in broad daylight. Not until you have seen this sight will you become a past master in the art of telling fish truths.

Now as to snakes. I was once running a line through the

San Jacinto swamps in Texas where the switch cane was some taller than my head, and here and there mammoth oak trees grew. The line passed through a swampy country, with every now and then a bayou from six to ten feet wide and twenty or thirty feet deep, the surface of the water coming near to that of the land. My eye was fixed on the object my compass had directed, and using the Jacob staff as a parter of the hard switch cane which I commenced going through, my compass under my arm, old surveyor fashion, my chain man close in the rear, I came to one of these little bayous, in the middle of which and filling about one-half of the water space, lay what I supposed to be an old log. Not looking at it carefully I made a step, and in half a second more of time my feet would have been on the back of an alligator, that as I remember now from first sight was several times longer than the longest fence rail I ever saw and about the size of a large saw-log. In an instant, on seeing me its head and tail were in the air. No man should ask why I so early had grey hair.

Previous to this experience, myself and brother, who were strangers in that part of Texas and were on the lookout for a good country to settle in, concluded to camp at Hodges Bend in Fort Bend County—this was only a few weeks before our taking the railroad tie contract referred to elsewhere. We staked our West Texas bronchos, who had never heard, seen or thought of an alligator, much less one thousand of them, on the prairie while we fixed ourselves to have a good sleep, barring the mosquitoes, under the wide spreading limbs of the majestic live oaks that lined the lake. Fortunately we had thrown our saddles down on the ground under a limb, which we reached by springing at a moment of great peril.

We made our coffee and broiled our bacon and had eaten our supper, in fact had made our beds down when we heard a noise that was somewhat of a mixture between the bellowing of a mad bull, the lowing of a stampede of wild Texas steers,

the roaring of a lion and the growling of a hyena, all combined in one. We never had heard before that an alligator was capable of making any sort of a noise, in fact we had heard very little about alligators and knew next to nothing about them. We were quickly educated and were wonderfully wise before the next morning. In less time than it takes to tell it we were up in that live oak tree, springing from the ground to the limb, which we reached, and if there were fifty there were five hundred alligators rolling over one another to get the bread and bacon that we had, and when they quit the ground and went back to the water there was so little left of our bridles and saddles, and nothing at all of our blankets, that we were happy to have anything of ourselves left. Our saddle-bags and contents were all riddled. We went to Houston, a distance of twenty miles or more, across a trackless prairie, never daring to tell our alligator experience to any one.

A few years back I was in the smoking department of a sleeper going westward over the "Sunset Route" between New Orleans and Burwick's Bay, now Morgan City, La. There were several gentlemen present and I never have been backward in coming forward in any sort of a congregation of men. I asked if there was any man present who could remember when this road was built, and there was none. Taking them all in as being under thirty-five, I told them that I was going to tell them a truth in the way of what might be termed a snake, fish or alligator story.

In 1857 when this road was built by the Harris Morgan Company to shorten their line between New Orleans and Galveston—by four hundred miles—I was on the first train that passed over it with passengers, in charge of the Express Company's safe. At places on the road where the filling had to be brought a long distance there were anywhere from one to a thousand alligators for each railway tie, and it frequently required two engines to take a train of twelve cars through on this level road, the cow catcher on the front engine being

so loaded down as to all but scrape the rails. The alligators came from the swamps on both sides to sun themselves on the track and I have seen them rolled off on both sides of the train passing, as many as five hundred or ten thousand on each side of the road twice a day in a distance of twenty miles.

No headlight on the front of an ordinary bicycle could shine as did the eyes of the people in that smoker, looking at each other as well as at me, when a gentleman said:

"Yes, sir, I believe it. My father was a locomotive engineer who ran on this road at that time and he told me as much."

It was suggested to the gentleman that it was his turn to produce, but he happened to be one of that sort that does not believe in paying for truths.

When leather became scarce and it was found that alligator hides were valuable, the hunter and the trapper of the North and West soon played havoc with the alligators from the Rio Grande and up all around the Gulf Coast, and today it would be no easy matter to see one though you spent weeks trying. Like the buffalo and the sturgeon and other disappearances that I have referred to in the past, the alligator is a back number—once was, is not now, never will be again, and nobody is going to cry because they will not reappear.

That great American hunter and trapper as well as guide and scout has disappeared from mall but the memory of old timers like myself, and where they have gone there is none to answer back. The beaver, the bear, the otter and the wolf, the bison and the buffalo, the elk and the deer, the antelope and the mountain sheep have all disappeared in the last few years of my recollection, and now finally and at last their enemy the trapper, the hunter and the scout, has disappeared also and who has ever read that matchless poem:

"Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

but that is reminded of the past and ages past, that

"The thoughts that we are thinking our fathers did think,
From the death that we are shrinking our fathers have shrunk."

Reader, if you have never read this poem ask your nearest editor to republish it that others besides yourself may be most nobly impressed.

Many an old man have I asked, "Are there many rattlesnakes in this country now?" who would reply, "No, I have not seen one for years. I do not know what became of them."

The old trapper, scout, guide and hunter could tell you and you may yet see marks of it in the curio stores. When I travel in that part of our country that in the past was noted for its skunks, and can hear of none having been seen or smelt in the past several or many years, I know that the trapper has been there. Hunt as I may in the few remaining wooded belts in my native State for my old friend, the ring tailed coon, the black or fox squirrel, and I will find none, for the trapper has been there and has done his good work. Go to those forests where but a few years ago wild turkeys by the thousands roosted, and more from because his feathers were valuable than all else, no wild turkey is to be found, the trapper has been there.

Some years ago I was a guest at a Governor's mansion in Mexico, where were congregated many high state officials, who wore badges of high degrees, as I did, and wishing not only to sound the intelligence and the beliefs of the people, I asked if the burro, the same beast of burden that our Savior rode, was a native of Mexico, and all with one voice seemed to say "Yes," and "Is it so that what is known in Texas as the mustang pony was a native of this land?" And as with one voice they said ditto, but not one could reply to the question, "What bird of the greatest notoriety was a native of this country?"

Some said one, some said another, when in fact the wild turkey is a native of Mexico and was driven North by the Spanish invasion, and it is related that the Indian inhabitants and natives tell that the wild turkey was a new bird in the New

England regions only a few years previous to the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock.

The burro was imported into Mexico by the Spaniards, as was the horse, and as were they both to all lands the Spanish ever invaded and conquered, and no four-footed animal of the buffalo sort was found west of the Rio Grande. The deer was of a diminutive size there, as was the elk and the antelope, as compared with the antelope of the northern Rocky Mountain plains. The snakes in that country were, in times beyond recall, something fearful and terrible to behold or encounter. They have been exterminated by the Mexican trapper; while the birds noted for their plumage and none for their song have been slaughtered to decorate the bonnets of our fair sex, who thus wear evidence of murder, and which custom is fast disappearing.

The worst snake story that I can give a personal experience of I will relate, and then another, and we will turn to bears.

I was hunting for quail in a rocky and hilly country in company with a few friends. On passing near by a large boulder a rattlesnake sprang at me and fastened his fangs in my coat-tail, seeing which I flew screaming, the snake holding on. I looked around and saw him streaming out to the rear, a distance that to my eye measured somewhere in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred feet. I ran out of my coat and, arming myself with my gun, went back to kill a fifteen-inch rattlesnake that had but two rattlers on his tail.

The largest rattlesnake to be found anywhere in the United States that I have knowledge of was in the lower Rio Grande River country in Texas and Mexico. They came from the Colorado country floating down with the springtime freshets on logs and driftwood, and when striking salt water got back to land, and true to the laws of nature they were seldom found crawling in any other direction than northward. The largest

I ever saw measured fourteen inches in circumference and eight feet nine inches long, having thirty-two rattles.

The rattlesnake that divides home with the owl and the prairie dog in the northwest Texas plains is a small affair but is a fighter and, next to the gila monster, the most poisonous of all snake tribes found in the Western countries. I am told that they, as well as the prairie dog, have about all disappeared, their hides being tanned.

There is a snake in Texas called the coach whip that lives in the ground in the prairie country. You may sneak up on him with a club to hit his head, and before the club reaches the ground he is ten feet away, so quick is he in his actions. They and the bird of paradise go together, why I cannot tell. I have seen a snake of this sort cross the road a few rods ahead of my horse, one or more of the birds of paradise following like a streak, and from their peculiar drumming sound and the throwing out of their feathers and the raising of their tails would scare any horse or living mortal on earth out of their wits, and in an instant they were gone. It was all done so quickly one could not realize what had occurred.

From an early age I was my father's "runner" or errand boy, taking medicine to his patients for miles around. It commenced at an age when I was barely old enough to follow a blazed trail through the dark forest that surrounded our home in all directions, and, rain, snow or sunshine, the sick had to be attended to, and I rather liked it, for in this way I received many tips in the way of big red apples, pieces of pie, mostly mince, "made last winter at hog-killing time," doughnuts and whatever else the good woman I came in contact with thought a boy was most apt to like.

I was on to my job better even than many a Pullman car porter, hotel bellboy or waiter is up to this date on to his, equally as good anyway to the best of them.

One evening when the sun was barely one hour high I

was dispatched with quite a number of little powders done up in white paper with a string tied around them to a neighbor living more than a mile away, the greater distance through a thick forest. About half way through this forest a large black walnut tree had been felled and the butt cut sawed off and rolled a few feet beyond its cut. By this tree my trail went, and it was here that I got my first lessons in scouting. Passing by the end of the log, possibly whistling boy fashion, I encountered a good-sized black bear, which was as surprised as I was. He was standing in the trail, but raised on his hind feet, "Adam Zad" fashion. I was but a few feet from him, but I did not take time to look at his teeth and thereby judge of his age or accurately measure the distance. I whirled homeward and forgot the powders in my hand and they were scattered.

I do not remember climbing the fence. When I came to I was panting "Bear! Bear!" all that I could say until I got a fresh supply of wind. Old dad was a cruel old Virginian master who had no faith in what boys might say, but was always ready to use the strap, generally a hickory gad about four feet long. He was a man of his word on this score as well as others, and saying, "I'll show you what a Bear is!" he commenced to apply his gad, and I broke loose and he after me in the direction of the bear. He went to the fence of the outer field and I hollered to him, "Come on," and he came, and it required a little manoeuvering on my part to get around to his rear while his head was yet turned in the direction I wanted him to go. This I did by jumping behind a big maple tree. With that peculiar grunt that the old man had when he was stirred up or mad at a boy, he came to the log and I was a close observer of what was going to take place, fearing that my interviewer, the bear, had gone away.

Dad passed the log and had but fairly done so when up went a scream, the old man whirled and I flew if ever a boy

did fly. Those people did without their medicine that night, and perhaps would have done better had they never received it. I never got that thrashing and I knew better than to tell any one else just then, as dad told me to let it be a closed incident, and *he never* told anybody. I told our hired man, who from my earliest infancy placed great confidence in me, for I never repeated any thing they told me about that was going on in the neighborhood, unlike my other two brothers, who were blabs from 'way back.

I was perhaps the best informed lad in that country about; what I did not know as to the doings and happenings of all sorts and characters would not have made an A-B-C primer and was not worth knowing. My mother was not much of a gossip, but yet we had some good ones in the neighborhood, and I contrived always to be near where mother and they were after the dishes were washed up, and I nearly always had verified the stories I had heard previously out in the barnyard or hoeing corn or piling wood.

I was a grown-up young man and living in Southern Texas when I had my next bear experience. I had read Davy Crockett when a boy and imagined that I never would be a bear hunter. I had heard many Indian stories and had read a few, and, strange as it may appear to some, a natural born coward as I was from my earliest recollections, I wanted to see an Indian on his native heath in battle array; and I did meet them, but I never read or heard told an account of an Indian fight that was anything like the ones that I have experienced. Perhaps the difference was that my Indians were on horseback and the other fellow's Indians were afoot, and that my Indians never got behind a tree to do their fighting in the day-time though they might crawl with a sage brush "top-knot" to get between me and my horse. The devils could do it only once, however, for after that my hind-sights worked as well

as my front ones, and when in an Indian country I was looking all around at the same time.

The wolf stories told by the old grandmothers of the neighborhood, who made our home theirs alternately in the winter time, so scared me that I was afraid to go in the dark room upstairs after the ladder had been let down—which signified that it was the hour for the boys to go to bed in the loft. There were wolves in those days and of the worst sort in Michigan; I saw some dead as well as live ones before leaving there.

Notwithstanding this cowardice, I was classed as one of the best coon hunters and killers in the “bend of the river,” and at an age when I had to get on a chair to load the long-stocked Virginia rifle. I could save the meat of a squirrel by shooting his head off, though he was in the tallest tree. The ground hogs I killed with that rifle were past numbering.

With a party of young men, who promised to be better huntsmen than they were, with a pack of hounds and a large number of other breeds of dogs, we started out for a bear hunt in the Brazos bottoms lying off to the west of where Pittsfield was then located. We were not long in starting a bear and killing him. Not one of us had ever had experience in skinning a bear. Skinning a hog would be easier than a bear. We went further on and made our camp and, tying up our dogs, we started out with a few coon dogs to catch opossums, and got badly lost and tangled up in the woods, cane-brakes, sloughs, swamps, etc.

After having spent the night rambling around our dogs ran into a bunch of Mexican hogs, otherwise known as the peccary, of which we had heard and well knew that if we crippled one we had to save ourselves by climbing a tree, and if we failed to take our guns with us we would be starved to death there, as many a hunter had been. Fortunately for us it was good daylight and we saw the situation and got our

guns and ammunition, and more fortunately still there were only sixteen in the pack, the last of which we killed in short order. Years afterwards I learned that this was the last drove ever seen in that "bend of the river." We killed a few bears and then went home all voting that we would never go bear hunting again, and I never did. I ran upon several afterwards that I had not lost and was not hunting.

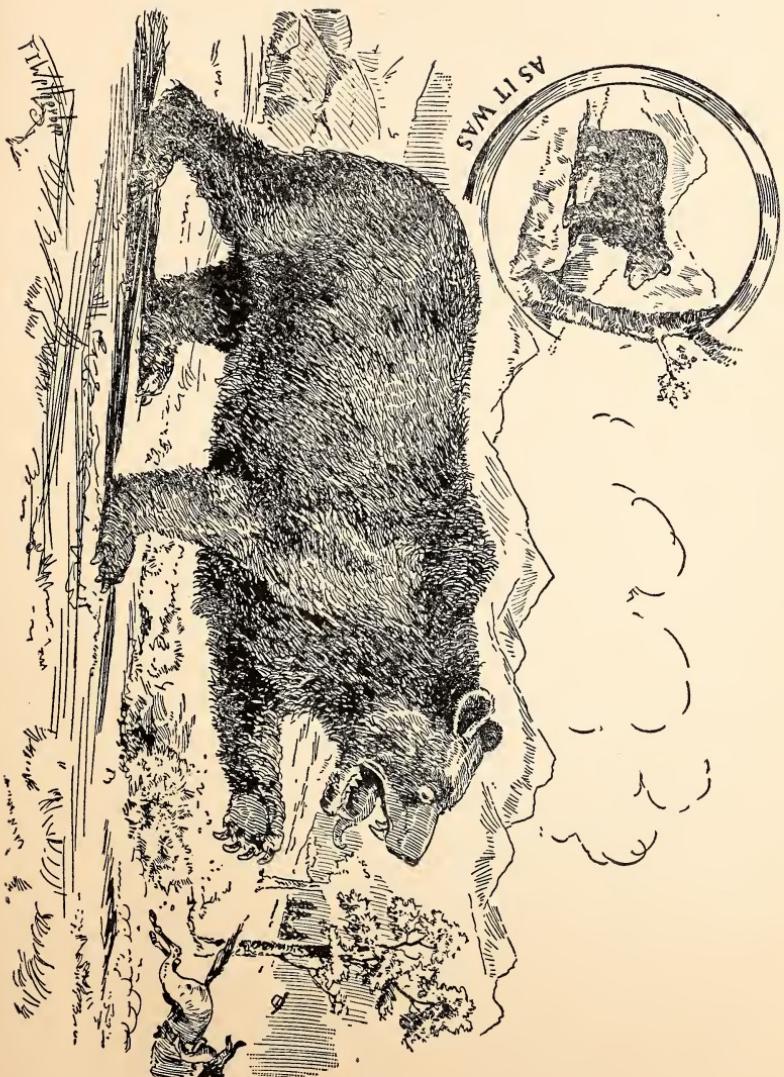
My next bear experience was when scouting with a party of two others southeast of the Ogon Mountains in New Mexico about twenty-five miles east of Los Vegas and in a very dangerous hostile Indian country. We were cooking our bacon and making our coffee in a concealed place, smudging our fires. Our horses were grazing close by, bridles hanging on the saddle pommels; the girths had been loosened and the saddles set back to rest their withers, an old Ranger's way of treating his horse whenever any sort of an opportunity would permit.

Bill Bowen was on guard, while Elam and I were doing the cooking act. Bill stammered, and when a little excited stammered still more, and when badly excited beat the Jews. We heard him making a noise and trying to say "Bear! bear!" He came running with a map of scare painted on his face that was so terrible to behold that I believe it would have frightened a regiment of wildcats. We looked in the direction whence the noise came and we all sprang to our horses, leaving our guns, cook pots and all and not taking time to "cinch" the saddles on our horses at the sight of the ferocious animal that by this time was close by, not fifty yards away, and our demoralization may be judged from the way the horses ran and from the actual description given by the other two scouts, who like myself had never before seen a grizzly bear, except as pictured in our geography and as printed on the label which was pasted on the bottle of hair oil we youngsters used to

grease our pates with and prized more highly when perfumed with the oil of cinnamon or burgundy.

First impressions, as I have often said, are always the best and it is well for us that we act upon them. The first glimpse that I got of that bear made him somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty-five or forty feet high and eighty feet long with a head and mouth big enough to have taken in two of us at a time. The brute was detained in investigating and shaking up our camp equipments left behind, and in this way we got a few hundred yards the start of him but had not gained time enough to bridle our horses or settle our saddles in a proper position. Horses never ran faster, and, though he looked to be only ambling along at ease, it seemed as though or many miles and more than a two hours' run we had gained but little on him, rather the count was in his favor when he gave up the chase, and we did not return to it but to our camp and headquarters, where we turned in our report verbally and asked for reinforcements to regain our lost guns and camp equipments, and well it was that our general had been drinking a superior quality of whisky and was therefore in a good mood, for he told us to take as many volunteers as we wished, for, had we started out there with a less number than the eighty who followed us, the Muscalero Apaches, who were lying in wait for us, would have ended our existence.

The red devils were in ambush, but by some Divine guidance we lost the regular trail and came in between them and the mountains, and but for our having the advantage in the lay of the land and they only having bows and arrows, we might not have got away with so many of them, sending them to their happy hunting-grounds, where all good Indians are, and they might have interfered with the circulation of the blood of no few of us. Several of our horses were hit with their arrows. They got over it soon and we returned to camp with the scalps of a few of the braves together with their



trappings. We also returned with our guns and what of the camp outfit was left, for the brute returned and demolished everything, but did not touch the three guns and the two six-shooters that were left lying on the ground.

The track this bear made showed that his right fore paw had three claws cut off and two of his left hind foot claws also showed that he had been in a trap in his day and time. This bear measured fourteen feet from tip to the left hind paw. He was killed fourteen years after above interview, by a party of surveyors of the Atchison, Topeka, Santa Fe, and I traveled nearly fifteen hundred miles to offer one thousand dollars for that pelt. It was the property of an Englishman who gave eighteen hundred dollars for it and who gave me a photograph for nothing.

The history of this animal as orally given by the Indians and Mexicans of that country was one of great length, not only of the story, but in the period of time that it covered. This animal had depopulated the ranch that had been established at the base of this mountain and near where we camped at the foot of the pass between the Oregon and the Dog Mountains, the ruins of which are still there. His range was from the Guadalupe Mountains in Texas to the Socoro Mountains in New Mexico. As near as could be ascertained, he was more than one hundred years old and had killed more than three hundred Mexicans and frontiersmen. I was told that though he would kill a Mexican, he would not eat him, because of the red pepper in the Mexican's make-up.

It was said that the reason that the herd of antelope which ranged between the Ogon and Guadalupe Mountains in Texas to the Rio Grande River and Pacos River was larger and more fleet than any other ever known of on the American continent, was owing to this bear keeping all the hunters and trappers away. There were but few other bears in all this range.

Besides being a man-eater he was a cannibal as respected his own race.

A schoolboy once told me that the reason that a man could handle an elephant and the reason why a tiger and a grizzly bear were afraid of nothing was because the elephant's eyes were like field-glasses that magnified, while the eyes of a tiger were like the field-glasses being reversed, making everything look small. If this be so, it accounts for my eyes having been reversed on that bear, and therefore multiplied his height and length, but I lost nothing in getting away from his strength.

I never lost any bears, so I have never gone out hunting after any, and I have only come across a few since this occurrence and I whistled to keep up courage and looked the other way in order that the bear might do the same, and he did it and we went further apart instead of coming closer together.

Years ago there was a large silver-tip bear that weighed over eleven hundred pounds in Union Park in Chicago behind two-inch steel bars and they protected again by a strong iron fence six feet away. Though the sign was up,

"DO NOT FEED OR POKE THE BEAR,"

I found great amusement in going down there and seeing the "greenies" from the country and the smart young ladies trying to amuse the bear by letting him smell and amble with their umbrella and parasol tips. He only needed about half an inch of the end of them between his teeth to wrest a crooked cane out of the hand of the stoutest man that ever looked at that bear, and I have been told that he had destroyed on an average one hundred dollars' worth of umbrellas, parasols and canes per day during the season the most strangers visited the park.

This bear was a cunning old cuss, as all bears are. He never took anything away from any one but that he put it in a dark room in the rear of his cage that the next sucker that

came up would not see what he had been doing in the way of having fun for himself as well as the people on the outside who saw the other fellow lose his cane or umbrella.

My New Mexico bear weighed thirteen hundred and eighty pounds net. I heard of one that was killed in Idaho, near Jackson's Hole, east of the Teuton Mountains that weighed sixteen hundred pounds and he was a man-killer and would have ended the existence of the greatest criminal lawyer of Chicago but for a shot fired, after eighty had been poured into him, by a personal friend of mine, who in his day had been a great scout, guide, trapper and hunter, Dr. Bullen, who died only a few years ago and who was offered two thousand dollars for this bear's skin. Singularly his fore paw and hind foot was marked the same as was the one killed in New Mexico. It is possible to locate every grizzly and silver-tip bear on the American continent today, as it also is the buffalo. I saw four of the former, six of the second and eighty of the latter in Yellowstone Park recently.

Every traveler in the Yellowstone Park may see the bear any evening about sundown going to the hotel after his rations, and though very gentle in appearance, woe always befalls the unfortunate fool that gets between him and his den back in the woods. The Government protects them, as well as they do the buffalo, elk, deer, and beaver. They are all on the increase and the order went forth from Washington in 1903 that the larger and older bears should be killed and that the beaver should be thinned out.

I was authorized for myself and a few friends to offer twelve hundred dollars for the largest bear skin, one thousand each for the next three largest, seventy-five apiece for ten beaver skins with the tails and castors preserved, and fifty dollars each for ten of the largest elk antlers. Some one else came along and left a higher bid, for we never heard from

the skinning and were told at the time by a curio dealer that we might stand a better chance if we doubled our offer.

I make these statements in order that men of my age may the more properly realize the wonderful changes that have taken place in our day. From where I am now sitting writing this the sun was darkened for three days from the wild pigeons migrating south, the limbs of great forest trees were broken down by their weight—they were by the millions and millions. Where came they from? Where have they gone? Lived there an age of people on earth that has seen such wondrous changes as I and my age have seen? Has it been for the best? Let time answer.

I have seen when a boy more than one hundred Indian canoes drawn out of the river on the flat here at my feet. They came here loaded with beaver, otter, fox and lynx fur (muskrats and coons were then considered valueless) that were sold by the Indians who had brought them here from up the St. Jo River and its tributaries. They were paid for in Spanish quarter and half dollars or English shillings, red beads, trinkets and whisky. An A1 beaver skin would bring about two dollars and an otter one dollar. Today they would bring from one hundred and twenty-five dollars to three hundred each.

The fur bought here from the Indians was shipped by sailing canoes to John Jacob Astor's principal fur depot located on Mackinac Island, and from which the furs collected on the Columbia River in the West and as far north as his more than three thousand hunters, trappers and scouts operated, were shipped, and the curious may see today in the old Astor House, now one of the leading hotels on Mackinac Island, not only the old storehouse but the books and correspondence and bank checks that to look over carries one back into the history of the past as nothing else will.

In the past few years I have paid considerable attention

to the collection of curios and wonders of the world, art, etc., in the museums of our land, notably the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago. As now conducted and managed (by a directory of college professors with all sorts of letters after their names signifying all sorts of degrees bestowed on them), all of these museums are little better than dens for professors who live on the donors' money, just as do the missionaries sent to foreign and pagan countries by the contributions made from our good mothers, wives and sisters and a few of the goody-goodies of the other sex who want to stand in with the preacher and the women and who do not have sense enough to differentiate between a baboon fight and a couple of lusty mules kicking each other.

These wise men and professors make me sick every time I come in contact with them, and when I fail to provide myself with smelling salts I can only find relief by the immediate application of the mouth of a bottle labeled "Old Crow" to mine.

If Mr. Field of Chicago should ever take it into his head to change the management of the Field Columbian Museum in the City of Chicago and have it run on the same basis and the same brain-like way that his world wondrous mercantile establishment is—and God grant that he may before he dies—then the world will rise up and call him blessed, and this is no fish story but a truth that will burn the man or woman who undertakes to assail it.

If some great editor like Joe Medill were to rise up in Chicago and, defying all criticism and opposition for a season, take hold of this matter as it should be taken hold of, the rising generation and those following them will forever embalm the name of that editor.

SOME INSECT AND OTHER TRUTHS.

While fish, bear and snake stories have at all times and will at all times to come be interesting, amusing and entertaining, I must depart from the usual line and devote at least a chapter to insect truths.

Few men know what an "Arkansas bee course" is. An expression made use of very often when we want to compare the value of something to nothing. When the bees quit making honey and are to be found around carcasses or water pools the trapper or hunter collects four or five in a gourd, and, going off a distance, turns one loose. The bee soars around and around in a circle until he attains a sufficient altitude, when it will strike off in a straight direction towards its home in a hollow cypress tree, perhaps five or six miles away, and in which there may be from one to five hundred gallons of honey.

The trapper takes this course and follows it as long as he can see the bee, blazing his way on the trees and the under-growth he passes with his scalping knife. After going as far as prudent he turns loose another bee, which takes the same course the former one did, and the trapper runs following the course as it may fly in another direction to another tree and if so the trapper then has two bee courses. He, perhaps, may not be able to find either tree this season. He has blazed his courses, however, which consist of two hacks or an X hack or an I X hack, which is recognized and respected by all other trappers. He returns to his course the next season and it is probable that he has many courses.

The bee for its industry and great wisdom has been noted

from all time. There are three different bees that I have come across in my day. There is one that burrows in the chalk rock and lives on the honey-dew that settles on the live oak and willow leaves in the droughty seasons in West Texas and Mexico. The largest hive of which I have knowledge is on the Devil's River a few miles above where the S. P. Railroad crosses the same. It reaches up a cliff for nearly one hundred feet from fifty to sixty feet above high water mark. The bee burrows in this rock and makes its cell therein, much as the yellow jacket or bumble-bee does on the level ground. Its honey is not palatable and the trapper lets that bee severely alone.

The bat caves in the center of northwest Texas are one of the wonders of this world that I have seen. We established niter works there during the war. They are one of the "incomprehensibilities" to even those who have seen them, much less those who have never seen or heard of them. The entrance to the cave is quite large; how many miles back in the mountain it extends no one knows. In the first cave it is from one to three hundred feet to the dome. The manure in the cave is from eighty to one hundred feet deep and is as rich as any Peruvian guano that is imported into the country for fertilizing purposes.

There are three entrances to the cave, one much larger than the other two combined. About four o'clock in the evening the bats commence flying out, and their noise is something terrific, like the approaching of a tornado, for more than a mile from the cave. They obscure the sky from view, likewise the moon and stars. They come out in countless millions, I may say trillions, and fly off in the air in every direction. They go out this way every evening and night until ten and eleven o'clock. When they go back or how they get in the cave no one knows or can tell. They hang on one another like bees that are swarming, and it was no uncom-

mon thing to see in the cave bodies of them hanging together reaching down fifty or seventy-five feet.

On entering the cave in the morning these pendant domes of bats were all gone. When we quit work of an evening, which we had to do, they would be hanging there by the millions, but no one could ever detect a bat going in the cave entrance, which seemed to be only a place of exit for them.

The grasshoppers that have covered bloody Kansas and all but depopulated Texas at four different times within my recollection, are another of the wonders of the world that I have seen. They come only with the north winds called "northerns;" in the latter part of September or the first of October they reach the Texas coast, and if they were divided off into battalions of a trillion in each there would be countless trillions of battalions. To more thoroughly comprehend, imagine that for three days and three nights the sun, moon and stars were obscured from your vision and the ground around you was covered from one to five inches deep, and that every sprig of green vegetation on the globe around had disappeared in the twinkling of an eye.

This grasshopper comes with the wind. His wings can keep him in the air, but he cannot fly against it or in any other direction than with the wind. The first three days of the "norther" bring him, the next three days' "norther"—that may or may not come for a week or two—pick him up and carry him on. There was enough of him with the first "norther" to paste or cover the country from five to ten inches deep from all the way, away up north in Alberta land to the Gulf of Mexico and for a width of more than three hundred miles. From whence they came no man knoweth, but we do know that nothing but boiling or cold salt water will kill them; freezing does not freeze them.

I have had half a dozen for three years under a glass, without anything to eat, in a cool, dark place, and when

the glass was removed they were as chipper as they were the day they came from whence no man shall ever tell.

The grasshopper deposits its eggs in the ground, just like the mammoth sea turtle deposits hers in the sandy beach, as is elsewhere narrated, and it journeys on southward with the next north wind. Its dumping place and final end is in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. The instant that it strikes salt water it dies. If high up he is carried farther south and until he strikes the counter current or trade winds from the south, when he falls into the Caribbean Sea, while those in the lower strata of the "norther" drop into the Gulf of Mexico.

We have a report of three ships having been sunk in the Caribbean Sea and in the Gulf of Mexico in 1857 from the grasshoppers alighting and falling on them. The steamer General Rusk, of the Harrison-Morgan line of steamers from New Orleans, that plied between the mouth of the Rio Grande River and New Orleans, loaded with freight and passengers, in November, 1857, was saved from sinking only from its having been but a few miles from the eastern limit of the grasshopper army being blown south.

The early warm spring days would commence hatching the grasshopper eggs that were laid from the most northern limits of Alberta down to the sea coast of the Gulf, and they would be carried north with the south winds that prevailed at that season of the year, and after twenty-one days of age they would be able to attain an altitude and fly back or be carried back to that country from whence their progenitors came and that no man can tell of, no more than can any man, astrologer or who not, tell when they will come again.

When I contemplate, for even a few moments of time, the wondrous creations of my great Creator, methinks how infinitely ignorant and perhaps happier must be the man who knows so little of God's creation as to be surprised at what I

may have related herein or at what I may hereinafter narrate, and considering this, I am not surprised that there are so many people on this earth that live without toil only as they find labor in working fools who believe only that which their leader, teacher, preacher or politician tells them, and who are like the goldfish in the glass globe that swims around and sees all the globe, and seeing no other fish, thinks that he is the only fish in the globe.

Somewhere in Holy Scripture we are advised to go and take lessons from the bee and the busy ant; and now for an ant truth.

There is a section of country in Texas, about four hundred miles in extent in each and either direction, and there are two other similarly sized sections, one in central and the other in the most southern part of Mexico, where the same ant with all the same peculiarities are to be found. They are particularly fond of the leaves of peach trees and of willows and of all other leaves containing a particle of prussic acid in their make-up. They are fond of the Spanish moss that grows on the great trees in the swamps and on the river courses in the South. These ants make great excavations in the ground, carrying the dirt to the top. I have seen several cavities that would measure from eighteen to twenty feet in diameter and twenty feet in depth, coming to within ten feet of the surface, and frequently over which grew great mats of hackberry trees all entwined and covered with mustang grape vines. Sometimes a live oak thicket would grow over the beds and in Atascosa and Guadalupe countries in Texas I have seen live oak trees that would measure six feet in diameter that had grown on these beds; the estimated age of a tree of that size is nearly eight thousand years.

These cavities reach out in every direction and at a great depth in the earth, often covering more than an acre of ground, and are filled with rotted peach leaves if they could

be had, or moss or such other leaves as would offer, affording nourishment in the sap to be found in them, then leaving a perfect frame-work, preserved by the prussic acid in the same in which frame work the larvae or eggs are laid by a queen, just as the eggs of a hive of bees are laid.

The queen ant is from ten to fifteen times larger than the largest overseer ant, and is generally twice the size of the cutter or of the one that brought the earth to the surface. An ant bed covering an acre of ground on a knoll where there is good drainage would feed from the country round for a distance of many miles.

I have traced an underground road tunnel which they had dug for six miles. It would be three-fourth of an inch high, three inches wide, and never go under two feet below and never come within eighteen inches of the surface, and was as straight in its course as any surveyor could run a line. One of these tunnels went down below two never-drying creeks. They are, when passing through light soil, made as impervious from above or below as any hydraulic cement pipe could be made. The casing would be only one-fourth of an inch or less in thickness. From this tunnel side tunnels would be sent out to a live oak grove, a mile or more off and to the right or left, and from those side tunnels laterals would be sent out to the right and left coming up in the center of a newly planted peach orchard or whatever the farmer had planted that they liked.

They would often make a road on the top of the ground, and especially so over rocky grounds to a willow thicket, a peach orchard or a clump of trees that had Spanish moss in abundance on them. This trail, two inches wide, would be as straight as an arrow; on the right side the goers on the left the comers passed with pieces of moss an inch long or the fourth or eighth of a peach leaf. The comers and goers on a trail three hundred yards long were so numerous that

they could strip a large peach orchard in one night. If this is "incomprehensible" to you do not read further for I am going to carry you into such deep water that you will drown, as I am not yet through with the ant truths, and there are other ants besides these that are called the cutting ants, of which I am going to tell more.

These ants would not strip a peach orchard more than twice a year, for they know that if they did they would not have any leaves next year. Their cunning and wisdom is beyond the ken of man. No flowers or shrubbery or fruits could be grown where they were, and they would seen go to any place where these things were planted. They never work in the daytime, excepting in the fall of the year, when it is pleasant, or in the spring of the year, when their fences need repairing by reason of the freshets and the washouts, when they work both night and day, and the amount that they can do passes the comprehension of man. An old man got on to a poison, *cyanide of potash*, with which he poisoned all of his family, and from which I have suffered from that day to this with what the doctors call tonsilitis that never fails to tonsil when I over-exert myself or from exposure take cold, and I believe that there are thousands of others who suffer as I have from the same cause, for I smell the accursed stuff in about every drug store I go into.

Neither the water nor the poison diminished the number of the ants or protected the foliage on the old man's trees. I was the first one to discover that these ants never built a bed on ground that had any water anywhere near around that was higher.

Our well was sixty feet deep; in this we put a force lift pump driven by a powerful windmill and a one-inch hose, the end of which I inserted in an ant tunnel, and the water ran in there continuously for three days and three nights before it overflowed from the top cavity through a tunnel that

was cut by the well diggers many years before, and the well was filled up with ants and the pump quit pumping and the mill quit milling, and by this I demonstrated that ants could be drowned out but not scalded or poisoned. I further found that by forcing sulphuric acid gas in their tunnels by powerful blowers no ant could live therein, and I was not long in putting this find to all possible financial account, and had I been living in a land not subject to droughts and disasters in the way of tornados and cyclones and cotton worms and bowl worms and corn weevils and every other curse God could visit on any country, I would have become a millionaire from destroying this pest, and as it was, I made a little but came near being irretrievably ruined from having organized and backing up the Oriental Ant Exterminating Company, with a view of going to South America, where these same ants make it impossible to populate the country and also to Syria and the Holy Land and to parts of Africa where branches of this ant family have possession of all the better land and keep the people in great want and poverty.

It is said that "fortune favors the brave" and that "all things come to him who waits." I always did like old General Braxton Bragg of the Confederate army, who was known from the day of the battle of Buena Vista as "a little more grape and canister, Captain Bragg." I went on East and negotiated with my friend General Bragg, and was to have paid him a large salary per annum and all expenses to go to Palestine and the East generally. He came to Galveston on his way to my place in the interior and took a rest there for a few days, when he was lionized by the good people of that city and the ladies in particular.

General Bragg was one of the few real up-and-down fighting, planning, sober and industrious generals that there were in the Confederate army, though the two Johnstons and General Lee were world favorites. Yet I would at any time

rather have trusted the fate of the country to General Bragg than to them, as in my opinion he had more statesmanship in his makeup and equally as much of military acumen.

Bragg told no one what his mission was and the schemers and promoters and moneyed men behind the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railroad made him an offer to take charge of their Third House members and see that the proper legislation was had; which he did and where I was very glad to meet him, as I needed his services in matters heretofore related. In this way my ant speculation fell through as far as I was concerned, saving and excepting that I came across a man, the like of whom I have always been hunting, who knew more about my business than I did and who had the required amount of money to run it, and I sold out, and in this case, as in about all others where the man having the money had less sense, the business went under.

No ant ever worked in the bed where I had done my work, yet I know of where they returned years afterwards where others did the work. In this same country in which these ants are located there is another ant, which I will call the sugar ant.

He works only by night and burrows deep in the ground and seems to pull the hole in after him. He is found only where there are trees and preferably grape vines, and is in numbers by the trillions; is between one-half and three-fourths of an inch long, of a pale red color, and neither bites nor stings. He is the best engineer of all insects or little animals in God's creation, not excepting man. He has no eye to see or nose to smell, but a brain to divine and locate—a power beyond comprehension. Nothing I ever met in life equals this ant's ability to do real cussedness.

We had lost one-half of three barrels of sugar—the ordinary old fashioned brown—and could find no trace of how. I always had a sweet tooth (being rocked in infancy in a

maple sap trough had something to do with this). Coming home one night from a coon hunt, I concluded to go into the smoke-house and get some sugar to eat with my corn pome. I lit a candle to see my way more clearly. I ran up against somewhere from between twenty-two million, five hundred and ninety-six thousand and twice that number of ants, every one of the little red devils having a chunk of sugar on his shoulder. In half a minute's time the last one had gone down underneath the ground sills of the smoke-house and into their holes.

Though I knew ill would come to me if I reported my find, yet I told it at the breakfast table and but that the old man was not as able to thrash me as he once had been, he might have thrashed me for going to the smoke-house after sugar. However, the next night by going there as I had done, my ant truth was confirmed. It was decided to run ropes down from the beams above, making a swinging platform, and put the sugar thereon. I went out there at two o'clock the next morning with a candle and the ants had gone up the side of the smoke-house on to the ceiling, down the rafters to the cross beams, down these to the sugar barrels, and when my light flashed on them they all dropped off the platform and scampered into their holes, but not one dropped the chunk of sugar it was carrying.

We then tarred the ropes and before midnight they had the tar all covered with sand and gravel and were at work on the sugar. We then made a table out of the platform and put the posts down in the center of pans that held ten gallons of water; the water was eight inches deep between the rims of the can, and the posts were ten inches apart. In three night's time they had six passageways covered and filled and they were sugaring their nests. The Union Pacific Railroad filling in the cut-off from Salt Lake City West recalled to my mind these sugar ants. When we put the sugar in tin cans

or glass jars the ants bothered it no more. They had no drills to bore holes through the glass.

The other ants, called *grain ants*, will depopulate great districts of country in the sections bounded as before described unless they are exterminated, and this cannot be done by scalding, by killing from poison or by water, and, if I were to tell the people how it can be done and publish it to the world free, it would be so simple that no one would do it and would question where I get on and where I get off. By covering these ant beds with a heavy mulching of straw, so heat may not hatch the eggs, the job is done.

If I were to fill my book with other strange things that I have seen in my day, I fear that my reader would be weary. One more and I will quit. To have printed this book on the old Washington press, as printing was done when I was a boy, and to have done it in the time the man who did the work contracted to do it in, would require nearly one hundred thousand dollars' worth of presses and three thousand men and women. There are millions of people who consider themselves intelligent who would not believe the statement I would make respecting the time taken for the publication of this book. I own an interest in a press that, worked by a man and a boy, turns out more work per hour than any three thousand men on earth could have turned out when I was a boy.

I stand with a noble compeer, a worthy associate, companion and friend on this plane and looking back yonder fifty years, called leagues ago, I see what I and they had to do in order to make a living, and such a living as it was! and then look on all the trails and byways and avenues and roads that lead to where we now stand. Would anybody be surprised at our looking at each other with most wonderful admiration, esteem and respect, each for the other, considering that it was we who did it? And then, turning round, we look at that higher beacon of fame, of honor and of glory,

shining plainly to our vision less than fifty leagues or years beyond, all of which can only be attained by and from the possibilities that we have planted and established, and we look around to our right and left and see our noble sons storming those heights, carrying on and forward the banner that we brought here, going as bravely on and forward in their work as we did in ours; lives there one to doubt that truly heavenly joy permeates our very hearts' fiber?

"If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell."

Most of my book has been written near my birthplace; all of it has been inside of a few weeks and while traveling on the plains from ocean to ocean and from the Gulf to the Lakes, denominated by Proctor Knott as being the "unsalted seas of America," and while crossing the Atlantic and doing the Continent, and it has all been written from recollection and not from notes or books of reference, therefore it can be properly called by the name that I have given it. Nothing is more natural than that the carping critic, the suck-egg hound who is good for nothing else than to make a noise and to attract attention, the educated ape, the trick-taught baboon or the kicking mules that have no pride of ancestry and no hope of a descendant, should assail me, and that such as these will I well know and I would be a fool to doubt, but when methinks they are the sort who devastate a country, burning down the ancestral log cabin and leaving nothing but waste and desolation behind them, I am more happy in knowing that I have been a constructor, a builder, a blazer of the way and a John the Baptist in the wilderness, preparing for the one who comes after me, the latchets of whose shoes I may be unworthy to unbuckle, I am more happy for I know that if there is no future, no hereafter, and no reward for me, and that there is no world to go to, yet have I made this world

the better by having been in it; and if there is a brighter future, of which I have no doubt, then I will be there at the harvest time, and though there, like here, I may not be able to whistle or sing a tune, I will bring water and flowers to those who do and are, and will in the happy hunting-ground find fields of pleasure vastly more extensive than I have found in this earth, in ministering to the wants of those who are with me, as well as providing for the wants of those who come after me, for truly I have found it more pleasurable on this earth to give than to receive.

As there is a strain or train of mirth and fun that pervades every soul on earth, there is in me, and that I have had sugar in my tea and coffee, and at times also cream, in other words my pleasures and enjoyments and sweets as well as sour, be there none to doubt.

From my earliest infancy it was my habit to "butt in," the first report of which was left when I was a boy four years old, when I told a woman, who had told my mother in my hearing, of her misfortunes from having gone to a place when she did: "If you had stayed at home like mother does, it would not have happened." And for which mother gave me a slap and the old man would have given me a tanning had he have been told.

I heard an older half brother say when I was five years old that "the fools are not all dead yet," which I thought was uncommonly smart and repeated it to an old man, a neighbor, who was telling my father how he had sowed his wheat in the wrong phase of the moon and for which in common parlance I soon thereafter caught —.

That I have been more pulled up and kicked up than I have been brought up and educated, and that what I have learned as well as what I have acquired in a wordly way was from some sort of painful and costly personal experience, no one will question who has even known me. I never could

sing a song, paint a picture or tell a story as any one else could or would, and I never have had to carry a branding iron and firepot around with me to brand anything of my own, though I often have had to appeal to the law for the recovery from thieves of that which I had made, built or invented.

Often have I thought that I should have been a lawyer, then I would not have had to pay such fees to the profession as I have paid in my day. Then again I have thought that I should have been a physician that I might have been able to save from the clutches of quacks more than I have. I might have been a preacher but for truths that I have heretofore stated in this my book. I could easily have been a leader but from having seen the demagogism and hypocrisy of the great majority of leaders whom I have analyzed in my life. Any man born of ordinary foxy cunning and with a gift of gab can easily become a leader in any community in which he has lived and by resorting to cunning can live along and lead the masses of ignorant mortals who are too lazy to think, to plan and to work for themselves.

Things have changed in every respect and in all directions and in every way and in all fashions within my recollection and I have not been slow in changing with them, wherefore I often in looking back see the fool acts in my past life and find consolation only in the fact that my compeers and associates were as great fools or even worse than I was. Well can I say fools as well as misery love company.

I believe that he who cannot see the fool in himself in the past never builds even a log cabin or a hut for the want of wisdom, which in mortals like myself can only be acquired by experiences, though dear be the schooling. I often find great pleasure in associating and commingling with people who have lived a life of toil, trouble and anxieties without accomplishing any good purpose on earth. They come and

they go and leave no trace or trail behind them save and accept that it may be seeds of weeds like purslane, to torment the tiller of the grounds that they have cleared.

Who plants but to be planting without regard as to the harvest is the mortal who has no aim in life and can be compared only to the "drone" in the busy hive which is said to be there only to eat the over-supply of honey the busy bee brings in, and we are told—how true it may be I know not, because I never could have to do with bees but that I was stung—the drones are killed off when the supply of honey becomes normal. If the human race would only kill off their drones at the proper time, I might have been able to have had honey on my plate through life more often than I have had and would not always have had to eat my buckwheat without it.

It has been the desideratum of scientists, of statesmen and of great men since time that history gives no report of how civilization could be advanced without making the rich richer and the poor poorer. I have lost no time trying to fathom or elucidate this proposition. The question with me has always been how I could become richer without robbing some one of his riches, but rather by increasing the same, and if I have been a failure on this line it was because the men that had the riches may have believed in silence but not in division, no more than he believed in division after multiplication.

A common swindler and wag behind the bars was asked, "Why are you there?"

"For drying snow and selling it for salt," was the reply. And again, "For having rented my ground out to a man who planted it in vegetables and I turned it up on edge and planted the other side in onions."

A judge before passing sentence on a criminal asked him how he came to take the watch. He said:

"I was sick and the doctor gave me some medicine and

told me if I would take time it would cure me, so I took the watch."

He got further time from the judge.

Elsewhere in my book I told how I was cured from taking things without asking for them, and through life I have never sought to get something for nothing, as so many of my fellow men that I have distanced in the race of life have ever been on the lookout for.

Some years back I was promoting an enterprise that, to be successful, must reach all the people—the ground sill folks, if you please, in all the land from shore to shore and as high up the mountain as I could reach. I was offered the names of the Louisiana Lottery Company's patrons that were classified by the postoffices throughout the whole United States and Canada. Thinking that they were the sort of cattle that would nibble at my grass and that even before the seed was sown, I got, and most naturally, the lists, in the State where I had the greatest number of acquaintances.

However my scheme turned out and what there was of "sheaves" in it for me in the way of dividends need not be told here. In looking over this list I found that in the town not many leagues away from where I was born the names in the club formed there, who paid their five dollars every month over to the agent of the Lottery Company in their place and had so paid for four years, included the names of a number of my early day acquaintances and I found similar lists and names in every place that I had become acquainted, and I made it a business to go and see how many of these club members were men of affairs and had wealth either at home or in the shape of a bank account, and I found on investigation not a single one but that was just such a farmer and hard-worker as I have described elsewhere in my book, and I further found that there was not one of them that knew more about the history of the country and theology

and politics and science and geology and medicine and railroad building and how to raise a family and how to raise big crops than I ever hope to know about any or either, and that there was not one of the entire crew that I would have loaned a dollar to on the best security that they could have offered, not even excepting that which they the most prized.

They lived like paupers, year in and year out, but they never failed to get the five dollars a month for the Louisiana Lottery swindlers who traveled the wide world over in elegance, ease, comfort and grandeur, while their poor dupes toiled on and on; and thus it was from the beginning, ever has been and ever will be, and I give it as my candid opinion that he who tries to change this condition of affairs is the one who will die poor if not repentant. Because George Washington could not lie, in my opinion, he is entitled to no great amount of credit; but he who can lie and will not is. I have never claimed any credit in this deal, for I am reminded by the presence of a gentleman who, years ago, on hearing me tell a great truth said, "Nothing is lost from Theo's telling it."

When a boy about fourteen, General Sam Houston, of whom I had read—and who had not in the times of my boyhood days—was billed to make a speech in our town, Seguin, Texas, at a great barbecue that was being given in his honor—he was then United States Senator. My "old man" was opposed to everything on earth that gave pleasure to boys, therefore precious little of my time was spent in fishing, and nothing that I received in the way of pleasures came by his consent. We kept from our younger brother and sisters and from the "old man" all knowledge of the coming of Sam Houston, and we planned a scheme that won by which we were enabled to see as well as hear his great speech and fill up at the great barbecue.

We had to deceive the "old man" and we did it in good

style by bribing a cowboy to tell him that "Bessie Brown," an old cow which had been lost nearly a year, an animal that he put great value on, though only a Texas scrub, had been seen at a certain place about fourteen miles off, a watering-place where the cattle came but once a day to drink. With this information we two boys were told to saddle our horses and start out in the morning early, taking with us a day or two's supply of "corn dodger," rancid bacon and coffee. We lost no time in getting off.

Our only trouble now was that two of our neighbors who were on intimate terms with dad and particular "blabbers" would see us at the barbecue and become informers. We watched for them and kept away from where we thought they might be. Perhaps it will be interesting to tell what a Texas barbecue was and how conducted.

A ditch sixty feet long, four feet wide and as deep was filled with live oak wood and fired and burned down to coals, then clean poles were laid across over the embers, and on these were spread quarters of beeves, mutton, pigs, turkeys and chickens, and fish if any could be caught. The meats were turned over and over again, on this occasion by half a dozen or more stalwart negro men with pitchforks, while as many more came along basting it with well-spiced, what one man calls, "wallering stuff." I pity the boy who never had a chance to get a good day's work in at one of these barbecues where such meat as this was served. On this occasion it took twenty beeves, sixty muttons, two or three hundred chickens, half as many turkeys, besides corn pomes by the wagon-load and green corn and new sweet potatoes by the bushel.

The tables were long and quite sufficient to accommodate fifteen hundred people, who, when the master of ceremonies blew that long tin horn that had done service at many a Methodist camp-meeting, rushed as for dear life. We two

had played for position and got there, and though we had contributed nothing to its get up, we got our part of some one's else contribution, and ever afterwards blessed the man who invented the barbecue.

I had seen only a very few great men, though I had read about many. General Sam Houston came up to his picture recommendation in every respect and his speech was in keeping with what I had expected of him from a boy's standpoint. Of the many men of my acquaintance, General Sam Houston was "the noblest Roman of them all." No truly good men, in my opinion, ever became acquainted with him but to respect him, as all good men should be respected. There are few men on this earth who come as far from being a man-worshiper as I am, and as a general proposition I have no use for a man who is in any sense an idolizer of any human, living or dead.

General Sam Houston's speech on this occasion was that of a soldier, statesman and patriot, and few were his equal when it came to dealing out left hand blows to his enemies, for he had them in Texas and they were of a class that added honor to any man who had their enmity, because he was no boodler or grafter.

A few years after this I became personally acquainted with the General, and while he was Governor of the State, I might say, in one sense at least, I was his protege. He was a Union man and thereby brought down upon himself the hatred of all such as composed the Committee of Public Safety, of which I have previously given an account, and a good account of one Committee of Public Safety in one county stands for all others in all counties in the State. These Committees of Public Safety were quite a different class of men and of altogether different characters as compared with those great and noted committees that promoted the Revolutionary War and that were organized in all communities from Maine to South

Carolina. They had what was called "traveling teachers" in those days, who rode from station to station, going North, telling the different communities of how the spirit was spreading in communities that they had passed through. One or more of these "outriders" started from the north end at the same time an equal number started from the south end, and in this way the spirit of the Revolution was kept up among our forefathers, which resulted in the establishment of this nation of nations, the outrider and teacher, guide and director, and may I not say, sponsor of all nations on earth today.

An old uncle who had served under the flag and at Yorktown, told me when a boy this narrative or history: "An 'outrider' from North Carolina who was on his return from a trip away up in Maine, told of the battle of Bennington, where the Green Mountain Boys met the red coats, as follows: 'These New Englanders, these round-heads and Puritans' said he, 'got into battle with a Bible. They first sing and then pray, and O God! how they fight.' "

Not so with any of the Texas Committees of Public Safety. When the Secession Convention was called in Austin and met in the hall of the Lower House and everything was primed and ready for the vote, General Houston, the Governor of the State, was invited in to see the State voted out of the Union. He was given a seat below the President of the Convention (O. M. Roberts, an original secessionist and possibly the greatest jurist that ever lived in America, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, not only in the State but of the Republic, up to that time the author of thirty-two volumes, and more since, that is quoted from more extensively than any State or United States Supreme Justice is cited), not by his side as a mark of honor, but at his feet as a mark of disrespect, and there this old patriot, sage, statesman and noble Roman sat leaning on his cane.

The crowd hissed when Thockmorton of Collen rose and

voted "Nay," the first vote polled for the Union after three hundred had responded "Aye" to their names as they were called, which hissing continued for many minutes without an effort being made on the part of the President to stop it. When the noise had abated Thockmorton rose in his seat and said:

"Mr. President: Patriots tremble when the rabble hiss."

And it was said that the first tears that had ever been seen in Sam Houston's eyes were observed. Thockmorton had been a member of Congress and was again after the war and never filled a public position or station but that it reflected honor, not only on himself, but his constituents as well.

We two boys spent two days away from home having a good rest from the toil of the farm and came home without the cow. It had rained heavily and we told father that the water was so plentiful around over the prairie and in "Rogue's Hollow" that she did not need to come to the pool for water. When it dried up we had another three or four days' rest from toil and from work that never brought recompense. The cow originally cost twenty dollars, and we boys got more than one thousand dollars' worth of rest and information from hunting that cow, which was never found.

The habits of some people are wonderfully illustrated in a truth I must now relate of the Texas stock long-horned steer and his relatives. The average cows would go about two miles from a watering-place for grass, which would become eaten off. Salt was a scarce article in any of the soils or streams in the principal ranges of the southwest and nothing would more entice a cow or Texas steer from his accustomed beat than salt. Knowing this we would take a forty or fifty foot cottonwood log and haul it away out in the prairie and half a mile beyond where the cattle usually ranged and then rope a few of the oldest cows, whose children unto the third and fourth generation would always follow her, tagging along

behind to see what was going to be done with "grandma," and sometimes a four-or-five-year-old descendant would show up for fight. These cows would be pulled and dragged to where the log had been hauled and where with an ax we had boxed holes two feet apart and filled them with salt.

However much the cow was excited and made mad by the treatment she was receiving, and her descendants diito, when her nose was pushed down on to the salt she bellowed for joy, and so did the rest of the herd that quickly found the salt in the other boxes in the log. In this way we got our herds on pastures new and green.

We called them the licking logs, and every man had his licking log and in this way taught his cattle to bunch together and watched their increase and multiplication, and should an unbranded yearling get in that ground a second or third time, the brand iron that belonged to that licking log band made him bellow from the burn on his hip. When the grass had been eaten out around the licking log it would be hauled a quarter of a mile further out on the paririe, where there was new, fresh and untrodden grass. When the cattle came from the creek or watering-place two or three miles off and found the log had been taken away, then we boys saw fun, for it would seem that all the old steers and cows turned in and accused each other for having been the cause of its disappearance, and from lowing and pawing the earth and bellowing and bawling, fearful was the scene to behold and not until we had roped another cow and pulled her away, as on the first occasion, to the licking log beyond, would this bellowing and pawing cease.

Now I have seen in my day thousands of men who, if you would just remove their licking log, would go on just as our wild Texas steers did, and who, like wild Texas steers, were of no account to the earth only as they were brought to the shambles and used for the good of mankind in general.

In my day and time I was considered a good horseman and had some experience on the ranch, quite enough to satisfy me that I was not cut for a Texas stockman, and when satisfied on any subject I never failed to change my course, position, undertaking or business. I believe that yet I could do many things thousands of people that I have seen going to a base or foot ball team would think impossible.

Buffalo Bill has given exhibitions that received great applause, which I have seen more than excelled by common cowboys. The man or boy who has not had an opportunity to see Buffalo Bill's exhibition or the great play entitled "The Texas Steer," by Hoyt, has missed seeing the most realistic of all exhibitions or plays, not even excepting P. T. Barnum's Original Shows.

MEXICAN NATIONAL MUSEUM.

In the National Museum in the City of Mexico is to be seen, to me at least, more wonderful things than I have seen in that of the British in London. There, in Mexico, can be seen evidences in abundance of the existence of a civilization, love of art, knowledge of astrology as well as of astronomy—and other, to us, lost arts, that place the exhumed antiquities of Ancient Chaldea, of Greece, of Egypt, and of all our old world ideas far beyond the worthiness of computing or recall.

The invader Cortez and all his followers since, and up to within the past thirty years, spent the force of their energies in destroying and obliterating every and all evidences of there having been a civilization in Mexico and Peru that was greater, better, more noble and Christian than was that they, the cut-throats, robbers, pirates, brigands and invaders, brought. Who that reads Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," if not a bigoted Romanist, let alone the mountains of matter he dared not have referred to, and that has since been brought to light can, and fails to see therein the truth of the above, is not of whom God expects much. One race of people with one belief has from creation's first day been engaged in pulling down another, and so with civilizations, and thus it is even unto this day, though the battle is not as fierce as it has been in the past, even within the recollection of man now living.

The man who undertook to read in the rocks' records of ages that existed more than six thousand years ago was called an infidel, a deist, an unbeliever; for the church's chronologist had written it; two thousand years from creation to the flood; two thousand more to the birth of Christ, and then on, and when two thousand more revolved then would come the end;

and the church worse than crucified, if such thing could be, all who questioned not only the chronology of Usher but many other more absurd and by far more disgraceful, ignorant, selfish and accursedly superstitious propositions. Usher, no doubt, was a fairly intelligent man of his day, but in point of general information the fifteen-year-old schoolboy of this day knows more than Usher and all of his associates could have possibly known.

In this museum, among the surprises in store for the one who has been taught to believe that our fathers and brothers who have delved into the ruins of ancient cities, know and have found out all as respects the peoples who inhabited this globe—for aught you and I know—ten million years before Moses wrote or had written of the birth or making of Adam.

The Aztec Calendar stone, weighing more than twenty tons, has engraved on its face, dial shaped, all but two of the signs of the zodiac and all of the astronomical indications and calculations, and so perfect is their division of time that not a moment is missing. Our Julian Calendar is the work of a schoolboy in comparison.

The man who thinks our churches are any more forward in promulgating truths being revealed by explorers than were those of our fathers does not weigh aright the spirit of man when once in power. The teacher, the preacher of today is no more apt to tell the truth and teach it than was the old monk who may have been burned at the stake for teaching and preaching a doctrine he was willing to sacrifice his life for, though false it may have been.

It is one's belief—faith—that will land him in the happy hunting-ground, even though, as I believe, there were no truth in that belief—faith.

"Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning hath made thee mad," comes to every man who has a clear perception and an opportunity to observe. .

Standing at a certain point in Yellowstone Park, can be seen stratifications representing nine epochs and eons of time, each separate and distinct from the other, and each representing a cycle of time perhaps, and no one can deny or dispute that I am correct in stating it, of ten million years each. The man who professes to know the most is often the most ignorant of all professors. The learned idiot that teaches medicine or theology or any other science of the day is a dolt at anything else you may put him at, and, therefore, why have confidence or respect in his theories or judgments?

When a boy I had to attend, every fourth Sunday, old man Terry's harangues about hell and heaven, and there I would have to sit on a puncheon bench without a back for as long as four hours at a time listening to that old ignoramus tell the other ignoramuses what was no better than lies, for he could prove nothing that he said; and why should I not have had a prejudice all my life against such would-be "sky pilots," and doubly so in view of the fact that I never have in all my life seen one single instance of their foretellings or promises coming true.

It is my opinion, grounded upon experiences and from close observation, that as a people we read too much. We imbibe the thoughts and theories, the notions and unconsciously the villanies and schemes of the writer and educator we read after. We think too little for ourselves; we allow others to furnish us ready-made plans they keep in stock on shelves for us as the merchant does hats, shoes and ready-made clothing. The great masses of people think only of something to eat, of beer, booze and a place to sleep, and therefore are only creatures of and for the designing hypocrite and demagogue.

In our great cities there are three classes which I will term the workers, the clerks and the shirkers. The workers go down town with the rising of the sun or before, and you will see nine-tenths of those who are reading, are devouring some

Police Gazette or yellow journal that is profusely illustrated with mind-debauching, soul-degrading, vile, vulgar, suggestive pictures. They all carry their tin buckets filled with the cheapest provender that can be bought in the market. When they draw their pay Saturday night they repair to a nearby saloon, where they would stay all night and Sunday too but that the law requires the saloons to close at twelve o'clock at night.

They reach home some time in the morning in a maudlin, drunken condition and sleep all day. They have brought home no money with them, therefore the wife and mother has to take in washing to support the children, and the brute and beast of a husband returns to his work Monday morning to spend another week as he did the last, and thus on and on through his life, and his children who come after him are, if possible, one or two degrees yet lower than he is.

They all belong to the union and never fail to vote with the party that gives them the most money for their votes. They believe in their walking delegates, just as did the poor down-trodden, besotted, deceived Mexicans and Spaniards in their priest and preacher. Try you to make anything out of this class of people?

The second class, which follows along an hour or more later, are the clerks. They are better dressed but no better informed. They are just as ignorant and fully as vicious. You will see eight-tenths of them reading the base political news and the sporting columns of the paper, where the results of the horse races of the day previous are reported. There is nothing to be told of or about from the papers they may be reading, for they are as liable to be reading a first-class, respectable paper as they are a Police Gazette yellow journal sheet.

This class is not so well paid as the former. They have their likes and dislikes, but they are a sorry set to depend upon and out of which to make anything good. The boss who overlooks them is not quite so cruel as was the Southern negro

overseer, but he would be all the same if the law allowed him.

The third class, the "shirkers," who come along down in banking hours, are the ones who do the thinking and who, when they work with their hands and brains, will do more in one hour's time than either of the other two classes will do in their way in half or a full day. These are the men who are the great captains of industry, who keep the world moving on, providing means and ways for the other two classes and who act on the thoughts of a moment and first impressions and are very seldom wrong in their conclusions.

The average merchant of the day is no longer a merchant in the sense that he was when I was a boy. He may know something about hardware or some lines of dry goods or of groceries, and is sound as to his general information as to the commercial world and where this, that, and the other is produced and by whom and how. He is as ignorant as the farmer who sells his corn for thirty cents a bushel, because he is too ignorant and lazy to have hogs and get sixty cents for it.

The average merchant of today is run by the commercial traveler called a "drummer," who tells him what to buy and how to sell, and if he deviates from the instructions the wholesale house shuts down on him and his door is closed. When I was a boy I could be sent to the store for any article and there would be no cheating in the transaction. The average merchant then was a man whose word was his bond and the goods that he sold were just as he represented them to be. The sugar that he sold at ten cents a pound did not have fifteen or twenty per cent of adulteration in it as did the villain's across the way who sold at nine and one-half.

Today a man's eyes must be his merchant, and when you find that you have been cheated and by your own judgment there being no redress, try to seek an honest dealer in the next deal. He may cheat you worse than the other and thus on

because there may be no honest man in business in your town. This is the reason why the great mail order houses in our great cities, notably in Chicago, have forged ahead and have been the means of closing up many thousands of little establishments around in the country and to the benefit of the people therein, for did these great mail order houses fail to protect their name and reputation by sending good goods as well as cheap goods to their customers they would soon go by the board.

I am personally acquainted with several fruit growers in different States in the Union, who in packing a barrel of apples put no better at the bottom or at the top than is in the middle and the same with all else that they sell. They sell through only one commission house in a city and their brand on a barrel of apples, peaches or what not is a guarantee that they are worth from ten to as high as fifty per cent more than any other fruit of the same class or character.

A son, the successor of one of these men, two years ago killed the goose that had laid his father's golden eggs continuously, by doing as did his father's slipshod, briar-in-the-fence-corners, rotting-down-barn and weedy-grounds neighbors, *i. e.*, putting good ones on top of the barrel or basket.

No man today buys fruit from that orchard, nor would those who had been his father's patrons for more than a fourth of a century buy fruit from him at any price; and now the briars are growing in the old man's fence corners, and the weeds are growing in from all sides, and the caterpillar's nest is in abundance all over the orchard, and the last time I saw the son, a man forty-five years old, he was throwing dice for the drinks in a low down groggery.

I have spent some little time figuring out the increase and consumption of fruits, berries and vegetables in the last twenty-five years in proportion to the population of the United States, and I am satisfied that it has been more than twenty per cent,

that it will be more than twenty per cent in the next ten years, and that in the next twenty-five years the people of the United States will live on one-half of the meats that they are now living on, and one-fourth of the amount they were living on fifty years ago.

That the average American farmer eats one-third to one-half less than he did thirty or forty to fifty years ago and that we as a people are eating in point of cost twenty-five per cent less than we did twenty-five years ago is a generally conceded fact. However strange this may appear to my reader, I hazard little in saying that if he will but stop and think and then talk with his most intelligent friends, my statement will be confirmed by his own sphere of observation.

I have elsewhere stated as to the decrease in the productivity of the soil within the last fifty years. I am satisfied that in the Northern States the decrease in the last fifty years has been more than forty and possibly above fifty per cent in all manner of farm products and that this decrease will continue while the products of the orchard, though they have decreased in the last fifty years, will greatly increase.

The intrinsic value of the farm products has also decreased. The value of a bushel of corn is estimated by the amount of whisky that can be made from it, more than by the pounds of fat it will make in a hog or beef. In wheat there is a less depreciation in its fattening and nourishing qualities than in any other cereal.

The potato is larger and more of them are raised in the hill when properly planted in good soil, but the power of strength-giving food is less. If you could dig back down in the cellar or orchard and find some good old Louisiana or Jamaica sugar that was made fifty years ago and then go and have a good chemist analyze it and compare its saccharine force with that of the bleached white beet sugar of today, the party doing it would doubtless be so surprised at the result as to fear to tell

the truth to his neighbors, less they should say that he was a liar and that there was no truth in him.

The fool—and I have been he as many times as I have hairs—who buys a bottle of some well advertised bitters or patent medicine because he has been told or has seen printed in some advertisement that it contains twenty-five or fifty per cent alcohol, thinking thereby, that he is getting whisky and medicine combined for the price of one, no doubt would continue to be the fool he is if he were told the truth and enlightened on the subject of what twenty-five or fifty per cent of alcohol in a patent medicine or bitters means, and it is very possible that there is not one in fifty that would believe the truth. I will wager that there is not one in five thousand of the drinkers and users of this stuff who understand the meaning of the expression that accompanies the analysis of all this accursed poison, "twenty-five per cent in volume."

If I undertook to explain I would be laughed at and I always prefer to have the laugh on the other fellow; therefore, if you would be made wise write to your educator and ask him what this means and to explain it so that you can understand it. I will volunteer to say this much, however, which may be an eye opener to my reader and of benefit to him. When you buy a stuff said to contain twenty-five per cent alcohol, do not think that you would have to buy four bottles to get one bottle of alcohol, but know you that you would have to buy twenty-five bottles to get one bottle of alcohol, and thus "in volume" you get it and not in quantity.

People are deceived often in a way that is beyond the ken of man to solve and explain. Many years ago, when I was a man of affairs in more schemes than one in the Lone Star State, I thought to do my people a great good and benefit the public at large. I commenced a fight on the Galveston Wharf Company. This I did not do because I was interested in building a railroad from the North, but to tell the honest truth about it,

I did it in order that when the roads were completed from the North the cereals of the Northwest might reach Europe through Galveston which it could not do and pay the wharfage at that time exacted.

Every barrel of flour that came to Texas by way of the Galveston port, no matter whether it touched the wharf or not—it might be lightered into another boat that took it on up to Houston or other inland points—paid wharfage of twenty cents all the same. Forty cents for every barrel of whisky or barrel of pork and proportionate charges for everything that came in or out. This was better than a tub mill to the man who owned the wharf franchise which was first owned by the great highwayman of the sea, buccaneer and pirate, La Fitte, who in his day owned Galveston Island.

The expose I published in a paper which I controlled and that had the largest circulation of any in the State was the sensation of the day and great interest was taken therein and greater excitement was created in Galveston than was ever known before. I held my own in the discussion and during the fight as I had calculated upon holding it.

There was a guttersnipe newspaper man in Galveston, the like of whom would find ready employment on the yellow journals and Police Gazettes of today. He was a sarcastic writer and an illustrator in the way of caricature pictures that was not to be despised. He always had to be settled with and pulled off by so much solid cash. The wharf people employed him to do me up and paid him for it in good shape, all of which he proceeded to do at so much per do. Money was no object to the Philistines of the wharf company and they paid this man a big price for what he did in making up the *Thunderbolt*, as the paper was termed.

He had two woodcut engravings representing me as a carpet-bagger. The head and face were absolutely perfect, but the fingers and feet and all the limbs were hideous. The in-

scriptions on the carpet-bag which I carried in my left hand and on my cane and umbrella in my right hand were provoking. All in all the two cuts were the best that the brainy sketch artist and wood engraver could produce, and the twenty-five thousand copies of the *Thunderbolt* with this in it made me an object of laughter and sympathy more than one to be despised, because ninety-nine per cent of the people were with me in the fight. I knew the man who did the work and lost no time in sending my "good man Friday" to see him and within twenty-four hours after the *Thunderbolt* came out I owned the woodcut engravings.

I called on all of the members of the Galveston Wharf Company with whom I was acquainted, each of whom upon seeing me wanted to know if I had seen the *Thunderbolt*. With an indifferent nonchalant air I said:

"Yes, and I am surprised at the interest you people take in that paper and especially in that edition."

They looked surprised, but when I pulled out of my pocket the two woodcut engravings and flashed them before their faces and said with all the expression I could use: "I paid for this work, not you." The editor of the *Thunderbolt* and the engraver as well had urgent business out of the City of Galveston and they left on that night's boat. The man who undertakes to win out by fight and fight only, whether it be a battle in the field of horticulture, agriculture, in the forum or facing a cannon, and who uses not brains, is the man who always loses.

The power of mind over matter (now do not raise your hands up and shout that I am a Christian Scientist or Spiritualist) is not properly understood and appreciated by the great masses of intelligent people. That mind controls all matter and all things or the direction thereof few could question. Dr. Messmer first proved this to all thinking people. It is a force to be calculated upon and which none but fools will question.

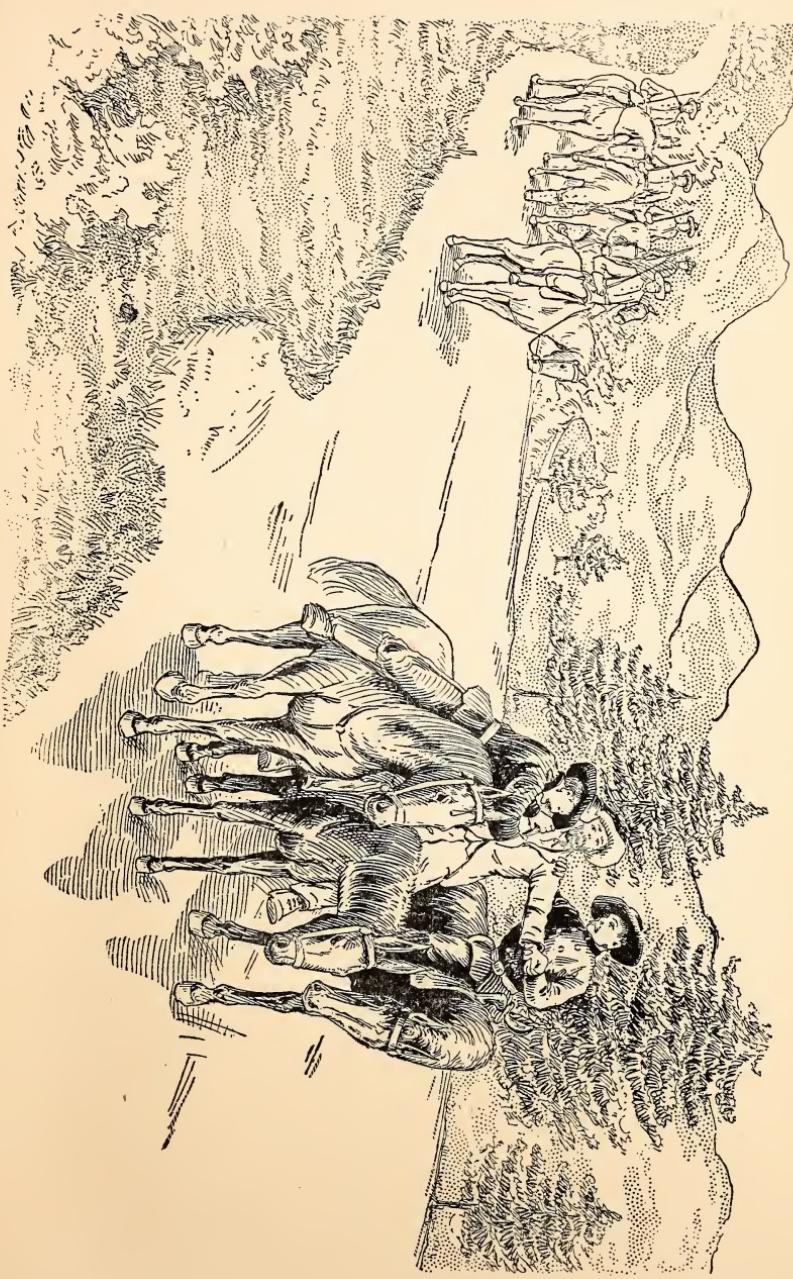
The greatest inventors and statesmen that I have ever had the pleasure and honor of becoming acquainted with, as well as the great jurists and lawyers and the most noted disease-curing physicians that I have ever read of and about, do as did Moses the leader of the Jews when he went unto the Mount, and did as our Savior when He went unto the Mount. They are those who commune with nature and with themselves and in that way become of good mind and are enabled to control matters, measures and men.

The unthinking blatherskite can harangue a crowd of little thinking blatherskites, but when it comes to the directing of great affairs, the inaugurating of great enterprises, the developing of great plans, the inventing of great machinery, it takes thought, reflection, meditation and much of it. The man who works to work and without an object in view is a dullard and never makes two blades grow where one formerly grew.

ANOTHER WAR CHAPTER.

In July, 1864, I bore messages from President Davis in Richmond to the commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department at Shreveport, La. I was detained by General Joseph E. Johnston in Atlanta, Ga. He, without knowing the importance of the dispatch, told me bluntly that I could go no farther until he so ordered. I knew that Mr. Davis had decided already upon removing him, though I dared not tell it. I could easily have gone on, but he was advised the Federals had turned his left flank and that I could not get through. I made myself as comfortable as I could in his office, when at a late hour in the night a party of ladies called on him and very bluntly demanded to know whether he was going to evacuate, fall back, retreat and let the Yankees come in and burn the city, as they had all other towns on their march to the sea so far. He listened to their talk very patiently, and pointing to his hat on the far end of the table, said: "Ladies, if my hat knew what I was going to do, I would burn it." They retired without any further adieu, or without scarcely bidding the general good-night.

General Joseph E. Johnston was one of the great men of the Confederacy, and but for Mr. Davis' ambition to be the "whole thing" and nothing short of "it," Sherman would not have reached the sea when he did or in the way he did. Johnston had been pulled back and transferred and superseded so often that the people had lost confidence in the President, as much as had the soldiers lost all sorts of respect for him. I well know that this will not sound good to many of the stay-at-homes and the encumbrances and other degenerated descendants of today who have been made to believe that Mr. Jeff



CAPTURED BY SCOTT'S MISSISSIPPI BRIGANDS.

Davis was a second George Washington. But for General Miles having ordered shackles on him in his prison in Fortress Monroe, Davis would have passed away and beyond recall. The indignities that were heaped upon him on this occasion made out of him a new man in the hearts of all men worshippers of the opposite sex. Davis was a man that could appear in a room of fifty women who had their fifty sweethearts with them, all of whom would be dismissed in favor of Mr. Davis.

He was, to me, one of the most peculiar and unpleasant looking men I ever had to do or deal with. This General Miles proved to be a great Indian fighter and came very near proving that about a dozen or more connected with the War Department in Washington should have been taken out and shot for feeding the soldiers in Cuba on embalmed beef. This might have been done but for the fact that the Southern Democrats hated Miles so badly they would rather have seen all the soldiers in Cuba sacrificed to Mammon and the greed of the commissary officers and contractors than to have seen Miles credited with having done for the soldiers as he aimed to. The Democrats talked of making Miles president, as they did of Ben Butler and as they tried to do with Horace Greeley, but the ironing of Jeff Davis "cooked his goose" and in my mind should have been the cause of his disgraceful dismissal from the United States service.

Not being allowed to proceed with my dispatches to the Trans-Mississippi Department, I followed a reconnoitering party, and soon found myself in the midst of the hottest battle that I had ever been in, and though badly hurt, I was much worse scared.

I was permitted to proceed the next day after the battle at Atlanta, Ga., in a very badly crippled condition, however, and after so long a time the greatly delayed dispatches were received. Though important, I knew when I took them that they were of no value, for the orders given could not be executed, and though several attempts were made, all resulted in failure, since

the people living west of the Mississippi had about come to the conclusion and settled upon it as a fact that we had sent enough soldiers east and that what we had were needed at home; and besides all this, it had somehow gotten into the heads of a great number that so long as Mexico lay west of us, west of the Mississippi River was a much better place or country to move from than anywhere east of it would be. An attempt was made to move six thousand infantry across the Mississippi River; they revolted. A cavalry division was brought to the field of action and was encamped along side of the infantry that had refused to move further towards the Mississippi River. That night no cavalryman was supposed to be off duty, yet when daybreak came and orders were given to mount, not a cavalryman's saddle had a girth, and this was the condition of every soldier from General Wharton down to the lowest private. The Federals got wind of the situation and they were concentrating a force that, but for our very rapid retreat, would have resulted in not only the capturing of the six thousand infantry and the three thousand cavalrymen, but also the four thousand Texas beeves that had been driven nearby and were being herded close by. I am yet very well acquainted with a man who was offered more solid gold than any five stout negroes could carry if he would guide the advance division of the Yankee army that started in to capture this entire army of poor, hungry and almost naked Confederates, who were practically out of ammunition and were as near a disheartened and whipped crowd of men as ever assembled or were called an army. I started to Richmond, Va., with a report from the general commanding, accompanied by reports made to him from his six subaltern commanders. I saved my scalp, which all should know is a very precious, valuable and highly prized piece of property to any scout, guide or courier, by forwarding the report on and in the regular way; for at this time I was apprised of what was in

store for me, which I have referred to in another part of my book.

I heard on the day of the battle of Atlanta, Ga., this story; I give it for what it was worth:

An old negro slave who had joined the Yankee army was sent to an outpost and was in a fence corner as the random guns commenced firing. As the fire kept growing more and more rapid, the darky thought it was time to pray, which he did as follows: "Now, O Massa God, if you ain't wid us, don't be agin' us, but, Massa God, set on this fence and see the almightyest fight that was ever fought and then when we whip them rebels for you, we know thou wilt be with us, as thou art always with the winning side."

I have always thought this was true, because it was told by a Yankee prisoner that was taken that day. Years after this battle I visited this place and without guide or the aid of anyone, I located all the most hardly contested points in the two days' fight, and I must say that the most heroic, valorous and bravely conducted artillery fight I had ever seen was that done by Howell's battery in this little battle near Atlanta, Ga.

General Joseph E. Johnston was removed soon enough so as not to interfere seriously with the further advance of Sherman in his march to the sea. General Hood, who, by the way, was a brave man and a great leader of men when he was on the trail of a great director and general, but a failure when it came to generalship, was sent to the rear to molest and interfere with the tail end of Sherman's army, a move which cost the lives of 5,800 as noble, brave and chivalrous soldiers as ever obeyed orders.

It is but proper for me to refer to a general who but recently passed away, than whom there never lived a nobler man, a grander, more self-sacrificing, pure Christian statesman and general, and whose bravery was equal to that of the most heroic that commanded any corps of the Confederate army—General

Longstreet. He may have equals, but no peers or superiors. None enjoyed the esteem, confidence and love of the people of the South more than he.

But for the perfidy, the lying deceit, the rascality and treachery of the editors of three Southern journals that I will not name, Longstreet would have died with as much glory as Lee, and perhaps infinitely greater. He was a better man than Lee ever was or could be.

When General Grant sought to more thoroughly reunite the people than he did by his masterly stroke at Appomattox, where he gave Lee such terms and conditions under such circumstances and surroundings as never on earth did any conquering general give a fallen foe, by appointing to the most important offices in the Southern States the reconstructed generals and officers of the late "Lost Cause," his first selection fell on Longstreet, who asked the President for a few days to consider, which he did by communicating with not only Lee, Beauregard, Johnston, Bragg, E. Kirby Smith and more than twenty other prominent generals and many politicians, all of whom, without one single exception, advised him to take the position, and that they would stand by him. They knew Grant's policy and knew something was coming to them as well as to Longstreet. Longstreet did not think it was necessary for him to take into his confidence the three leading Southern editors who had not smelled gunpowder in the war, *who were bribed, bought up by the carpet-bag ring of theives to thus oppose the appointment of Southern Generals to office*, and who should have been shot the morning after their papers came out in such terrific editorials as to cause all of those generals and statesmen to desert Longstreet, and, like cowards that they were, in this respect at least, feared the swinish rabble's hissing more than they had bravery and honor to stand out nobly in his defence. Thus it was that Longstreet was made to bear the burden of false accusation and was classed with that class of thieves and villains

that the people of the South knew as "scallywags," who in the most part were members of the committees of public safety that were organized in all districts in the South. I know very well that there are thousands of people in the South who have abused Longstreet only from the fact that they did not know why he was induced to accept the office he did. Longstreet would have fared much worse than he did at the hands of the people—the rabble—of the South, but for an order from General Grant sent to the different department commanders in substance:

"You shall detail a competent officer, whose duty it shall be to cause a copy of every paper published in your district to be sent to your headquarters. These papers shall be carefully scanned by such officer and all articles of a seditious and rebellious nature shall be marked and sent to these headquarters."

The three papers above referred to became lamb-like. In Texas we had sixty-four papers published, and though I had, in common with all others that had served in any capacity in the Confederate army, taken the oath of allegiance and thought war was over, to read anyone of these sixty-four papers, a man fresh down from the clouds would imagine that Lincoln, the old rail splitter, and Grant, the butcher and the drunkard and the fool, and all other Federal officers and men in position, had been not only whipped, but killed or driven out of the country. When these papers received this order from Grant, they turned around and faced the other way and became truly loyal and penitent lickspittles. The people of the South to this day are dominated more than any other people on earth by that class of editors who have much fun with themselves when they get together and recount how they have fooled the poor fools that believe all they say, or any considerable part of what they say.

I was prominently brought before the people of the State of Texas by reason of having been a great advocate of all

manner and sorts of internal improvements. There were only two papers in the State at that time that had much influence with the people and they were not purchasable with the price that I had to give, but when the parties in the interest purchased up all the local papers in the State, then numbering more than a hundred, it naturally followed that these two papers had to follow suit. I remember in fixing the price of the different men who ran papers that I made a great fool of myself, for the money was appropriated and another man disbursed it and he showed us that he had bought them for less than one-half the estimate I had placed on them. He pocketed the difference. It was necessary at one time that the interest I represented should have about one-third of the lawyers in the State of Texas in its employ and this was all done for less than one-third of my estimate, and they were all happy. The parties that paid the money in both cases lost all they had invested. If asked why and how, I would reply that it came from the fact that our great Creator never yet created one man so smart but that there was another created a little smarter and more clever, and thus it has been from the beginning, ever has been, "is now, and ever shall be." Say you that this is but the "survival of the fittest?" Then may the friend at your side ask, "Which, God or the Devil?"

I am not the only man that discovered in old age that it was a much harder matter to keep money after one had made it than it was to make it, and that to keep a reputation unsullied and spotless before the world is one of the impossible things that God did not intend a man should aim at and accomplish after Lucifer was cast out of heaven. So long as his Majesty the Devil reigns so supremely in many communities and individuals as he does, the man who makes money and keeps it or dies leaving behind an unsullied reputation is a very fortunate being, and his memory deserves embalming.

The Confederate Government (so-called) confiscated all

effects, estates and holdings of any person who lived with or in any way aided and encouraged its enemies, and the extent of the property thus passed over to those who were able to buy was beyond computing. When Uncle Sam got in the saddle again, he did some confiscating, and in order to relieve the indigent condition of the people in the South as much as possible, he passed what was known as a General Bankruptcy Law. All the politicians down South denounced it and all the papers counseled their readers not to pay any attention to it. Now, I know, dear reader, that if I were to tell you that these very devils had been paid by wealthy, moneyed syndicates to pronounce against this law, you would all say that I was a cruel and bad man, so I will leave it to you to figure out to suit yourself when I state that the property sold by the United States Marshal under both the Confiscation Act and the General Bankruptcy Act did not, on a average bring one-twentieth part of its value, because the papers and the politicians had told the people both laws were unconstitutional, and the people did not attend the sales, and there was only one man there to do any bidding, and he, at one sale in Texas, bought lands at ten cents an acre that had sold for as much as one hundred dollars, and I know one very near and dear friend who bought lands at from three to ten cents an acre that he sold a few years afterwards, some as high as fifty dollars an acre, and none for less than two dollars. He took advantage of the people's false education, that if you do not believe the politicians and editors were paid to give out, I surely would hate to become your guardian, for I have had enough to do with fools in my day to make my heart ache.

There are millions of people who from being honest in all their acts, deeds and thoughts, judge all others to be so. We are told in the holy book that justice and judgment is more acceptable than sacrifice. The judging of others by yourself and what I would do if I were in the other fellow's place has

cost me more than sacrifice. Few people are capable of judging the average man who have not had much experience with him. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and who lives over that sickness is apt to have the stone heart ailment.

The "carpet-bagger" referred to as having bribed the three editors—as Greeley says—were Yankees who came South for no other purpose than to hold office and run out all who, like Longstreet, had been in the Confederate service. They had money and cunning, and the South had just such traitors as were needed to do their devilish work.

MEXICO—CUBA.

My first experiences in Mexico were in 1861, after serving six months as a Texas ranger under Colonel Ford in the Rio Grande country. Having become convinced I was not cast for a soldier, I crossed the river for pastures green on the other side and Southwest beyond the mountains. I felt that my knowledge of the Mexican character with the power to "abolo spaniolo" would enable me to make a "go." I had not proceeded on my journey many leagues when I was overhauled by a band of Greaser brigands, who divested me of my all, excepting very scant raiment. They overlooked a gold ring on my middle finger, but for which I must have starved before reaching the place whence I had started, Brownsville, where, through the kindness of a friend, I was re-horsed and outfitted for any sort of service, even be it that of the devil, just so I was given an opportunity to square myself with the race of brown hellions that had robbed me of my all. I found no difficulty in procuring a job in the expedition to California via New Mexico and Arizona, of which I have already written.

I started for Mexico, intending to make my way down south a thousand or more miles to where the properties were situated in which I had made an investment four years previous, that were to have made me a multi-millionaire, and of which I have written in the past pages, which see and read for the balance of this story, told forty-two years afterwards. At that time little did I think myself unable to cope with any sort of obstacles, difficulties or the device of devils that might be lying in wait for me. My mind was soon disabused and fixedly and very permanently settled on this score, when I awoke to find a dozen or more snake-eyed, yellow Mexican

demons over me. I had had Indian experiences, had read all sort of brigands', pirates' robbers' and highwaymen's histories, but this knocked all that sort of stuff out of my mind quicker than thoughts otherwise might or will come to me under any other conditions. I left all I had with the brigands, and when they left I felt much as did a corpse who, in dying, left all he had. After walking and running—because I could not fly—over a road I had traveled on horseback three days in one day's time, I reach a town where my gold ring, duly pawned with the three-ball broker, soon brought my empty and famishing stomach relief; first by devouring a watermelon and some jerked dried meat that had been drying a few years and that was as hard as a bone. I then tackled a hot tamale, hot from pepper more than from any fire it had ever come in contact with. I had nearly two hundred miles yet to make before reaching the border of, as I have always since termed it, God's country, though it was in the southwestern corner of Texas. I was six days going on horseback and had reached a distance equal to about three hundred of our miles. I was about three days and a half returning on foot. I have come across but few men in my day since who could have made such a distance over such a country in any shorter time. The longest continuous distance, however, that I ever made, was from Waterproof on the Mississippi River to Alexandria on the Red River in Louisiana, which I covered in less than twenty-three hours on foot, a distance of more than ninety miles. From fearing that it would be considered a disposition on my part to quit the country and the noble cause that soon afterwards became the "lost cause," I told no one of my rencounter in the land of the Aztecs, Spaniards, negroes, Indians, and all else in human form having all of the hellish disposition of old Beelzebub himself.

Brigandage has been ended in that country in a way peculiar to descendants of the Spanish Latin races, and particu-

larly so, when the breed of cutthroats and cruel, bloodthirsty, pagan barbarians are mixed up with the native Aztec, Indian, negro, and what else that could be lower and more degraded. Up to that time and for some years afterwards, the country was overrun by bands of cutthroats who did with all they came in contact as Joshua told the children of Israel to do with the people he found possessing so valuable a country as to incite his covetousness. These brigands were not always Mexicans, and I have been told by people who ought to know that they were, for the most part, officered by people formerly from the States. If I were to stop here and devote pages to what I have been told about Mexican brigands and what I know to be true, people reading would say that it was impossible that any race of people on earth could treat a fellow man as they often treated their victims. No account ever published of cruelty could come up to that perpetrated by these Mexican brigands. In Fox's Book of Martyrs we see pictures of how the Christians of an early day were treated on the rack and by all methods and modes of torture that devils could devise, all of which was copied after and improved upon by these accursed land pirates. I saw at one place seven of their victims hanging up by the heels under whom had been built a slow fire, and who had been tortured in every manner and conceivable way. I have seen other sights too horrible, too soul-sickening for me to undertake to describe.

The church, the priests, monks, and what else you may be pleased to call them, owned nearly all the lands and valuable holdings in Mexico acquired by their selling through tickets to heaven to the thieves and cutthroats after death. Many will say there never was such a thing as indulgences granted by the church in America. I know better. A full, free pardon, operating in the name of the great God and the further consideration that they also lifted their dead ancestors from all time past out of purgatory, was granted all who had the wherewith to enrich

the church, and especially the priests who, in a large measure and to a great extent, were priests here today but brigands yonder tomorrow. Nothing belonging to the church or to a priest could be taxed; therefore, there was no money to pay for government, and there being no government but such as above described, there was nothing left but devil meet devil. There was nothing owned in Mexico but what was the property of either the church or brigands, and having nothing else to conquer, they turned to conquering themselves, by fighting each other, which they did to a finish.

"Know-nothingism" had its run in the States between 1854 and '57, and accomplished all therein that God had intended it should. The Mexican brigands took the same question up, only in another form, and under the leadership of an Irishman educated for the priesthood, but who, by some hook or crook, acquired the title of general, a revolution was brought about in the northern states of the republic, which resulted in the confiscation of all church property, and, for a time, the exiling of all of several orders of Romanists. This General Comerfort was a highly educated, refined and cultured gentlemen who had, in a very satisfactory way, captured a large amount of coin of the realm that answered him to good purpose in his rebellion. The property confiscated from the church and taken from the priesthood was divided amongst the people in all sorts of ways, and that which would not be taken by anyone was sold afterwards to people who came to Mexico, thinking all Greasers were fools. This rebellion grew, and all Mexico became a unit on the church confiscation scheme, and the priests, bishops, etc., skedaddled. The conquest of Cortez was, in a measure, repeated over again, only in another form. It was the Spaniards that were catching it this time. This spirit of confiscation grew so as to include everything the thieves wanted, and as the wild, mad mob of one locality, city or district invaded another, that which could not be taken away was burned,

and those who did not join were massacred. Not being satisfied, they turned to confiscating the mines, a great majority of which were owned by English, German, Dutch, Austrian and French investors. This they did with a high hand, massacreing the operators in true Spanish, Indian, barbarian style. The truth has never been told respecting the crimes committed by these wretched hellions. In the mining districts where they overpowered all opposition all were killed that could not flee away to the mountains. Vandalism prevailed on all sides and a regin of terror existed all through Mexico. This brought about foreign intervention in quick order. The United States would have asserted the Monroe doctrine by adopting the protectorate resolution introduced by Senator Sam Houston, of Texas, and thereby have kept out foreign invasion, but the Yankee abolitionists feared least it be turned in as so much more slave territory, as Texas had been. The powers waited for the United States to act, but, thanks be to our Divine Director, it did not act, so they joined hands and feared no harm from the United States because of the war of secession that had just started between the States. The foreign powers agreed upon Maximilian, an Austrian prince, whom they endowed with imperial power and sent with an army to Mexico to do the restoration act and set up a more stable government. He accomplished the former, and would have been successful at the latter but from his having placed confidence in the Mexicans whom he elevated to high place, power and position—just as we are told in the Bible God trusted his chief lieutenant, Lucifer, who betrayed and sold him out in a most cruel and wicked way. He was shot and his government overthrown; all its belongings—and it was rich—were seized, and the mines would have been re-confiscated by the Mexicans but for the United States stepping in and at a time when she had just completed a big job was doubly ready to engage in another. The war had just ended and forty thousand troops were rendezvoused near the

border ready for a forward movement, in command of whom was placed General Phil. Sheridan, whom the Mexicans hated worse than the devil ever hated holy water.

About sixteen thousand deserters from the Confederate army had joined Maximilian's colors and as more—not quite so bad, for they did not start to join Maximilian until after Lee had surrendered—were on their way south in Mexico. Had Maximilian been able to have held out one week longer, he would have been relieved by the advance division of the 3000 fighting machines from Missouri and with three times more to follow, he could have whipped all Mexico, and but for a "hitch" in the proceedings and a delay in the movement made by a drunken Confederate general, to whom this move was entrusted, Emperor Maximilian would not have been shot at Quentril, Mexico. Had this drunken Confederate not spent two weeks at the Menger House in San Antonio instead of pushing forward, quite another chapter would have been written in history. I believe that I may say that the devil has accomplished more in this world through rum, and I oftentimes think for good, than people think.

When the news reached the ex-Confederates from Missouri that Maximilian had been captured, bag, baggage, army and all, and that he had been shot, they soon repented of their ways and joined the so-called Mexican government under promise of big pay. This settled the matter as to a government, and in the spirit of *come and be good like us*, the Mexican Czar—for so he is unto this day—issued an amnesty, free forgiveness and pardon to all brigands for all past acts dating from the birth of Adam, and, of course, carrying with it future ones if not caught in their perpetration—if they would come in and take the oath of allegiance and join the Mexican army and receive a commission in the army insuring them big pay. An thus ended the old-fashioned brigandage in Mexico, which only stepped aside to give way for the coming of

another to play upon the world in the name of government. But for the ex-Confederates that joined the army first, no Mexican brigand would have come in. They saw their finish.

The billions and billions of money that have been sent to Mexico in one way and another in the past fifty years, ten times over exceed all that ever was or ever will be taken out of it, and this I say notwithstanding one mine is credited with having produced more than seven hundred million dollars since 1847. When I read of or hear anyone say anything good of Mexico, I set him down as a "decoyed duck," the victim of some designing "promoter," like the billy-goat in the Chicago stock yards that has led sheep and lambs by the millions into the slaughter pens and always turns around on the flock and bleats "You fools" back to the "con'd" sheep that see their end, the door through which all go, none to return.

There are large areas in Mexico where agriculture pays great dividends, where they can irrigate, but the dividends all go for the water rights; there are also boundless extents of grazing lands that, if the grass only grew, would be wealth-producing ranches. Thousands of mines could be made to pay, but two conditions prevent, the want of government being the chief one. Mexico, Cuba and all other countries on this globe that I have visited and am acquainted with are in the same condition that God found existing when he gave Noah a pointer on the flood proposition by which he destroyed the human races. All countries originally settled or colonized by the Latin races, and especially the Spaniards, as I have before said, have no future before them, and to the intelligent, honest man, as well as the ignorant that knows a little, the question must ever come why the United States should, without any recompense whatsoever for the cost of the war, pay Spain \$20,000,000 for the Philippine Islands and then give \$3,000,000 to \$30,000,000 besides to Cuba. Why was this thus? Who dare undertake to say or explain it away any more

than can the military authorities explain away the *embalmed beef fraud perpetrated upon the American army* by contractors and those connected with the quartermaster's department? The Anglo-Saxon who in any way mixes up with the mongrel races of the earth or throws his life away going to any country peopled by these breeds, has scant chance of reaching heaven when he dies.

When the War of the Rebellion, or between the States, as it is called by many, ended, I thought much of the *New South*, as it was termed by all Northern writers, and it was no trick at all for me to put money into a monthly magazine published in Baltimore, entitled "The New South." Harper's and all the great magazines were teeming brimful of New South articles and money by the millions was being brought to all parts of the recently reconstructed section. I went into the deal with all my power and force, but came out worse than a pauper, which would not have been the case had I read an article written by an old-fashioned, level-headed, wise, close-observing Southern gentleman and general from Georgia, Hill by name.

Some Yankee had written to say in substance that in a few years all that was in the South in the way of character, manners, methods and ideas, etc., would soon disappear, forever and a day, never to return. General Hill jumped on the writer as a terrier dog would on a rat, and when he got through with the subject, there was nothing left to say, and even a fool would not question his conclusions. He reviewed history from the most remote times, and from that plainly showed that no conqueror ever changed the conquered in all or any considerable number of their ways, customs, habits, characters, etc.; that climate, conditions and products made the people what they were, that even extermination had not in many instances changed the habits, manners and customs of the people from what they were. He stated that ten or fifty newcomers might settle in any town in the South where one or two natives lived,

and it would not be a generation of time before all became like the natives, be it for good or for bad. He wound up his article by illustration so forcible and clever as to convince me for all time. In substance it was that a young ox or mule when first hitched up, wanted to go but was not long in exhausting his strength and power in trying to go at a faster gait than the old one at the tongue or in the lead would allow him to go, and soon he settled down to the slow, easy-going gait of the ox or mule working at the tongue of the wagon or in the lead of the team.

When one contemplates making another country or people over, changing the leopard's spots, the hog's propensities or the dog's ways, a little quiet voice, that of reason and good sense, ought to whisper in his ear, "Don't."

The only way is by the fire, flame, and sword route, that leaves no track, trace or bridge behind, as St. Patrick did, it is said, with the sankes in old Ireland. The commencing with the grandparents to raise a boy aright is too slow a process to bring dividends for one of this century. Work on good material with good stock is the only way to do, if one may expect to die happy. The unexpected often comes, sometimes for good, more often for bad. Trying to do the impossible has caused more grief to good people than is possible for the average man to believe. The Mexican, no matter what his people be they Negro, Indian, Portuguese, Spanish, French, Dutch, Chinese, Japanese or what-not—you will never see an English Mexican for the Anglo-Saxons are not a race that mixes up with the lower and inferior—is a bigoted, superstitious, ignorant, vicious, cruel and doubly mean type of humanity. They are capable of deceiving the elect of God. I was talking to an army officer who was showing me—for so much per show, for they, like all old country natives and our own Pullman porters, are up to tips—the battlefield of Chepultepec, and in pointing out to me the position of General Scott's assaulting

party, said, "if it had not been for the Texanians, United States never could have conquered Mexico. Both they and all the United States could not do it now." The man actually believed what he said.

A governor of one of the wealthiest States told me that "but for the love of peace (?) Mexico would invade the United States and take possession of Canada and all North America." The bigoted fool believed that he was talking sense.

Mexico is fast ripening for another uprising, revolt or revolution, and when it comes, there will be no mercy shown to any foreigner. They are a mercurial race and as treacherous as they are volatile. When the news was received in the City of Mexico that Dewey's fleet had been sunk in Manila Bay, in much shorter time than a similar demonstration could have been gotten up in any of our great cities, the City of Mexico was lighted up with bonfires, as was also every other city in the republic, and every one of the accursed breed was out, rejoicing that Spain had sunk the American fleet and had whipped the United States, and also threatening massacre to every American and foreigner in the city. They were wild and doubly wild, and there was not a government officer from the President down to the lowest "flunk" but was in the rejoicing. This was a trick played on Mexico by our government to test their sentiments of friendship and fealty to us. When the news came twelve hours after the first was received, that the whole Spanish fleet had been destroyed, and coupled with it, a large list of other disasters that had befallen the Spaniards, the bonfires were quickly quenched, and in a few minutes' time not a Mexican could be seen. They all ran to their holes like rats, weasels or snakes, and when they came out again it was with loud protestations of friendship and expressions of glory, etc., for the United States. The disposition to be a lying hypocrite is so in-born in the races going to make up a Mexican that actually no amount of education in any country would wash it away.

In the past few years "wildcat" New Jersey corporations have robbed the poorer and more ignorant people of the United States, mostly servant girls, Swedes, and Norwegians, and even the Dutch and Germans more largely than any other people, out of millions and millions of dollars inducing them to invest in their coffee, banana, vanilla and stock-raising schemes that had no foundation whatever. The lies that were told in their prospectuses were greater than ever were told by the Prince of Hades. Ten dollar shares were sold for fifty cents and two dollar shares for ten cents. The big daily papers throughout the United States that are ever ready to advertise any swindle, pocket a few million dollars for advertising these Mexican wild catamounts. The villains pocketed many millions, while the suckers pocketed all the losses. No intelligent man would travel over Cuba but to return to say that he could not have been made to believe that there was any spot of earth or island on the globe capable of producing so much, excepting it may be wheat, rye and clover, of which to make brain, brawn, blood, and bank account, as Cuba was capable of being made to bring forth. Java may be its equal, but not its superior. Cuba will never be any better than she is to-day, and may in a very short time become a great deal worse, and will continue to grow worse. It is my belief that the United States will eventually have to make the thirty million loan good, and after years of trying to make something out of the island will have to abandon all efforts. The Spaniards in first conquering the country found in the West India Isles a veritable paradise, a Garden of Eden, a happy and Christian-like people, and when we read of the crimes committed on these people by the accursed invader, the least one can say will be that

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea and rides upon the storm."

and that it is "incomprehensible."

Civilization and Christianity, if I may be excused and par-

doned for using the expression, go in belts around this world from east to west. The wise men that saw the star over Bethlehem came from the east. There is a limit for its growth North as well as South. There is no hope for its growth anywhere near the Equator upon either side. If I were writing a book for the degenerate races of God's creation, if I were seeking favor from any one man, or party, or race of people, if I were a lying, caterwauling sycophant and hypocrite instead of being what I am and seeking to leave the world better than I found it, I would not write as I have and told the truth, as I started out to do in this book.

I have all my days sought to benefit the community in which I lived. I never invested a dollar or engaged in any enterprise that was entirely and purely selfish. The first question with me has been, "Whom will it benefit?" And I can now look back and see where my bread was cast upon waters in which foul fish devoured it and on stony places and on desert lands, but by persevering and ever looking forward to the better time coming, I have lived to reach an old age, as compared with thousands of my compeers, and have lived so long as to be daily receiving expressions of thanks from all parts of the world for the good that I have done the expressors and from my having done as no other man in my day has done in balking wrong and evil and from knowing that "Truth is mightier than fiction," making it my standard and armor, as well as my flag.

A CHAPTER FOR YOUNG MEN.

In India they have a proverb that in the valley the roads travel in many deviations; as they come to the hills and mountains they course one way, all meeting at the top of the mountain; and in Italy it was taught that "Ignorance is the mother of veneration." An Anglo-Saxon has told us that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and Agrippa said, "Much learning hath made thee mad."

In my day I have had some experience with the good advice giver, as I have with the other two confidence men—the testimonial good character letter collector and the religious hypocrite. Some people may think an intelligent business man may be deceived by the first, but not so. Who undertakes to give advice is a busybody planning trouble for others. Let him alone. When you want advice, when you really feel you need counsel (this condition indicates that you have good sense), pick you out a man who has experience in that you would become wise on and don't go to him as a beggar, and much less if you were going to start something, but square yourself up and say: "Mr. Jones, I am in the dark; I want light, and I know you can give it to me, and I want to pay you for your time and consideration, if not in ready cash in hand paid, then in some other way as may present." Then state your case, and if he takes the matter in hand you can soon see whether he *talks honest talk*, and if he does, do you stand by him like a brother and a friend and show him that you are worthy of his good opinion. Making friends and keeping them, is the secret of success; know and perform that and the milestones to honor, glory, wealth and true happiness will ever column your way. Never undertake to ingratiate

yourself in any one's good graces by exhibiting letters given you by your old neighbors, etc., until you have become well acquainted with the party, and then don't tell him that you had asked for them. Every tub now-a-days stands on its own bottom, for every one of us is his own maker of name, fame and fortune. If you have a matter at law, don't go to a cheap old chap or a political lawyer, and don't think that because the best lawyer in your place has received a few five, ten or fifty thousand dollar fees, that he is too high-priced for you, but tell him you want him as a counselor, and that you are not now but may be rich, and you want him to put you on the road, or perhaps keep you off one that is going the wrong direction. Never think that because you are ignorant—for we are all that—or that you are poor, you should go to *ignorant* or *poor* lawyers, and be it the same with doctors; rather consider that the smart and the rich ones are your best friends.

Ever remember it's not so much the price you pay for advice that counts hypocrites, but they don't "cut much ice." It's the church-house hypocrite that you're "looking out after" who will bring you the best dividends. Watch the man who in any way professes to be better than any other man is, and never credit beyond one meal, not another until that has been paid for—the converted, reformed, gambling, low-down drunkard, thief and highwayman! So sure as you do you will repent after losses never to be made good. Let the other fellow look after that sort of cattle; don't you if you expect to die happy and leave behind a good name, and those who will revere and honor you for good deeds.

I have lost more money, time and patience trying to do with "devily-bugs" than ten million good people should, judged by results. If a man meets me or says by his dress and appearance as well as by words—or more so—that he has been all sorts of bad men, I take him at his word and never ask him to bring me any proof. God "could raise up seed

unto Abraham from the stones" said our Savior, but don't get into the fool way of thinking that you are a God of any sort.

Those who know me know that life to me has been a battle, with but few skirmishes, and that I have never reneged—have ever been the same, never was of moods. Though often cast down and darkness appeared all around, my everyday, common friends knew it not; I went to a friend that I knew to be a friend, and for whom I'd do unto as he had unto me. All men in difficulties and troubles naturally want to confide in and look for consolation from some one in whom they place confidence. The difficulty is in your placing confidence in the wrong one. Ask yourself, Would I know an angel from a devil? and don't be too easily satisfied in an answer.

The following letter will explain itself, and will also serve to notify all of my future intentions. The Great Creator and Director of all good has not given me the trials and experiences, and finally the accumulation of worldly goods, but to enjoin upon me as did our Savior in illustrating the parable of giving the shekels of silver, and as unto him that has been freely given much is required, there is yet in store for me work, work while it is day.

My business experience teaches that when undertaking any enterprise of moment calculated to bring on public good, one must enlist young men as soldiers for the fight, and have old ones enough to do guard duty and counsel with. I shall not engage in this work for self-glory, fame, name or wealth, for I have of all three all I want. I want to teach truth to the young men of America.

CHICAGO, ILL., August 19, 1904.

Miss _____

Woman's Temple, City.

Esteemed Madam:

I have yours of last Tuesday on my table on my return. I see by yesterday's *Inter Ocean* that Mr. —— has been struck

again in a way that that I do not altogether approve of. In order to make myself clear with you and your friends, I beg to make a statement that you shall be at liberty to use in any manner whatsoever you please. The newspapers have published statements that were not correct, and one or two as having come from me, and I am all but positively sure that some of them could not have come from Mr. ——, however much indisposed he may have been. Years ago I knew Mr. —— well. It is false that he ever sang any song or preached any sermon that ever converted me, or could have done so. My attention was first attracted to him when, at a great Masonic banquet in aid for the Calvert sufferers, then but a boy, he recited a poem.

“He heard my cry of distress,”

Mr. —— converted, remodeled, reformed, re-born, came nearer reaching my heart of hearts than any other living mortal on earth. He came of a good family—none better. His mother, as I remember her very distinctly, was a queenly and a saintly woman. I have formed many acquaintances in my life, but never have I yet known a man the equal of Mr. —— and had his reformation and re-birth been different from what I for years feared it was, and as I made up my mind to thoroughly test before entering into any great and long business coonnections, then I know that I should have accomplished the aim of my life before my passing away and would have made it possible for others that followed me to accomplish a greater good than all other agencies combined are accomplishing to-day, and this I say with all due respect to the noble and grand work that your life’s best efforts have been given to.

A new day brings new duties, and I saw in the coming of that day—now well on us—how, with the all but matchless ability of Mr. ——, backed by the proper wherewithal, a last-

ing and durable public good could be accomplished as in no other way. My aim has been, for many years, to reach the boys as they leave the common schools of the country. Some wise old teacher has said that if he were given the boy until he was fourteen years old, you might have him afterwards. I have found that at that age the devil is out snaring for boys and the good people are letting the boy take care of himself. If I were to be asked to what I gave the greatest credit for the little of good that I have been to this world, I would reply that it came from a small volume entitled "Graham's Lectures to Young Men," twelve in number, as I remember, and, looking forward to the greatest possible good I could do my fellow men for all time to come, I have aimed to place these and similar lectures fitted for this age in which we live, in the hands of every well-born American boy. When Mr. — came to me recently, knowing as he did my general character and wants, and stated that he was sick of politics and editorial work and that he wanted to engage with me if I could so shape affairs, I was greatly delighted, because I saw in him the "Herald," the "Tribune" this great move I long years have contemplated. Every arrangement had been made for his immediate engaging in the work on lines that I had carefully drawn from years of surveying. It was not that I gave the plan away, or who stated the amount I had agreed to put out; quite on the other hand, it was I who charged him, as well as my son, to let no one know what we were going into.

With a heart all but bowed down with grief and sorrow at this failure, and with a feeling of the greatest sympathy for the man who has brought it about. I still stand on deck prepared at the proper time to proclaim to the world that if God spares my life, the boys of America, its rising manhood, shall yet be told that which the vile politician, the harpy of destruction, the accursed quack doctor, and the hellions on high-

ways and byways, fear to have them told. They shall be told that which the average father or preceptor and the good, sanctimonious pulpit occupant will never tell them. In my opinion—and to me that is great—there lives no man on American soil to-day so capable for this work as Mr. —, if the proper person could only be found strong enough to point, to guide and direct him in its accomplishment. Finding that I was not that man, I declared all deals off, to retire once again in the private shades of life, where I may enjoy those comforts and blessings thousands and millions have been deprived of from intemperances of more sorts than that of drinking rum, and where, in days to come, millions more may enjoy their old age, if, like me, they be taught in their early manhood days those simple, innocent, honest, self-presenting laws of God in nature, the observance of which never fails to bring a happy final.

The successes of my life, as compared with the number of failures, have been few, but they have come more from the want, or rather inability to find faithful, noble, honest, sober executives of my plans. I have never been able to teach old dogs new tricks, and I never intend to throw away good money or precious time trying. If it is the will of my Creator that I should spend of my worldly gains in this line, He will direct me one who is reliable.

From my earliest days I have always had a poor opinion of reformed and re-born men, and had I this day in bank the money that I have lost in dealing with that class of people, I could place a copy of the book I contemplate in the hands of every fifteen, twenty-year-old boy in the United States and yet have a little left. I never yet have undertaken to aid a degenerated being or to lift and buildup a fallen person, but that I received the same treatment the fabled farmer did who brought the frozen adder home, which, when thawed, bit

and killed his only son. You, my dear madam, are on the right track. My only fears are that you are not starting with the boy quite young enough on the one hand, and that on the other, the boy's mother is not strong to aid you in your great and noble undertaking. My life has been more beset by cater-wauling, lying, two-faced, Beelzebub hypocrites than that of any other of my acquaintances. This has been so to such an extent that my soul cries out for relief. To be betrayed in ordinary business transactions, and likewise deceived, is the business man's every-day expectancy, but when the livery of heaven is used as a mantle to deceive, and when the high God has been called upon to witness promises made before vast assemblies in order to obtain fame, name and money, and the holy name is blasphemed, could our God have invented a more terrible doom than a never-ending, unquenchable fire of hell for such, the hypocrites? We must, ere many generations, either become a more God-loving, God-respecting nation and people, or we will become a people of no Godly marks about us. The two-faced, lying hypocrite is the one who will bring about the latter more rapidly than will all cigarettes ever made, or ever to be made, than all the whisky ever distilled, ever to be distilled, and all the curses of hell besides can, will or may.

The scheme that I had of reaching the boys of America, can only be properly brought about from its being dealt to him by clean hands, by spotless characters, by noble men, by those who when they leave the world, shall leave it better than they found it, and withal, by men of wealth, and I may say that I know of many who would have joined me in this work with their money, who, like myself, now stand idle, thinking, reflecting and calculating upon the new day with its new duties that is fast coming to us all.

I am now engaged in writing a book that I faithfully believe will be read by millions, and that will do its good in its way, and in its preparation I have no Small, Large, Long or

Short to aid me, but it is not the book that I am determined upon publishing for the young men and boys of the age. In conclusion, dear madam, permit me to say that your rejoicing shall be mine, and mine shall be at all times, when I shall hear of your progress in the noble work you are engaged in, and believe me, madam, with sentiments of the highest esteem,

Yours truly,
THEOPHILUS NOEL.

ENGLAND.

An American got drunk over in England and they wrapped him up in a white sheet and placed him in a graveyard. When he came to he exclaimed, "Resurrection morn, by gum and an American first up!"

I was reminded of this on my first trip to England, when arising at my usual hour in the morning, 5 A. M., and going out on the street, I saw no one moving. I had to walk more than an hour before meeting a policeman, who seemed as badly frightened at me as I was "skeered" at him, not that he was a bad looking man, but that awful "His-Royal-Majesty's-Highness - King - Edward-VII-by-the-Grace-of-God-King-of-England-Scotland-Ireland-Wales-and-Emperor - of - all - the-Indies" look of that official was enough to "skeer" any good, innocent, liberty-loving Yankee.

Politeness is more universal over there than with us, at first appearance, if not to the end—the end will come if you fail to "tip" the man or woman. Money makes the horse go there, as nothing else will. Money will not go as far there as with us; so don't go there expecting to be respectable on less than is required of guests at or in all first-class conditions in our country, then add twenty-five per cent for "tips," and remember should you be introduced—not very likely—to his "August Highness," much less any of his flunkies, not to forget to "tip" the right party, having no fears as to results, save and except you don't.

I never saw in all my acquaintance with negro slavery in the South such servility and slinking to master and overseer, as the Englishman displays to his superiors, a servility that an American loaths and abhors. There is no sociability

amongst the people. They may be honest one with another; they have no chance to prove otherwise.

The rich are mighty rich and the poor are degradingly poor. Think of three sets of tenants occupying the same house, each eight hours, and this for all life. No negro cabin down South in the days of slavery was ever so wretchedly lonesome as are the tenements from one end of the land to the other—agricultural and factory districts alike. The houses have no porches; windows, no curtains; no yards, no grass, no trees. The country is all fenced off into small and all-shaped fields, by rock walls. There is but little else than grass grown—some potatoes, scarcely any fruit; cattle small, sheep large, horses big, lubberly and awkward.

Few people cultivate their own soil, or live in their own houses. The average farmer is an ignorant, slow going, poky dullard that has no ideas of a future and cares nothing for others. Two American farm hands with a light eight-hundred-pound pony and a light wagon will haul more hay and stack it in ten hours than six Englishmen, a big wagon, three eighteen-hundred-pound horses will haul in a day's time, which is fourteen hours.

The laboring classes all belong to unions, which teach them that the proper thing to do is not to do what the employer wants done. This has driven capital to America and to Germany, for which reason one sees little on sale there but that it comes from one of these countries. The farm renters reasoned thusly: "If I raise a crop worth twenty-five dollars per acre, the lord gets twelve and a half, so if I raise a crop only half that value, 'his nibbs' will only have half as much to spree and gamble away." The factory hand reasons the same way, and as a consequence the workers of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland are the poorest paid workers on earth of the Anglo-Saxon race. The low-down serfs have no rights or property that his *lord*, much less his *king*, in any way respects.

They are taught to and do believe that their lord, and especially their king, nor any of his family, can do no wrong, and that whatever they do is right. To illustrate: From the car window I saw a party of fifty or more well-mounted men and women chasing after a pack of twenty or more hounds which were chasing a fox or deer—more likely nothing, for I could see no animal in front of the dogs. They jumped over the rock walls in good style, through the fields where the farmers were haying, who, like serfs, fairly flew to the right and the left out of the way, as did the cattle, hogs, sheep, chickens and children, while the chasers plunged over the fences, through the fields, scattering the hay that was already in shocks and windrows, destroying patches and gardens, growing crops, much more than a hurricane would. I remarked to the gentleman, fellow traveler (prisoner), who had been locked up in the car compartment with me, that, "if a deer, it would be costly by the time all damages were paid." His reply was in effect, "That is Lord _____'s estate—his park"—that the serfs would receive no damages, for the lord can do no wrong. He did not say "serfs," for that is my name for all people that stand such treatment. A lord's estate may be a few hundred or many thousand acres, all of which may be and generally is under the highest possible state of cultivation; it is his for himself and friends and to run over when and as often as he pleases.

The estates are often large. We read of the one our *get-rich-quick* Carnegie bought in Scotland, containing sixty thousand acres of land, which would be nearly thirty-six miles across either way if a square body. Now on this estate there may be five, ten or twenty thousand farm tenants living, none of whom are any more considered when it comes to the question of the "lord's" will, wishes, pay, profits or pleasures than my coach dog Dewey is consulted as to my carriage drive, or the road I may take. I was told that where the lord received

an annual rental of from ten to thirty dollars per acre, up to ten years ago, they now receive only from two to eight which pays only from two to five per cent on their properties, taxed value—wherefore the lords, earls, dukes and princes are forming a union—a league—to force the Government to buy their land holdings, as it has done in Ireland, pay for the same in forty years two per cent bonds, then sell the land in small lots to the peasantry (serfs). This would be the means of elevating England, if the poor, long oppressed and downtrodden serfs could only be educated up to the religion of personal ownership of home, land and cattle. This I do not believe is possible any more with the English than with the Mexican, the greatest difficulty being in the fact that for many generations, the first born, the best and brightest of all the land, left home early for service in other lands and countries, for other kings and princes, leaving only the old, feeble in mind and body, at home whose progeny for the past several generations has greatly fallen off from what it was in times beyond recall.

An old man (92), born in Ireland, returned on the ship with me. He came to America in 1848, after helping in the building of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, settled near St. Louis and grew up with the country and from being an honest, industrious and sober man, a close observer, accumulated great wealth. In his manners and habits he was as plain as an old shoe and *Irish* to the backbone—a man who made friends, and money as well. He had spent five months in visiting his old home and in traveling all over the Isle, allowing nothing to escape his observation. He had been away for more than half a century. That I and his other fellow passengers became interested and instructed by his recounting his experience, his disappointments and his funs, puns and jokes may well pass without saying.

He told us that no one would have made him believe as to

the great changes that had overcome and come over his country and people. The boy of his day and country was as the boy of my day and country; where, then, a boy's or man's ration was a boiled potato or two with a cup of milk, now it (the ration) came out of a tin can, the empties making a pile larger than the old cabin, that was built by honest hands. The result being that the Irishman of today was becoming more and more of a poor consumptive weakling, a *Miss Sissy*, a degenerate offspring of once noble stalwart, generous and pure people. This he said in his way—I'm telling it in my way—was the case in England, Scotland and Wales as well as in Ireland.

He told of the people's abject poverty as compared with fifty years ago, and of the departure of all that grand old style, generous hospitality, and it seemed to me that he was talking of my people of the South and their changes from riches, grandeur, nobility and hospitality to the very opposite.

He told of how the rich had grown richer and the poor poorer, the wise more wise and the ignorant more benighted; and thus I came to realize more fully the changes that are taking place the world over, day by day, that but few people make note of, or profit by. One race, nation, or people rise to rule for a time and then its time comes to pass away, to be succeeded by the very one it most despised. Talk we as we may about the Paganism of the past and of the present and of the religions and faiths people love to die by, but when we look to the West to see what our fathers, and we in our own short recollection, looked to the East to see, and there view half a million men in battle array, we hear in its din, and see in its dark smoke the Pagan's rapid approach to all that Christian civilization has brought to the Anglo-Saxon and vastly more. It was but as yesterday that the Russians were not considered quite half civilized—a barbarian, worse than a Roman Pagan race; while the young man of today can tell of what his teacher

taught as to the uncivilized, worse than jungle barbarian, human-sacrificing, devil-born Pagan, was the Japanese.

What conditions and what peoples preceded the dark ages? What peoples may succeed our age of enlightenment?

With the influx of emigrants from all the hell holes of the earth, and with it the spirit of anarchy, the disregard of all laws, and rights of man, who may not have fears as to who will be our successors?

A great national event—a live stock show—was on when I first visited London, and, though I had telephoned for one, no room was to be had at the hotel. By “tipping” a lackey with a half sovereign (\$2.50) I procured a room in “a private hotel,” where I had to pay double rates because of “necessity,” as the keeper told me. I was the first American or statesman, as they called me, who had ever slept in the house, that had been “a private hotel” for more generations than there are peas in a pod, and kept continuously by the same family descendants of perhaps some Roman invader. I was an object of all sorts of attention and soon found myself on good terms with six gentlemen, the youngest over sixty-five, with their wives; one a rector of a nearby church of ten thousand communicants. He was aided by eleven assistant rectors. He had been rector for forty-six years. I was the first “statesman” he had ever had the honor and pleasure of knowing. These were his words. It was less than three miles to the world-wide known “Billingsgate” fish market, where I had supposed every one of the seven million inhabitants of London had been often. He told me he had never been there or to the meat market or the vegetable or fruit market that lay between him and the fish market. He had a relative in the States and told me his name and asked if I knew him. The other four gentlemen and their wives had lived there all their lives, each rearing large families, all grown up, gone away, and it seemed not to concern them as to where they had gone or what they were doing. But two of these four

—eight—had never been out of the city of London. One had been on an excursion up the Thames forty years ago; another had been on a voyage to India and back. Not one of the ten or twelve had been inside of Hyde Park, or any of the great public buildings or churches, except the church they belonged to. They were of the well-to-do class between the aristocracy and the drawers of water and hewers of wood. They had books, magazines and papers in numbers. I told them a few mild ones about my country so as to draw them out about theirs. I found out that they did not know as much about their own country as a ten-year-old bootblack born in Greece, shining boots and selling papers on the streets of Chicago, knows of his adopted land. I lost no time in giving them a few liners, that established my reputation beyond recall, or the envy of any one who cares a cuss for such people's opinions.

These people were representatives of the English better class, between the two lower and the three or four upper ones that look down upon them, as they do on the two lower. It was worse, if not greater than sacrilegious for me to refer to their king as being one of the millions that were as good if not better, and when in bidding them farewell, a hope that some day we might meet in a country—the United States—where they would feel themselves just as good, if not vastly superior to any prince, king or potentate, they drew the line, and in such a way as to show me how true the scriptures are in the hog, dog and leopard parables.

My one-day traveling companion was a barrister, an English lawyer, a man of culture and much travel, a close observer, who knew a thing or two and was not afraid to tell it when satisfied, as he soon was, that I was not a Scotland Yards man, who are to be found wherever one may go. They are the king's detectives, and woe befall the man, be he from any land or country, who is heard to make a remark that can be construed in the least disrespectful to his Royal Majesty's

rights of eminent domain over land, sea, man or brute. In this matter every *subject* is a policeman to report what he may hear said derogatory to any satrap or underling in the pay or favor of the one who can do no wrong.

That there is a degeneracy rapidly growing on the great masses of the subjects of Great Britain no one will question who has sprung from the race of Britons, as I did, and who has learned to admire their great valor, nobleness of character and love for human liberty in ages past, and will then see it as it is today, I could not have believed from hearsay. The student of politics would find no richer fields to explore or dig into, if, after the study of all that is foxy, cunning and wickedly cruel in perverted human nature, he should take in England.

That the Isles of Briton have given to the world its greatest workers in all lines that have tended to the uplifting of the human race, none will question, and if the same freedom was given to its people today that we enjoy, we would not be so near being the whole thing as we are.

Elsewhere I have told of how the northern slave holding states of the South produced such stout and healthy negroes and mules for the cotton and cane fields, and how they have furnished this Government with its most brainy, noble patriots and statesmen, and so with the British Isles as to the world.

A voyage to England, Europe, Asia and Africa should never be taken alone, or by anyone who has little means. If the ticket seller or excursion man tells you five hundred dollars, you say fifteen, and then if you don't gamble or get drunk and locked up, you may not have to weep alone in a friendless foreign country until friends from home send you good words in the way of cash.

Who travels in Eastern countries and fails to bring back lots of things and of all sorts, fails only from not having the money to buy.

I have often pitied fellow travelers—and the more so that

I have been there myself, oftener than otherwise—who felt like a thirty-cent piece from not having the wherewith to buy the soul-captivating toy, ay! a good, square, hungry-stomach-satisfying meal. In traveling the old country, no matter how smart your mother has made you believe yourself to be, just put it down so as not to forget it even for a moment, that you are less than half way smart enough to deal with the fakirs lining the way and all the way. The best way is to travel with no smart woman. A little boy was asked if he did not wish that he could have all the ice cream he could eat, and he answered, "It was never made." Just so, the man who can travel with a smart woman and hold his own, he was never made. I was made so as to profit by the experience of others, wherefore I am able to give the above advice with emphasis. Women make a better job out of it traveling alone than men do. It is easier for them to find fools than it is for men. Mark Twain says, "Be good and you will be lonesome." To travel alone in foreign countries you are apt to be the latter and very devilish.

CALIFORNIA — WEST COAST.

From reading *Lewis and Clark's Journal*, as well as from being so inclined by birthright, my eyes, thoughts and hopes were turned Westward, and its star has been my guiding way often into trials, troubles and tribulations mountains high.

Years ago the great people of Missouri erected in St. Louis an heroic bronze statue to the honor and memory of one who was not only their greatest statesman, but one of our entire nation's as well—the *Hon. Thomas H. Benton*, who served his State in the United States Senate for more than thirty years consecutively. His “thirty years in the United States Senate” has no equal in any volume published giving the history of events so interwoven in the rapid growth of our country from Ocean to Ocean, and especially the great West. No warrior or statesman has ever had erected to his memory a monument the equal of this, as all say who have seen the most of them. Benton it was who did more than any one for the education of the people of the world respecting the West and in the face of an opposition that at times was terrific, waged by the contractors in the interest of Eastern enterprises that wanted it all. General Fremont, the “Pathfinder,” was Benton's son-in-law and had for a wife one of the most noble and brainy women—a worthy descendant of as noble a sire as God has graced this world with. This monument represents Benton speaking in the United States Senate in 1832, holding in his left hand a scroll map, pointing with his right to the West and toward the setting sun, saying, “*This is the way to the East*,” or this is the way to India. This speech struck the people of our country as did St. Paul's to the Athenians, when he told them that he came to make known to them “*the unknown God*

that ye ignorantly worship." I see in a paper of today that the largest commercial steamship ever built is now being finished to take freight and passengers from our west coast via Benton's route to the East, China, Japan, India and even Africa, and it is but one of many more being built for this route. Methinks it's next to Joshua's ordering the sun to stand still—any way one loses a day by going that way, as did his enemies, as related in the Bible.

I've crossed this trail and then the rail tracks time and again going West to reach the East, and did I have the power to write of the wonderful transformation it has brought to the people of this world in all that they once thought impossible, I would devote pages to so doing, that my readers might again be impressed—as I have elsewhere sought to—with the wondrous world's works I and my associates in our age and generation have done, a story, a truth, a song no American will ever be tired of hearing. As an illustration as to my part in the work I may cite that on my return home from a long voyage, my friends and neighbors gave a banquet and reception, and after replying to speeches of welcome my little tot of a granddaughter came toddling up with an armful of roses. Taking her on my lap, she said in a whisper, "I done something too, didn't me grandpap?"

The millions and billions and trillions of wealth the West in general and particularly the California coast has added to the world with its millions of happy homes is too well known of to need enlarging upon by me. Its great future can only be surmised by the Bentons of today.

I might fill pages of matter relating to the West of today, but why should I in view of the fact that all having a desire to know of it can go and see for themselves with but a tithe of the exertion and a fraction of cost as compared with my first visit? And now for a few pertinent and practical words to the reader that will be of future use and value in exact pro-

portion as he may have good sense to judge the good from the bad, and that no one but real estate men and ticket agents will cuss at. When you read of any country offering great inducements to immigrants, don't believe a word, but go and see before selling out, as my father did, then don't believe a thing you see until you have both and all sides of the thing. Don't think you are even half smart enough to judge of any country or place by what you see at first, much less by what you hear. Stay for at least one year, so as to see all the seasons before parting with one cent of your money more than enough to keep from hunger and want. Few have had more experience than I along on this line and thousands have come to grief and want whom I have advised as above, and who were told by the "agent" that I was a chronic sorehead, kicker, knocker, was interested in some other place, in fine, that I was a prevaricator and might have said a liar—for I was not present, and the fools believed it, and in many cases they wrote me for aid and assistance to get back to their wives' folks.

Ignorance is no excuse at law; one that has been swindled out of his holdings cannot recover it on the plea of being a fool. The baby act never wins back lost money, betrayed confidence or sympathy. I know it is a happy thought to think of others as being as good, truthful and honest as we ourselves are; but to put it to practice is the surest way of bringing double refined sorrow, grief, want and misery.

When a boy I was taught how to make all sorts of traps for various kinds of birds, animals and fish—this by a hired man who had spent years trapping and exploring in the then far Northwest. He also taught me how to make chimes sticks and all sorts of puzzles, etc. This he did while the other hired men played cards or pitched horseshoes at a pin driven in the ground. He told me of his trappings for beaver, bear and all other animals whose fur was valuable, and he told me of the then far away wonderland now known as the Yel-

lowstone National Park, of his guiding and scouting and fighting with Indians, and though he could not read or write, when I showed him the large maps of the lands he had described to me he instinctively placed his finger on the spot where events had occurred. I felt at home when, forty years afterwards, I visited many of the sections he had told me of and about and recognized them from his descriptions. He knew no river or lake by any name our geographers have given, but called them by the name known to the Hudson Bay and Astor Fur Companies' employes which they had derived from the natives. The Columbia was "Flow with the sun;" the Snake of Idaho, "High bank;" Lake of the Woods, "*Many fish water.*" He was a quaint genius with a heart as large as an ox. I had found in a fence corner a roosting of quails; he helped me make a trap that bagged the covey of fifteen. He went with me early in the morning, and after telling all about the birds' life and habits, asked me if I did not think it would be wrong to kill such a beautiful family. I said yes; then he told me to turn them loose, and that some day I might be liberated myself from captivity, repeating to me these lines which have followed me through life:

"The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

That I shall meet this old teacher, trapper, guide and explorer in the far away land of the soul I have no more doubt than I have a right to doubt my own existence.

Some days before writing these last pages of my book I met an old time friend who, like myself, has been trying to retire from active life after having raised a family, all well provided for, and who had been seeking peace of mind and comfort of body from not planning, pushing, rushing, driving late and early, but was making a failure of it. He told me, as I could have told him was my case, that he could not be

idle, that he was casting about to go into business again, that he was satisfied it would be easier and better to *wear* out than to *rust* out. I advised him to do as I had been doing the past few months, *i. e.*, write a history of his life, an autobiography for the benefit of his friends, to give them something to laugh about, criticize, swear over and to say, "what an old fool!" I told him that thereby he would have a chance to live life over again and also to see and know how little of his life was worth the living; that what a fool for a fact he had been; that not to tell everything he knew or had done or wanted to do but failed in; that he would soon find all he wanted to keep his body and mind entirely engaged. He sends me word that he is going to take my advice and wants a copy of my book to read before he starts. Not much, Mr. Jones, I am going to see to it that you write your own book first, lest you have the laugh all on me.

In India there is a proverb to the effect that before one becomes a man he must marry a wife, build a house and write a book. I've done all three twice, whether a man or not. I often think I might have made a better idiot than husband, builder or author, and though through life I have always had little regard for the opinions of others respecting my acts, I cannot help wishing to know how this, my last effort, will be received by those whom I have always regarded as my friends, and this feeling is not prompted by vanity or egotism, but comes from the fact that all other efforts of my life have been so acceptably received and considered that today I am classed amongst the heavy taxpayers in many places, which in my mind is the greatest possible evidence of worthiness of respect,—doubly so in view of the further fact that I enjoy no ill-gotten gains.

[With an inspiration born of love for the woman who afterwards became his happy and cherished wife, Theo. Noel, in 1856, made his first (and last) essay at poetry, the result being shown in the following, the original manuscript, faded and torn, having been found among old papers after many years.]

I love thee because thou hast ever
A smile and a kind word for me,
When those who should cherish me, never
Can aught but my foibles see.

I'll quench not the flame that arises
From perishing hopes of my youth,
If reason the weakness despises,
At least 'twill be counseled by truth.

Thy love o'er my sad spirit beameth
Like the moon on the dark brow of night,
Till again in its glory it seemeth
That even its shadows are bright.

How sacred the hope I have cherished
That still in some region divine,
When all which is earthly has perished
My spirit shall mingle with THINE.

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